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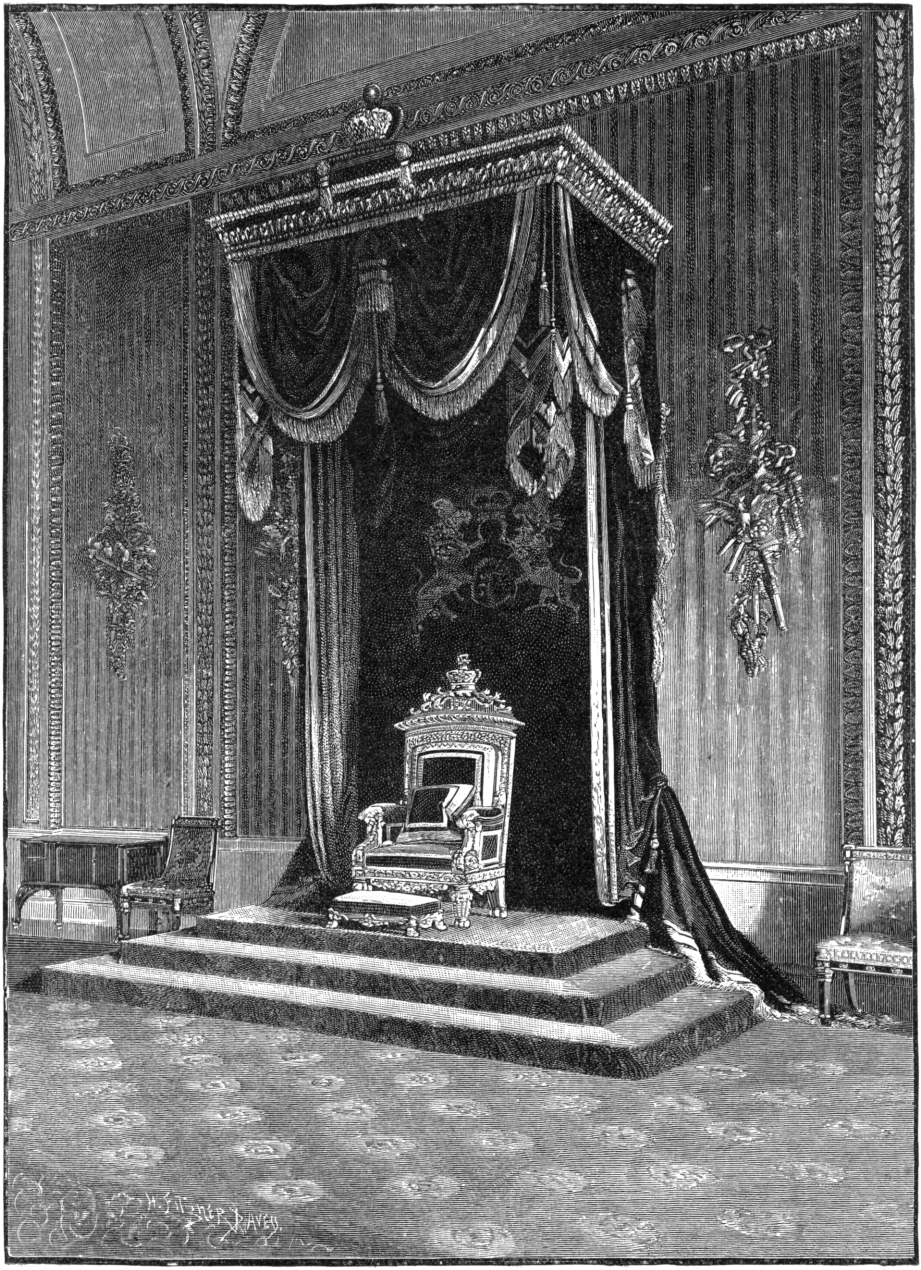


THE THRONE ROOM—BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

From a Photograph by E. W. King

Buckingham Palace.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

[*Permission has been most graciously accorded to the writer of the following article by Her Majesty the Queen to have access to the inside of Buckingham Palace, and to be at liberty to examine the interior—an opportunity now given for the first time—in order to furnish the readers of* The Strand Magazine *with a descriptive account of its contents and decorations. We are quite sure our readers, as well as ourselves, will much appreciate the opportunity afforded.*]

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is known the wide world over to be the London residence of the most powerful monarch, the wisest ruler, and the most universally respected personage that has ever occupied a throne.

To many the exterior is fairly familiar; being, indeed, one of the "sights" alike to City and country born. Do our "dailies" announce that Her Majesty is coming to London for a few days, a number of us immediately wend our way in the direction of the Palace, happy if we get but a passing glimpse of the first lady in the land.

Martial sounds, flashing swords, and all the pomp of State pageantry are dear to the hearts of all; but the centre of attraction is the quiet, black-robed figure, whose face ever lights up as the unrestrained cheers of the populace fall upon her ear with no uncertain sound. Right up to the gates we stand, often for hours; but when the Queen has passed in our day is over, and we turn away, fancy only following *inside*—reality *outside*.

On looking into the historical associations of this place, I find the site was originally known as the Mulberry Gardens; but such gardens being a failure as a public resort, a house was built, and certain of the grounds inclosed. One incident is worthy of record connected with this house: here the first cup of tea drank in this country was made; brought here in the year of the Great Plague by the Earl of Arlington, he having paid 60/- per lb. for its purchase in Holland. This residence was known as Arlington House, but in 1703 the Duke of Buckingham built another—whence it derives its name. George III. evidently took a fancy to it, for he purchased it for a sum of £21,000, quickly removing to it from St. James's Palace.

In 1775 it was settled on Queen Charlotte by Act of Parliament; and here for the future she held her Drawing Rooms.

A short time previous to 1820 the building commenced to show signs of decay, so repair was talked of and finally commenced in 1825. Doubtless it would have been better to have erected an entirely new one; but there was some question of a grant from Parliament, so the former dimensions and plan remained. William IV. did not appear to be at all enchanted with it, inasmuch as he never occupied it, and it was not until after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria that it became once more a Royal residence. Then some enlargements and improvements—on the south side—were carried out; the private chapel being a special added feature. Three or four years later the east front was greatly enlarged and improved at a cost of £150,000, and the Palace as it now appears is, if not beautiful, stately and grand in its solidity.

It is not my purpose, however, to give you a description of the building: enter with me, and glance at its interior.

The grand entrance through the central arch is very fine; the gates are supposed to be the largest and most beautiful in Europe, costing 3,000 guineas.

Now we cross the quadrangle and approach a portico supported by Doric columns, with Corinthian columns on top supporting a pediment head; on either side being an immense bas-relief representing warfare. Right round the building runs a terra-cotta frieze of flowers in relief.

Entering here, we are at once in a magnificent marble hall 50ft. by 30ft. It is surrounded with double columns of pure Carrara marble 13ft. high on an elevated continuous basement, every column formed of a single piece, Corinthian in character, with gilded bases and capitals. The roof is finely painted with armorial devices and floral wreaths, done in royal blue, crimson,

From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Debenham & Co.*

green, and gold; a frieze running round of crimson and green, with burnished metal chainwork hanging over all. The walls are imitation marble, and four alcoves contain statues. Four massive burnished lamps, each containing twelve inside lights, diffuse soft rays of light around. But the sun is shining now, and we note the floors of variegated marble, the chairs and settees of mahogany and gold, emblazoned with the Royal Arms, and even catch a glimpse of some sumptuous apartment across the Sculpture Gallery and of a beautiful pleasance through a bay window.

On the side of the hall to the right from the entrance a few steps lead up to an elevation where is situated a fireplace worth a close inspection. Over the mantelpiece is a massive brass clock by Vulliamy, recessed in a square of marble, surmounted with a crown and the Royal Arms, winged figures on either side, and a carving of fruit underneath; the whole supported by recumbent figures at the corners, with the Royal Arms and mottoes in the centre. On either side of the mantel is the same rich carving, and at the base rampant lions in support; the interior having a fine ormolu frieze.

The entrance to the grand staircase is on our left, but first we will view some apartments on this floor. Opposite the grand entrance the hall is open to and communicating with (by the broad steps that run right round) the Sculpture Gallery. This is much used as a promenade, and as it is about 152ft. long, is well adapted for the purpose. It has imitation marble walls, and is supported by forty marble Corinthian columns. A number of pedestals support handsome bronze busts of the classics, while two hold eagles with outspread wings.

Some massive and beautiful side-tables have on them white marble vases of graceful design. The fireplaces are richly chased in ormolu, while over the marble mantels are massive mirrors in cream and gold. At one end is the "Ministers' Staircase"; and by this the Royal Family ascend on Drawing Room days, their special entrance from the quadrangle being quite close to it.

At the opposite end is the lower corridor, running under the grand staircase and down

one side of the quadrangle. Opening from this gallery is a beautiful suite of rooms, the first one we enter being the Carnarvon Room.

It has a fine painted ceiling, and is hung and carpeted in electric blue and drab. The walls have slightly recessed pilasters of gold, with carved serpents climbing palms. The suite of furniture is mahogany and leather, ordinary dining-tables in the centre, two very beautiful side-tables of buhl and tortoise-shell, and here and there pedestals of inlaid wood with ormolu mounts, supporting busts of Roman conquerors.

On the marble mantel stands a Diana clock—a figure of Diana under a dome, Cupid on top indicating time with an arrow. On either side of the clock is some Sèvres china. The marble chimney-piece has jambs of draped Egyptian figures, with carvings of flowers over the top, and an inside frieze of ormolu. There are some choice paintings in the room, the masters being Van Somer, Huysmans, P. de Champaigne, and Taylor.

Opening from here is an apartment known as the "'44" Room.

It derived its name from the visit of the Emperor Nicholas in the year 1844, having been specially decorated and fitted in honour of His Majesty. It has a painted ceiling of white ground, with gold and royal blue decoration, coats of arms embellishing the four corners, with the date wrought on the side centres; twenty marble Corinthian columns stand in solid support. The curtains are rich crimson silk, the carpet crimson velvet pile, all the furniture being upholstered in the same colour, and having frames of burnished gold.

There is a very massive marble mantel containing some fine Sèvres china and a handsome timepiece. In various directions you note pedestals holding some hand-painted china vases, with ormolu mounts, side-tables containing china of almost fabulous worth, while here and there for convenience of its Royal occupants are writing-tables of buhl, with legs and bases of ormolu. Handsome ormolu chandeliers light the apartment, and on the walls are some life-sized portraits of notabilities, amongst whom I noticed the Emperor Nicholas, by Coxton, after Krüger; Leopold King of the Belgians, by Winterhalter; Louise Queen of the Belgians; the Duke of Würtemberg, the first Duke of Saxe-Coburg; Frederick King of Saxony; and Louis-Philippe.

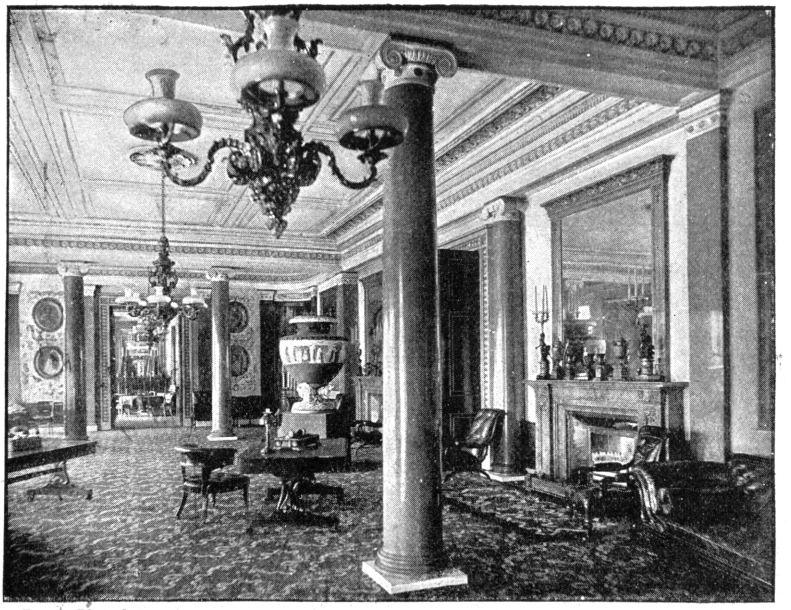
Now we come to the "Bow Library," or "Council Room." This is occasionally used for banquets; the last time, however, being Jubilee year, when the guests were overnumerous even for a place of such dimensions as Buckingham Palace. Being the centre room in this suite, and right opposite the grand entrance, it is convenient for a cloak-room on Drawing Room days, for which purpose it is always used. It bears the date 1853 on the ceiling, having been re-decorated in that year. It has five recessed windows, and is lighted at night by massive ormolu chandeliers. The ceiling is beautifully painted, has an elaborate frieze, and is supported by twelve Ionic granite columns.

There are two fireplaces with scagliola columns on either side; a suite of leather-covered furniture and a Brussels carpet of lovely design, jessamine, lily, and orange blossoms, connected with a flowing ribbon. Now I will ask your attention to two cupboards, with concave glass fronts; each one containing china of such immense value, and of such exceeding rarity and elegance, as could not possibly be equalled. I much doubt if any correct estimate could be given. But here you will see Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea, priceless and matchless, much of it indeed being actually jewelled; and some being rare specimens of "Bleu du roi," "Vert Pomme," "Bleu de Vincennes," and "Rose du Barry." Just note this one tureen, with concave perforated cover. A similar one—but having flaws from which this is guiltless—fetched £10,000 in a public auction room a few years back! Bear in mind this is only one of scores of pieces, and then you will better understand me when I repeat that this collection is absolutely priceless. We must not linger here, however; there is so much to see. Here is a beautiful Roman mosaic table that calls for prolonged attention. The centre is illustrative of the desertion of the founders of that Empire, and their adoption by a she-wolf.

Around are inlaid views of Roman palaces and public buildings, with connecting links of flowers; the base of the table is of black marble. An inscription sets forth that "This table was presented to Queen Victoria, in 1859, by Pope Pius the IX., in commemoration of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

On a pedestal between two of the windows stands a large clock of curious construction—it is very beautifully enriched with silver chasing, and denotes the time, day, date, and month, having also an astronomic dial.

There are also some immense Oriental



From a Photo. by] THE BOW LIBRARY. *[H. W. King.*

vases, three of them being Japanese, and a fine terra-cotta one presented by the Emperor Napoleon in commemoration of the '51 Exhibition. It is handsomely painted, picturing processions of all nations. The vase is supported by four figures representative of the four quarters of the globe, and stands on a marble pedestal.

On a side-table stands a model of a mortar of unique construction and beautiful workmanship, the base being carried by four tortoises, and a dragon to carry the mortar; this was presented to the Prince Regent by the Spanish nation, to commemorate the raising of the Siege of Cadiz, on 22nd July, 1812. Some fine Genoa green marble vases and other artistic things are noticeable; and in addition several life-sized paintings and painted busts of distinguished personages, amongst whom you will note the Duke of Brabant, H.I.H. the Duchess of Brabant, H.R.H. the Princess of Prussia, Ernest Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Prince Leopold at the age of three months, bearing such a remarkable likeness to his mother, our Queen, on his baby face as to be quite startling. All these pictures represent sponsors or people present at Prince Leopold's christening.

From the windows of this room is a first-rate view of the terrace and gardens; the terrace has some fine statuary, leading on to a beautiful and extensive lawn; in the background a lake of five acres, shady and secluded walks, and giant trees, just now in leaf and bloom, with the birds making sweet music in the branches. All else of life that you will see just now is represented by the blue-coated guardians of peace and property, who stand watchful and alert; and the red coats of our country's defenders as they pace to and fro with martial tread. So quiet and so secluded are these forty acres of park-like ground, that you might well imagine yourself many miles from the bustling traffic outside the Palace gates, instead of only separated by a few hundred yards.

Next to this is the "'55" Room used as a sitting-room, and also as an additional cloak-room when the Drawing Room is more than usually large. The ceiling is artistically painted, the curtains are crimson silk, with a rose, shamrock, and thistle border worked in gold. The furniture is rosewood and gilt, with crimson silk rep upholstery.

On the marble chimney-piece is a timepiece of black marble and gold—Father Time clipping the wings of Cupid; while on the opposite side of the room, standing on a massive carved pedestal, is an ancient music-box and clock combined, composed of tortoiseshell and buhl, with silver mounts and twisted glass pillars.

The paintings in this room are superb, and all appertaining to the period named, the military subjects of C. H. Thomas being truly wonderful examples. The "Distribution of Medals" on the Horse Guards' Parade is one that can be gazed upon for an almost indefinite period: the Royal daïs with its occupants; the group of officers near, each one being a distinct likeness; the massed bands; the men drawn up under arms; the heroes as they advance in single file, some minus an arm, some a leg, bandaged and damaged, one in particular being wheeled up, having lost both his legs; but all with a

look of pride and exultation that their services are being thus acknowledged by the Queen for whom they had fought. And on Her Majesty's face is an unmistakable look of sympathy with suffering, mingled with pride in the sufferers' achievements.

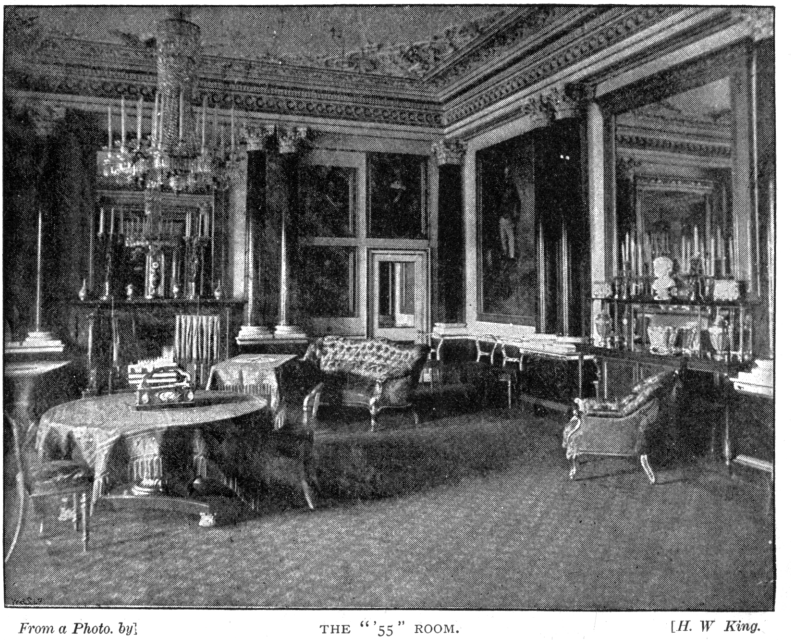
In the background are stands crowded with onlookers, while on the top of all the buildings around people swarm like bees. Over all hangs a London haze, through which the sunlight is flashing and gleaming on arms and accoutrements.

There are three others by the same artist: "A Review of Troops on Woolwich Common before the King of Sardinia," "A Naval Review at Spithead," and one depicting an event during the visit of Her Majesty to the Emperor Napoleon, namely: "The Review of French Troops on the Champs de Mars." Then there are portraits of Victor Emmanuel II.; Prince Victor of Hohenlohe; Prince Frederick William of Prussia; Louis Duke of Oporto; and Philip Count of Flanders; also a fine painting showing the investiture of Napoleon with the Garter, in the Throne Room of this Palace.

From here we enter the "Ladies' Breakfast Room"; the walls are concealed with metal trellis panels, lined with silk, leaving little doubt but that it was originally intended for a small library. The furniture of this room is plain and solid, use rather than ornament being evident. The marble chimney-piece shows a fine ormolu frieze edging it, a specimen of egg-and-tongue moulding. Near the window stands what may be either an ancient marble font or a vessel to contain flowers; it is supported by a marble pedestal of red granite, with white base and cap; the whole being of such solidity that it is too ponderous a task to move it, so the carpet is nailed round.

Just now (although not its permanent resting-place) there is to be seen here the celebrated family picture after Winterhalter, portraying Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their five eldest children. It is a beautiful painting of an ideal family group, the likeness to each being especially good.

The "Household Dining Room" is the next one we enter, a fine capacious apartment, not much used for dinners now; indeed, I think not at all since Jubilee year. On Drawing Room days it is the cloak-room for the Corps Diplomatique. It is supported with silicon marble columns of the Ionic order, the walls being covered with flock paper. The curtains are rich crimson silk with gold borders, the floor having a carpet of Turkish design. The furniture is the ordinary leather-covered peculiar to dining-rooms; the sideboards being very massive—of Spanish mahogany and gold decorative work. On the mantel is one of Vulliamy's clocks in tortoise-shell and bronze, and on either side some ormolu candelabra. There is a fine collection of busts, some standing in recesses enriched with Spanish mahogany and gold bolection moulding. Amongst these busts may be noted William IV., the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of York, and one—a Chantrey—of George IV., which was to have been presented to his brother the Duke of York, but was given to Sir Herbert Taylor.



From a Photo. by] THE "'55" ROOM. *[H. W King.*

The paintings are: "The Opening of London Bridge," "Her Majesty's First Council at Kensington Palace" (a copy), "The Pantheon" and "The Colosseum" (both by P. Pamini), and portraits of Edward Duke of York—after Pompeo Batoni—Princess Sophia Matilda Duchess of Gloucester, Frederick William I. of Prussia, in armour and robes, Queen Anne (in 1714) and George II., both by Kneller, and Caroline Queen of George II., after Seeman.

I may here mention that Her Majesty is often most kind in lending valuable paintings and other works of art for the various exhibitions in all parts of the country. In fact, the first painting I mentioned in this room was about to undergo some little repair necessary after its journey to and from the County of Potteries.

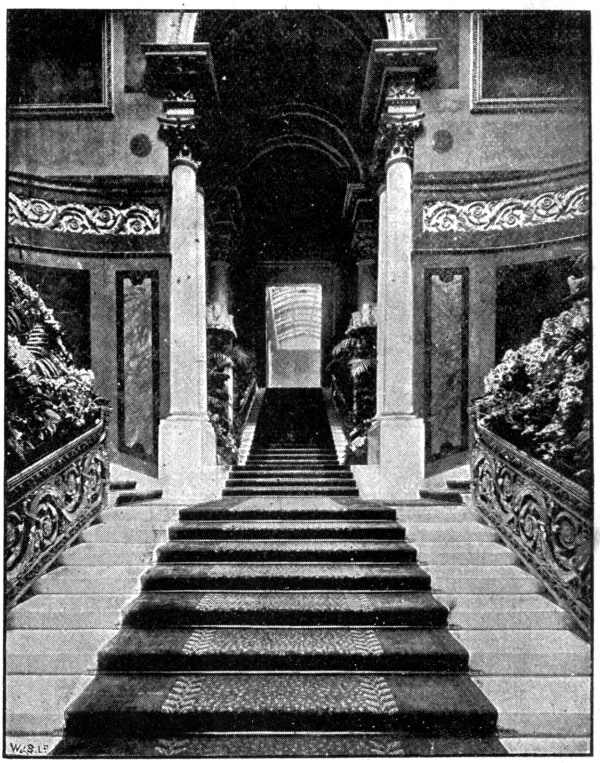
You will have noticed that the suite of rooms through which we have passed is continuous. Having commenced with the "Carnarvon Room," it finishes with the one we are now entering, known as the "Chapel Ante Room." The rare old paintings are a study that would be a delight to any connoisseur; some are as much as fourteen hundred years old, but are still in splendid preservation.

H.R.H. the Princess Louise—herself an artist of repute—is immensely interested in this selection, and, indeed, used some of them in the chapel for the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife; on which occasion Her Royal Highness had the whole of the decorations under her personal supervision. A large picture of much interest has a temporary resting-place here; it is an immense group representing the New South Wales Contingent that took part in the Soudan Campaign, being the first assistance sent from the colonies to the help of the mother country. Services volunteered and given free of expense are well worthy of record, and doubtless Her Majesty the Queen values this fine portraiture of these valiant soldiers.

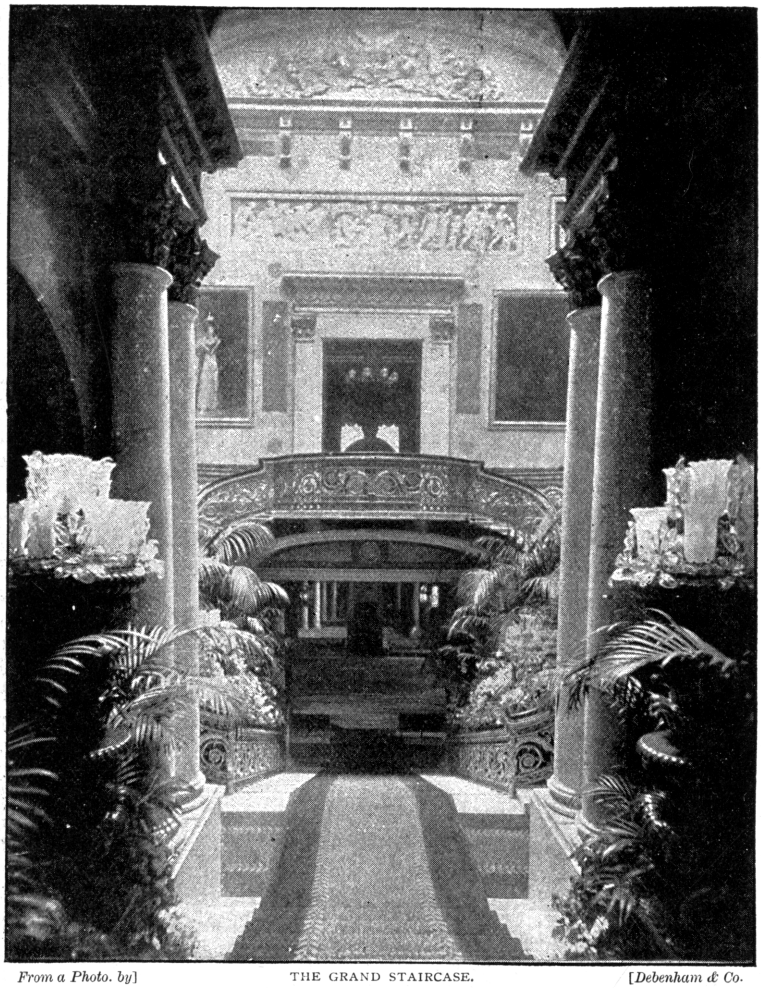
We now pass through a corridor diverging to the right, and find ourselves in the "Private Chapel." This was consecrated in 1843. It is quite of moderate size, but is beautifully enriched and decorated in the German style. The supporting pillars were brought from Carlton House; the roof is artistically painted in pale colourings blended with rare skill and merit. The walls are panelled in crimson velvet, a few choice old paintings being noticeable, one, you will observe, bearing date 1330. The altar is simplicity itself, speaking eloquently, as does the entire interior, of the quiet yet truly artistic taste—blended with the deep religious convictions, which delighted in quiet worship rather than pomp and pageant—characteristic of H.R.H. the Prince Consort; for he it was who personally superintended the entire arrangements of this charming edifice.

The altar, then, is quite plain: just covered with crimson velvet edged with bullion fringe and letters worked in gold. On it reposes the gold plate of George IV. Above hangs a fine piece of Gobelin tapestry, the subject being "John Baptizing Christ."

On the right, as you face the altar, is a pure white alabaster pulpit, and on the other side the organ and choir. The Royal pew is upstairs, facing the altar, and is beautifully fitted in crimson and gold. On either side of it are pews for the ladies and gentlemen of the household.



From a Photo. by] THE GRAND STAIRCASE. *[Debenham & Co.*



From a Photo. by] THE GRAND STAIRCASE. *[Debenham & Co.*

We will now retrace our steps through the chapel ante-room, and cross to the lower corridor. It is long, narrow, and winding, passing under the grand staircase, and has dove marble walls, on which are several good portraits, chief of which are Augusta Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Richmond, Prince George, Prince Edward, the Duke of Brunswick, and the five paintings showing the Coronation procession of William IV. Also you must notice in a recess a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh.

This finishes the suite of what is termed the "Lower State Apartments," and we start again from the Marble Hall in order to view those on the next floor. It is the morning of a "Drawing Room" day, so you will see the rooms as they are arranged for that occasion; and in order that you may the better understand the ceremony, I will conduct you the exact route taken by the *débutantes*, only diverging now and again to view rooms through which you would not otherwise pass, which deviation I will point out as we proceed.

Have you ever inquired of any youthful friend who has been through the rooms for presentation as to what they are like? I have; and I must honestly say I have never been much the wiser for their answers—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Lovely!" etc., but that is about all; for the fact is, the majority of them are too frightened at the ordeal before them when they go up, and too full of relief that it is over when they come down, to look about them. They have a general idea of grandeur and glitter—nothing more! If there is an exception, it is your American girl: she seldom loses the calm coolness characteristic of her nationality, but placidly looks about her, taking mental notes of dresses, jewels, and faces; and as near as she can, appraises the furniture and fittings.

But here we are at the bottom of the grand staircase: the rich crimson curtains at the foot are drawn back, and the view is simply magnificent. Stairs 11ft. 6in. wide, each stair being a solid mass of white marble, and richly carpeted in crimson, the hand-rail on either side of mosaic gold, the walls imitation marble. The roof—which is supported by marble Corinthian columns—is simply superb. Gold and cream, interspersed with hand-painted wreaths of fruit and flowers; the perspective—especially of the alcove—is wonderful: the pattern gradually receding to the smallest minuteness. Note,

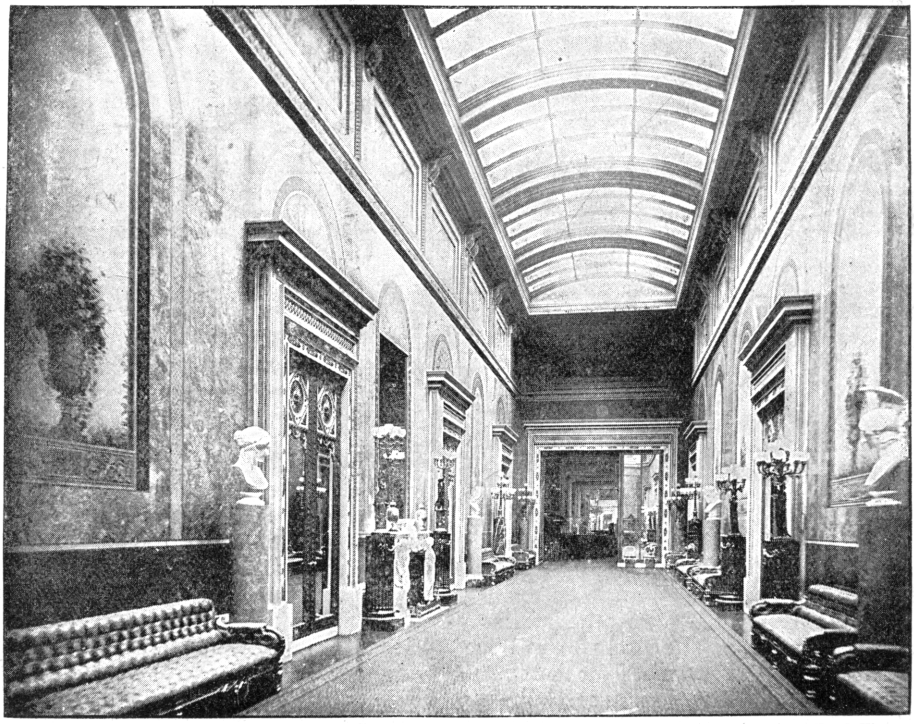
too, the exquisite light and shade, and I think you will agree with me that nothing more perfect of its kind could be seen.

The wells of the staircase contain bronzes, replete with iced glass fittings for electric light; while for concert and ball occasions the recesses you see on either side of the hand-rails are filled with zinc fittings, to carry palms, ferns, and choice exotics.

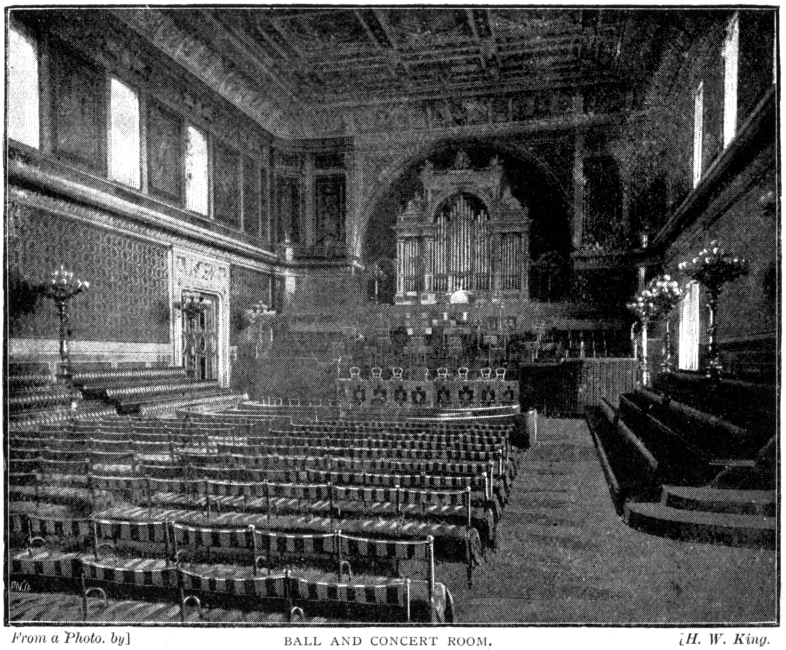
The photo. here introduced was taken on the occasion of a State ball, and is particularly happy in effect. When we have proceeded up the first broad flight, we find ourselves on a landing, from which stairs diverge in exactly opposite directions, with a flight facing us. We take this one, and mounting upwards, find ourselves in the "East" or "Promenade Gallery." A splendid place for promenade this—about 105ft. in length, lighted by electricity, richly carpeted in crimson, and provided with luxurious settees and chairs. The ceiling is beautifully painted, the walls are imitation marble, having painted panels of baskets of flowers. Costly marble chimney-pieces have medallions of the masters in the centre (in one I noticed Rubens) and a continuation of figures, flowers, etc.

On the mantels is some priceless porcelain, most of it Sèvres. Ancient cabinets of tortoiseshell, buhl, and inlaid ivory—one of them, at any rate, a "Boule" (whose best work was executed about 1700). Pedestals and busts, mythological and French, all call for prolonged examination. Here hangs Frith's famous picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Sometimes you may miss it, though, for this is one the public like the loan of, and not long ago it journeyed to Melbourne and back, for the benefit of our Australian friends.

Sir F. Leighton is also represented by his "Cimabue's Madonna Carried Through the Streets of Florence," and Sir M. A. Shee with his portrait of the first Marquis of Wellesley. The doors leading from this gallery are worthy of notice. They are a pair of three-fold folding doors, each one inclosed within revolving doors, so that they really open nearly the width of the promenade. They have massive plate-glass panels, with Spanish mahogany frames and metal mounts. Through these doors, then, we enter the State ball-room—also doing duty as a concert-room. This was only finished in 1856, and cost £300,000. Most of the decoration was by Gruner. It is a truly noble apartment, measuring 109ft. by 58ft.



From a Photo. by] THE PROMENADE GALLERY. *[H. W. King.*



From a Photo. by] BALL AND CONCERT ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

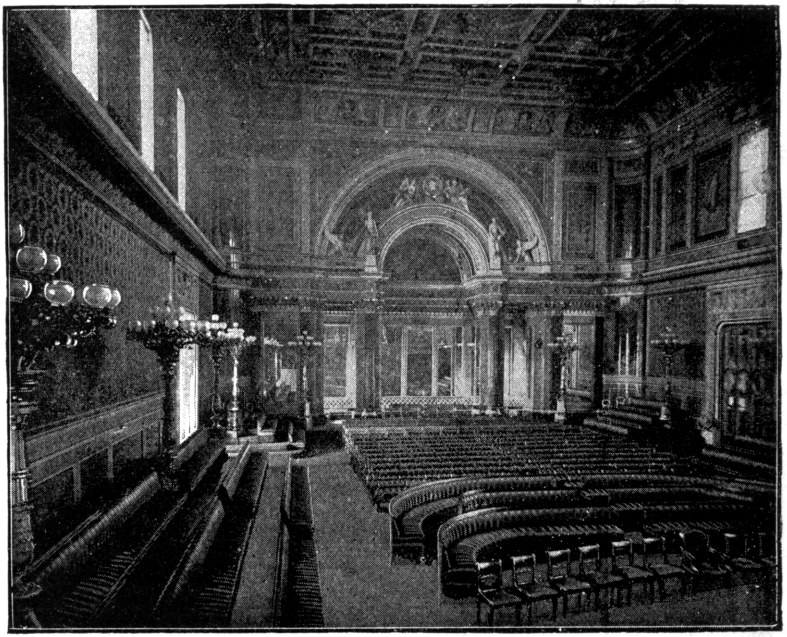
and 45ft. in height. It has a magnificently painted roof, with twenty-one sunlights answering for gas and ventilation, the shafts running right through. Running round beneath the frieze are copies of Raphael's "Twelve Hours."

The walls are panelled in crimson silk of rose, shamrock, and thistle pattern, having thereon some pictures of the Muses; the settees are upholstered in the same colour, watered silk and satin stripe pattern. On the elevation on either side of the room are some chased ormolu candelabra by Barbedienne, the floor itself being satinwood and mahogany.

At one end is the fine organ that formerly stood in the Brighton Pavilion; the orchestra being erected immediately in front for State concerts. On the front of the inclosure, the costly-looking hanging of crimson velvet and gold was at one time the tent of Tippoo Sahib, taken at Vellore.

Be the occasion concert or ball, it is a grand sight to witness, and one that cannot be equalled; rendered doubly impressive when the company—generally about three hundred—rise to their feet upon the entrance of the Royal Family. The rich costumes of the ladies; the Court, military, naval, and Ambassadors' dress; the flashing jewels and the artistic surroundings; the exquisite strains of music rising and falling—once you witness this, it is a picture that never fades from your memory.

At the opposite end of the room is an alcove decorated in character with all the



From a Photo. by] BALL AND CONCERT ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

rest, and in front of this is situated the daïs. Here the Royal Family sit for the performance, and at this end of the room space is kept for the Royal quadrilles. Some enjoyable dances the youthful members have had, too, entering into the spirit of it as much as anyone there.

On the left of the ball-room is a promenade known as the "Annexe Gallery"; this was built some time back at the suggestion of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and is useful not only for the purpose I have named, but it also improves the atmosphere of the ball-room; it is 72ft. in length, fitted with electric light, decorated in cream and gold, and furnished in crimson and gold. There are two mythological busts on pedestals, and also pedestals to carry plants and flowers.

This has been out of our route, but we return to it now by crossing the upper end of the ball-room in front of the daïs. Now we are passing through, we are now in the "West" or "Approach Gallery."

This has ceiling and walls each painted, the latter having floral centres to panels framed in gold; the carved gold-framed furniture is upholstered in rich crimson, the doors being imitation satinwood with glass panels, and over them some excellent statuary carving. About half-way down are doors leading into the "Cross Gallery," the other end opening into the "East Gallery." It is only a slight deviation, so we will just take a brief survey.

It is handsomely decorated in cream and gold, with hand-painted enrichments of Indian corn-stalk. There are some beautiful mirrors in massive panelled gold settings, and hangings and furniture of crimson and gold.

Returning to the West Gallery we are again in the order of procession, and presently find ourselves in the "State Dining Room." This

From a Photo. by] STATE DINING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

faced by the "crush barriers," the first of a series at the entrance to each room until we reach the Throne. These are only placed for Drawing Rooms, and will presently be guarded by "Gentlemen-at-Arms." The rails are burnished brass, with plush-covered hand-rail, and through the gate it is only possible for one at a time to pass. Ourselves is capable of seating a large number, being 75ft. by 34ft. It was in this room that the wedding breakfast was laid for the Duke and Duchess of Fife; and it may, ere long, be used for another event of even greater interest—one that will celebrate the nuptials of a future king and queen.

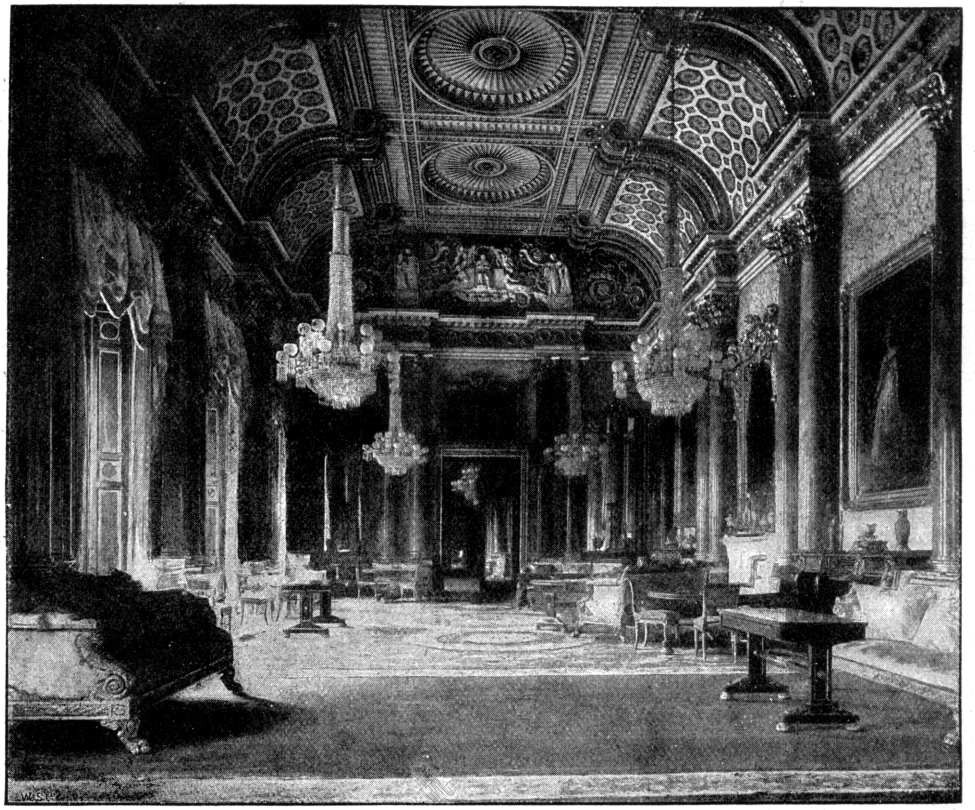
Each room as we enter it now seems more

beautiful than the last, the decorations of this being really superb. Cream and gold are predominant on the ceiling, arms and orders being interspersed with brilliant effect. Over the doors "W.R." and "V.R." show the different periods of decorative work, these letters being surmounted with prosceniums of gold carved fruit and flowers. The walls are covered with salmon flock-paper, the floor carpeted in crimson "Wilton," showing a parquetry bordering of satin and rosewood. The doors are panelled in plate glass, with metal mouldings and ormolu mounts.

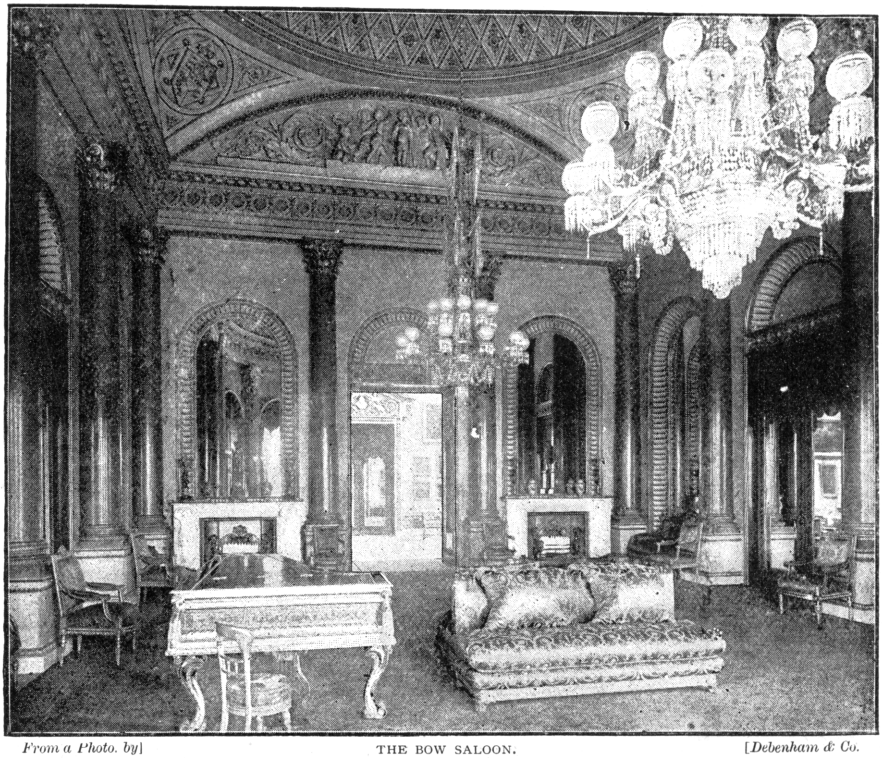
Even the shutters to the windows are an interesting study. They are circular, showing some of the finest joinery known, and have ormolu "money" mouldings. The curtains are heavy crimson silk with gold border and fringe. The chimney-pieces are choice carved marble, with friezes of ormolu, rose, shamrock, and thistle design. On one is a Vulliamy "Zodiacic" timepiece in marble and ormolu; also some beautiful Sèvres in turquoise and "Bleu de roi." Other specimens are scattered about the room on side-tables. The sideboards are massive mahogany with ormolu mounted backs. On the walls are the following portraits, life-sized, and in costly massive frames: Duke of Cumberland (Gainsborough), George III., Queen Charlotte, and Anne Duchess of Cumberland, each painted by the same master hand. Also there are Augusta Princess of Wales and Frederick Prince of Wales, by Van Loo; George II., by Shackleton, and Caroline, his Queen, by Seeman.

Before leaving this room I must not forget to say that it was here the wedding breakfast was laid for Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort; the entire decoration being in pure white.

We pass on to the "Blue Drawing Room." Notice the handsome plate-glass panelled doors with rich ormolu mounts, each surmounted with a crown, as you pass through. Then pause and gaze on the general effect of the grandly beautiful interior. The ceiling is a fine specimen of elliptical carving: bressummers support arches in which are carved reliefs representing the apotheosis of the poets. The carpet of this room is a feature: it is a beautiful Axminster,



From a Photo. by] THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Debenham & Co.*



From a Photo. by] THE BOW SALOON. *[Debenham & Co.*

woven in one piece (the room is 60ft. 6in. long and 28ft. wide), and the colours are so rich, the design so perfect, that it looks like a painting. The roof is supported by imitation marble columns with gilded Corinthian cap and base, the walls panelled in blue silk, the furniture carved and burnished gold, the coverings to match walls and curtains. Two massive side-tables are worthy of your attention; they are 8ft. long, have massive ormolu mounts, and are inlaid with pebbles in Genoa green marble. On one is a soapstone bowl, taken from the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, in October, 1860, and presented to the Queen by Sir Hope Grant, Commander of the British Forces in China. Marble and ormolu candelabra, Sèvres china, and antique timepieces are plentiful. One clock in particular deserves special mention; it is marble, has three dials, denoting hour, day, and month, surmounted by an ivory globe.

The paintings are Charles I. and Henrietta Maria (Van Dyck), Her Majesty Queen Victoria and H.R.H. Prince Albert (F. Winterhalter), Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth (Gainsborough), and Duke of Buckingham and family (Houthorst).

Now we proceed to the "Bow Saloon." This room has a most superbly decorated dome roof; rose, shamrock, and thistle, interspersed with feathers, done in cream and gold relief, and all radiating from the centre. From it depend some of the most graceful and wondrous crystal chandeliers that have ever been made. Above the lights depends and droops the most perfect representation of "colours trooping," the very fold of the silken banners being here produced. There is some beautiful sculpture in relief just beneath the "dome"; that on the side facing the bow represents "Eloquence," that on the north, "Harmony," that on the south, "Pleasure." There are sixteen supporting columns of scagliola, resembling lapis lazuli, with gilded bases and capitals. There are two marble chimney-pieces, one depicting the "Birth of Venus," and beautiful shell-work surrounding the sculptured figures.

On one mantel stands a malachite and ormolu thermometer, on the other a timepiece of the same composition. There are two malachite and ormolu candelabra on burnished gold pedestals, and others of carved and burnished lions on tripods. Also examine some more of the priceless Sèvres china in this room, and especially note an inimitable cameo revolving Roman table. In the centre is the Emperor Alexandra, a circle

round denoting a procession of warriors, the outer edge depicting trophies and arms; the base is a shield with spears for pedestal. This room is hung with rich crimson velvet curtains, with furniture of burnished gold and crimson silk. The floor is carpeted in rich Saxony, leaving an ample border of inlaid satinwood of pattern to match ceiling. The proportions of the saloon are 50ft. by 29ft., and it, of course, takes its name from the shape.

The next room, called the "White Drawing Room," is the most beautiful of all. Not long since it was redecorated at enormous cost, and presents an appearance so grand, so imposing, yet so graceful and artistic, that words cannot adequately describe or portray it, and unfortunately no photograph has been taken since these renovations. A number of syenite pilasters, with gilded bases and capitals, support a ceiling exquisitely decorated in relief; the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in pure white and gold, having an especially brilliant appearance. Under it are some sculptured reliefs illustrative of pleasure. Magnificent ormolu chandeliers diffuse electric light; the curtains are gold silk; the walls panelled in gold with gold frames, and an abundance of plate glass; the furniture upholstered in gold with burnished frames showing splendidly carved lions and crowns on backs and supports. The floor, richly carpeted in gold and white Brussels, has a costly bordering of satin and holly wood, with inlaid devices of tulip and rose wood. The marble chimneys are rare examples of sculptured figures and borderings, and on the mantels are French clocks, Sèvres china, and ormolu "horns of plenty" candelabra; while in the fireplaces are some fine ormolu fire-dogs, with gold screens standing near.

There are some costly cabinets (16th century), one having inlaid doors of ebony, ormolu, and pebbles in relief; the drawers of tulip-wood, the back surmounted with some exquisitely chased ormolu figures. On one or two cabinets stand Roman candelabra, and inside, seen through glass, is Sèvres china, some of it jewelled. An Italian-case grand piano is a special feature, showing hand-painted flowers and grotesque figures; the interior is an Erard, and very sweet is its tone.

Now note these two immense Indian vases on gilded pedestals; they have hand-painted battle-scenes upon them, not named, but one looking to me very much like the field of Waterloo; a tree, a farm, and the uniforms giving colour to this idea. These vases were presented to Her Majesty on her marriage by the Emperor of Germany. They are at opposite ends of the room, and between them stands a marble pedestal supporting a costly French timepiece. There are three full length paintings: Peter the Great (Sir Godfrey Kneller), Archbishop Fenelon (Rigaud), and Anne Hyde, Duchess of York (Sir P. Lely).

There is something that you would not think of looking for in the top left-hand corner of the room. It is faced by a cabinet, and above it is a massive mirror; one touch, however, with the hand of the initiated, and mirror and cabinet open intact into the room, and you have immediate entrance to the "Royal Closet."

From a Photo. by] THE ROYAL CLOSET. *[H. W. King.*

Concert, Ball Room, and Drawing Room frequenters come not here: it is for the sole and exclusive use of Her Majesty and those of her family who are going into the Throne Room with her to receive any of her faithful subjects or foreign ambassadors. Your way would have been through a door from the White Drawing Room, leading into the Picture Gallery, along the top of which you would cross, so entering the Throne Room by a door exactly opposite. This Royal Closet contains some very choice and rare art treasures, of which the lovely collection of enamels is not the least: the one you will observe over the doorway leading to the vestibule is the largest known. The subject of it is "The Holy Family."

Here may be seen cabinets, the most costly and beautiful in the Palace. One you will notice standi ng on the left is of inlaid pebbles, with ormolu carvings, and has pearl jardinières of fruit in the centre; the panels surrounded with birds and floral designs. In another part of the room is a fine inlaid table with a Phœnix in the centre of real lapis lazuli. On an ela borate ormolu stand is an ivory inlaid cabinet mounted on pillars; and still another shows pebbles of every shade in relief, and of great variety of design. The chimney-piece is supported by carved satyrs, a frieze of ormolu running round the fire-place. On the mantel is one of Vulliamy's best timepieces in marble and ormolu.

Walls and furniture are all clad in crimson silk, the latter having richly designed frames overlaid with burnished gold.

Of course, you will readily understand that it is quite impo ssible for me to point out to you the whole of the treasures, either in this or any other of the rooms. Were I to do so it would literally fill a volume, so I am compelled to content myself with selecting just a few as we go along. From here, then, Her Majesty and the other members of the family proceed *viâ* the vestibule to the Throne Room, so we will just take a brief glance at this vestibule before returning to the route proper. The Ministers' staircase, the entrance to which I pointed out to you at one end of the Sculpture Gallery, terminates here; so you will at once see how much less distance has to be covered by those coming this way and those who have to go through the entire suite we have traversed.

The ceiling is decorated in royal blue, gold and green, with ornamental chandeliers burning oil; and I may here remark that though electric light is carried into a number of the rooms, and gas is by no means left out, yet candles of wax, and chandeliers carrying oil lamps, are in much favour. Note the very handsome French clock, and then turn your attention to the two canvas portraits on the staircase. One is of Her Majesty the Queen, and the other H.R.H. the Prince Consort, both by Francis Xaver Winterhalter.

Now we return to the line of procession again. Crossing the top of the Picture Gallery, which place we shall see later on, and taking the door pointed out before, we emerge by it direct into the Throne Room, *not* facing the Throne, but on the right of that as it faces *us*. This room is of magnificent proportions, 60ft. by 35ft., and as we stand for one or two minutes and look around, it naturally occurs to us to picture the brilliant scenes that have been enacted therein. Picturesque and splendid indeed it is when beauty, wealth, and valour are gathered together; all aided and intensified by the artistic and solidly grand surroundings. Even now as we stand here military music in the distance tells us that the time for one of the brilliant functions of the season is drawing nigh. Presently the Gentlemen-at-Arms will be here on guard, the Diplomatic Corps will assemble, together with the high officials of the State and Household; Royalty will take up their position about the Throne; and then the long line of *débutantes* will slowly advance for presentation, resplendent in feathers, jewels, and rich laces and silks.

The first thing to inspect here is obviously the Throne; it, of course, stands on a daïs of massive carving and burnished gold, and is covered with crimson velvet. The chair is capacious and well cushioned, but, somehow, does not look particularly comfortable; neither do I think it proves itself so, for Her Majesty prefers to occupy a smaller and more easy-looking chair in the f ont. The canopy is exceedingly handsome, rich crimson velvet with the Royal Arms wrought in gold. A large bressummer, with angle trusses beneath, extending nearly the width of the room, forms an alcove in which the Throne stands. The ceiling is richly emblazoned with shields and armorial bearings, emblematic of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and annexation of Hanover; the frieze below is adorned with bassi-rilievi illustrative of the Wars of the Roses.

There are two fireplaces with chimney-pieces of marble, having sculptured figures holding wreaths of laurel in the centre, and continua-

tions of trophies emblematical of the Army; the fire-dogs are ormolu dragons. On the mantels you will see some Sèvres in turquoise blue, and other specimens of a variety of painting in colours.

Opposite notice a fine clock, by Pinchbeck; it is of tortoiseshell, having columns surmounted by a dome. It has four dials—time, day and date, wind and tide, and an astronomical dial.

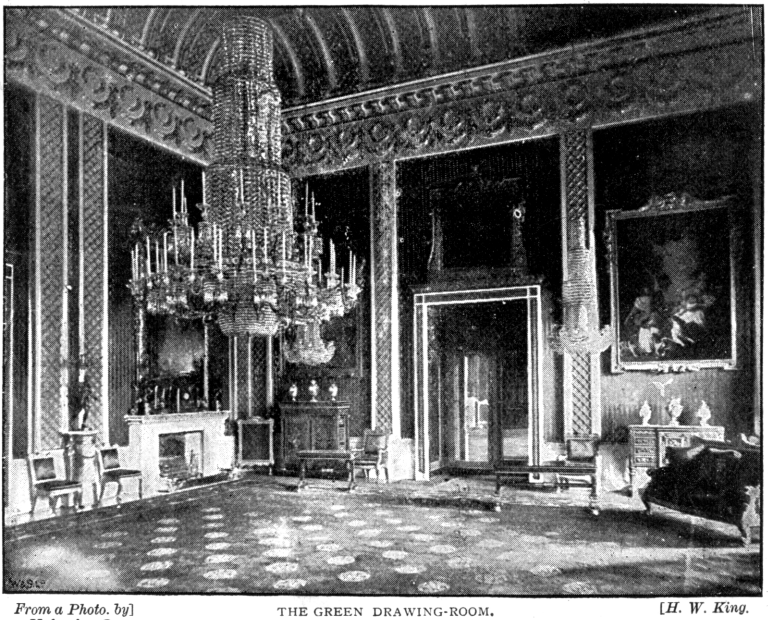
The curtains are of crimson silk, edged with gold lace, the furniture to match; but as people do not go to the Throne Room to sit as a general rule, the furniture is a small item. The floor is carpeted with Brussels. I believe Her Majesty prefers this make, as, though Axminster and velvet-pile look uncommonly effective and rich, yet there is a sort of rotary motion when walking upon them that is a deal more tiring than when it is of a firm texture. Chandeliers and candelabra diffuse electric and candle light, throwing a brilliant radiance around, bringing the rich colours into relief, and lighting up the painted portraiture consisting of Queen Charlotte and George III., both by Ramsay; Charlotte Princess Royal, and William Duke of Clarence. George Prince of Wales, and Frederick Duke of York, both by Zoffany.

Passing through the handsome doors facing the Throne, we enter the "Green Drawing Room," not quite so large a room as the former, but only a little decrease in the length. Here you see every shade of the colour from which the room takes its name, the whole relieved with borders of burnish and gilt, together with mounts of ormolu. This room is used on ball and concert nights for light refreshments, such as tea and coffee, fruit and champagne. The roof is decorated in white and gold, the walls panelled in striped green silk in frames of gold. This apartment is carpeted in Axminster with a parquetry border of satin and rose wood, the furniture green and gold to match.

There are several good portraits of members of the Royal Families of former reigns, also of the children of Philip II. of Spain; the artists being Gainsborough, Ramsay, Wright, Copley, and Dance. Now pass through these handsome doors, and you are in the "Guard Chamber." Before looking at anything here, though, turn round for one moment, and you will find that from here you have a clear view of the Throne; consequently, those immediately near the Throne have a clear view of you: not only that, but you can be seen when you first come in, for as you mount the staircase, which you can view now by crossing the room, you find plate glass reflects a back view of each of you—so, as a matter of fact, Her Majesty can watch you, if she chooses to do so, long before you are in the presence.

There are two or three other rooms of interest, but in order to see them we had better descend to the landing where the "double exit" terminates; then turn round, and go up the same staircase as when we first commenced the "Upper State Rooms." By this means, if you remember, we arrived first in the Promenade Gallery.

We now take a door on the left of that, and are at once in the "Supper Room." This is of splendid proportions, very lofty, and sixty feet square. There are immense sideboards of mahogany and ormolu, the supper-tables



From a Photo. by] THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM. [*H. W. King.*

being arranged round three sides of the room; these being fully set before the guests come in. Very beautiful is the effect; the costly and matchless plate, the glass, flowers, and china having an appearance simply indescribable. In the midst of all is the beautiful fountain designed by H.R.H. the Prince Consort; a piece of plate of such magnificence and artistic beauty, that it is worth a special journey to the Palace to see it.

I may here say that every dish that is put on is prepared in the Royal kitchens—fine apartments these, which I shall not be able to describe to you for want of space. There

From a Photo by] THE PICTURE GALLERY. *[H. W. King.*

are two sets of doors into the room, each opening from the Promenade Gallery, and enter by which you may, you are confronted by the most magnificent display of plate in Europe. This is kept at Windsor, and brought here for special occasions; then mounted on three immense buffets, facing the doors, one in the centre and one at each corner. When I say that its beauty dazzles and bewilders, I only very faintly convey to your minds the real effect. To-day, being a "Drawing Room," it is not *en évidence*, so I cannot do more than point out to you its location when present, and give the faintest description of it as I have seen it on the occasion of a "State Concert."

Now we will recross the Promenade, and so enter the "Wilkie" Room: so named from the number of works of that master hung there. From here we can walk direct into the "Picture Gallery." You have already crossed the top of this, but had not time for other than a brief glance. Here a lover of art could very easily spend an entire day, so beauteous and so varied are the studies. Suffice it to say that there are some of the finest examples of Flemish and Dutch, Italian and English masters. George IV really founded the collection, purchasing a large number from Sir J. Baring, and Queen Victoria has increased the number to a considerable extent. Some good examples of Titian, 1477–1576, must be mentioned; of Teniers, 1610–1690; of Rembrandt, 1607–1669 (the "Adoration of the Magi" needs no words); of Peter Paul Rubens, 1577–1640; of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723–1792; of Van Dyck, 1599–1641; of Cornelis Janssens, 1590–1665, and many others which cannot now be noticed.

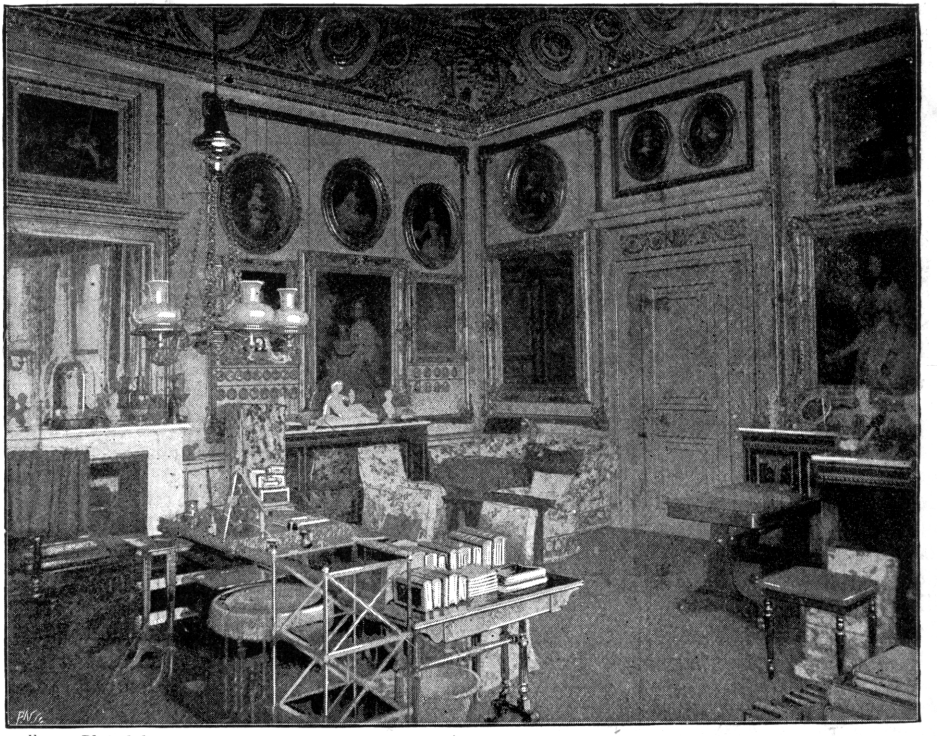
In order to secure a good light, the roof has a treble range of skylights, having a

floral coved centre, with circular side-lights; all of cut glass decorated with Orders of the Garter, etc., and side continuations of festooned architecture. Electric light sheds its rays from five massive ormolu chandeliers. The door-heads are supported by figures, and have marble jambs with ormolu mounts; those at either end having a clock in the centre of medallions surmounted with crowns and urns of fruit. There are four fireplaces with marble chimney-pieces, having medallions in the centre containing sculptured busts of some of the great masters, on either side being figures supporting wreaths. The walls have a flock-paper, the furniture is covered in crimson floral-traced silk, having carved frames of burnished gold, and the floor is also carpeted in the same colour.

At either end is some beautiful pure white marble statuary: "A Sea Nymph" in the act of spearing a fish, "Mars and Venus," "The Siren," with harp of gold wires, and "Venus and Cupid," Venus reposing on a lion-skin, height of 30ft., you will understand the truly grand effect of the whole.

You will be much interested in seeing the photos of two or three of the private rooms of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. Crowded as they are with the rarest of paintings, enamels, cabinets, and every variety of artistic treasure, it is quite impossible to do more than call your attention to the views.

But now the regimental music is emitting the sweetest of strains in court-yard and quadrangle: "Yeomen of the Guard" and "Gentlemen-at-Arms" are taking up their positions in the rooms at the word of command, with clatter of sword and rattle of halberds; State footmen in white knee-breeches, with coats of blue and heavy gold facings, are taking their places as guides, here and there forming a thin avenue through which visitors must pass; and as we descend the grand staircase we find the doors are open, and the procession is filing across the Marble Hall to the Bow Library—their cloak-room



From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

that is so exquisitely sculptured as to present the appearance of velvety softness peculiar to that animal's covering.

When I tell you that this gallery is 152ft. 6in. in length, 28ft. wide, and has a Come with me to the Sculpture Gallery, and there watch awhile. See the stately dowagers and matrons in velvet, silk, and diamonds as they sweep across; *they* have been before, and seem quite comfortable,

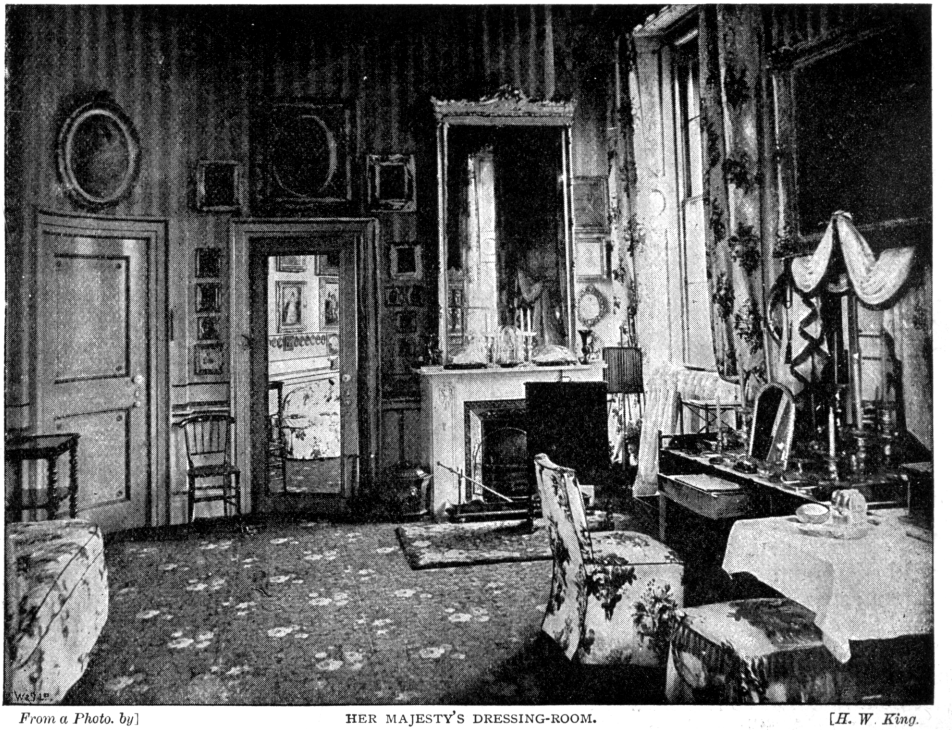
laugh and talk, look around them, and claim acquaintance with others equally at home; but turn from them and gaze upon those who have come for presentation, and you cannot fail to notice the difference of demeanour. Anxiety—nay, absolute fright—is depicted on some faces, traces of want of sleep on others; can sit and compare notes until such time as the Royal party have entered the Throne Room, when they will advance in single file through the crush barriers on to the doors of *the* room, when, the Lord Chamberlain calling their names in stentorian tones, they advance with all the grace and

From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S BEDROOM. *H. W. King.*

trains are carried first on one arm, then on the other, and the majority look as though they wish it was all over and they away. Certainly the scene is brilliant, for it is not only the dresses of the ladies one sees, but also the military, naval, and Court; and the most magnificent display of orchids, roses, lilies, Malmaison carnations, and Victoria showers of mingled foliage it is possible to imagine; all made up in such a pretty, natural way, with their trailing creepers and hanging ribbons, that they heighten the effect of the costumes considerably. Now some of the "Corps Diplomatique" appear in their State dress, two Royal pages pass in scarlet and plumes, and the company are rapidly passing from the cloak-room up the grand staircase, and so on to the State Dining Room; where they courage they can muster; make their curtsy, and retire as speedily as etiquette will permit.

But now the National Anthem is heard in the quadrangle, and if we hurry to the end of the gallery near the "Ministers' Stairs," we shall witness the entrance into the gallery and the passage up the staircase.

It is the Marlborough House party that has just arrived, and pass close to us, the equerries in advance making their way upwards with faces to Royalty. The Princess Christian and her daughter (who have been taking luncheon in the Carnarvon Room opposite) also wend their way upwards with the same state, and as the clock strikes three—the hour of commencement—the last of Royalty have assembled in the Throne Room.



From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S DRESSING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

Once again the strains of the National Anthem fall on our ears, as some of the family leave the Palace. Can I find better words to close this than those that are sung throughout the length and breadth of the land—"God Save the Queen"?

From a Photo. by] THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MUSIC-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE CROOKED MAN.

By A. Conan Doyle.

ONE summer night, a few months after my marriage, I was seated by my own hearth smoking a last pipe and nodding over a novel, for my day's work had been an exhausting one. My wife had already gone upstairs, and the sound of the locking of the hall door some time before told me that the servants had also retired. I had risen from my seat and was knocking out the ashes of my pipe, when I suddenly heard the clang of the bell.

I looked at the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. This could not be a visitor at so late an nour. A patient, evidently, and possibly an all-night sitting. With a wry face I went out into the hall and opened the door. To my astonishment, it was Sherlock Holmes who stood upon my step.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that I might not be too late to catch you."

"My dear fellow, pray come in."

"You look surprised, and no wonder! Relieved, too, I fancy! Hum! you still smoke the Arcadia mixture of your bachelor days, then! There's no mistaking that fluffy ash upon your coat. It's easy to tell that you've been accustomed to wear a uniform, Watson; you'll never pass as a pure-bred civilian as long as you keep that habit of carrying your handkerchief in your sleeve. Could you put me up to-night?"

"With pleasure."

"You told me that you had bachelor quarters for one, and I see that you have no gentleman visitor at present. Your hat-stand proclaims as much."

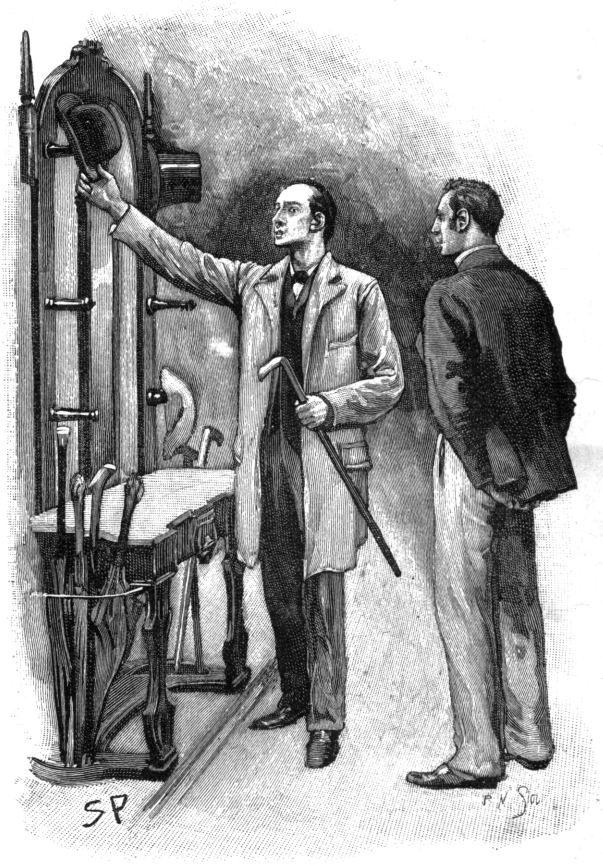
"I shall be delighted if you will stay."

"Thank you. I'll fill a vacant peg, then. Sorry to see that you've had the British workman in the house. He's a token of evil. Not the drains, I hope?"

"No, the gas."

"Ah! He has left two nail-marks from his boot upon your linoleum just where the light strikes it. No, thank you, I had some supper at Waterloo, but I'll smoke a pipe with you with pleasure."

I handed him my pouch, and he seated himself opposite to me, and smoked for some



"I'LL FILL A VACANT PEG, THEN."

time in silence. I was well aware that nothing but business of importance could have brought him to me at such an hour, so I waited patiently until he should come round to it.

"I see that you are professionally rather busy just now," said he, glancing very keenly across at me.

"Yes, I've had a busy day," I answered. "It may seem very foolish in your eyes," I added, "but really I don't know how you deduced it."

Holmes chuckled to himself.

"I have the advantage of knowing your habits, my dear Watson," said he. "When your round is a short one you walk, and when it is a long one you use a hansom. As I perceive that your boots, although used, are by no means dirty, I cannot doubt that you are at present busy enough to justify the hansom."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"Elementary," said he. "It is one of those instances where the reasoner can produce an effect which seems remarkable to his neighbour, because the latter has missed the one little point which is the basis of the deduction. The same may be said, my dear fellow, for the effect of some of these little sketches of yours, which is entirely meretricious, depending as it does upon your retaining in your own hands some factors in the problem which are never imparted to the reader. Now, at present I am in the position of these same readers, for I hold in this hand several threads of one of the strangest cases which ever perplexed a man's brain, and yet I lack the one or two which are needful to complete my theory. But I'll have them, Watson, I'll have them!" His eyes kindled and a slight flush sprang into his thin cheeks. For an instant the veil had lifted upon his keen, intense nature, but for an instant only. When I glanced again his face had resumed that Red Indian composure which had made so many regard him as a machine rather than a man.

"The problem presents features of interest," said he; "I may even say very exceptional features of interest. I have already looked into the matter, and have come, as I think, within sight of my solution. If you could accompany me in that last step, you might be of considerable service to me."

"I should be delighted."

"Could you go as far as Aldershot to-morrow?"

"I have no doubt Jackson would take my practice."

"Very good. I want to start by the 11.10 from Waterloo."

"That would give me time."

"Then, if you are not too sleepy, I will give you a sketch of what has happened and of what remains to be done."

"I was sleepy before you came. I am quite wakeful now."

"I will compress the story as far as may be done without omitting anything vital to the case. It is conceivable that you may even have read some account of the matter. It is the supposed murder of Colonel Barclay, of the Royal Mallows, at Aldershot which I am investigating."

"I have heard nothing of it."

"It has not excited much attention yet, except locally. The facts are only two days old. Briefly they are these:—

"The Royal Mallows is, as you know, one of the most famous Irish regiments in the British Army. It did wonders both in the Crimea and the Mutiny, and has since that time distinguished itself upon every possible occasion. It was commanded up to Monday night by James Barclay, a gallant veteran, who started as a full private, was raised to commissioned rank for his bravery at the time of the Mutiny, and so lived to command the regiment in which he had once carried a musket.

"Colonel Barclay had married at the time when he was a sergeant, and his wife, whose maiden name was Miss Nancy Devoy, was the daughter of a former colour-sergeant in the same corps. There was therefore, as can be imagined, some little social friction when the young couple (for they were still young) found themselves in their new surroundings. They appear, however, to have quickly adapted themselves, and Mrs. Barclay has always, I understand, been as popular with the ladies of the regiment as her husband was with his brother officers. I may add that she was a woman of great beauty, and that even now, when she has been married for upwards of thirty years, she is still of a striking appearance.

"Colonel Barclay's family life appears to have been a uniformly happy one. Major Murphy, to whom I owe most of my facts, assures me that he has never heard of any misunderstanding between the pair. On the whole, he thinks that Barclay's devotion to his wife was greater than his wife's to Barclay. He was acutely uneasy if he were absent from her for a day. She, on the other hand, though devoted and faithful, was less obtrusively affectionate. But they were

regarded in the regiment as the very model of a middle-aged couple. There was absolutely nothing in their mutual relations to prepare people for the tragedy which was to follow.

"Colonel Barclay himself seems to have had some singular traits in his character. He was a dashing, jovial old soldier in his usual mood, but there were occasions on which he seemed to show himself capable of considerable violence and vindictiveness. This side of his nature, however, appears never to have been turned towards his wife. Another fact which had struck Major Murphy, and three out of five of the other officers with whom I conversed, was the singular sort of depression which came upon him at times. As the Major expressed it, the smile had often been struck from his mouth, as if by some invisible hand, when he has been joining in the gaieties and chaff of the mess table. For days on end when the mood was on him he has been sunk in the deepest gloom. This and a certain tinge of superstition were the only unusual traits in his character which his brother officers had observed. The latter peculiarity took the form of a dislike to being left alone, especially after dark. This puerile feature in a nature which was conspicuously manly had often given rise to comment and conjecture.

"The first battalion of the Royal Mallows (which is the old 117th) has been stationed at Aldershot for some years. The married officers live out of barracks, and the Colonel has during all this time occupied a villa called Lachine, about half a mile from the North Camp. The house stands in its own grounds, but the west side of it is not more than thirty yards from the high road. A coachman and two maids form the staff of servants. These, with their master and mistress, were the sole occupants of Lachine, for the Barclays had no children, nor was it usual for them to have resident visitors.

"Now for the events at Lachine between nine and ten on the evening of last Monday.

"Mrs. Barclay was, it appears, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had interested herself very much in the establishment of the Guild of St. George, which was formed in connection with the Watt Street Chapel for the purpose of supplying the poor with cast-off clothing. A meeting of the Guild had been held that evening at eight, and Mrs. Barclay had hurried over her dinner in order to be present at it. When leaving the house, she was heard by the coachman to make some commonplace remark to her husband, and to assure him that she would be back before very long. She then called for Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next villa, and the two went off together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes, and at a quarter past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home, having left Miss Morrison at her door as she passed.

"There is a room which is used as a morning-room at Lachine. This faces the road and opens by a large glass folding door on to the lawn. The lawn is thirty yards across, and is only divided from the highway by a low wall with an iron rail above it. It was into this room that Mrs. Barclay went upon her return. The blinds were not down, for the room was seldom used in the evening, but Mrs. Barclay herself lit the lamp and then rang the bell, asking Jane Stewart, the housemaid, to bring her a cup of tea, which was quite contrary to her usual habits. The Colonel had been sitting in the dining-room, but hearing that his wife had returned, he joined her in the morning-room. The coachman saw him cross the hall, and enter it. He was never seen again alive.

"The tea which had been ordered was brought up at the end of ten minutes, but the maid, as she approached the door, was surprised to hear the voices of her master and mistress in furious altercation. She knocked without receiving any answer, and even turned the handle, but only to find that the door was locked upon the inside. Naturally enough, she ran down to tell the cook, and the two women with the coachman came up into the hall and listened to the dispute which was still raging. They all agree that only two voices were to be heard, those of Barclay and of his wife. Barclay's remarks were subdued and abrupt, so that none of them were audible to the listeners. The lady's, on the other hand, were most bitter, and, when she raised her voice, could be plainly heard. 'You coward!' she repeated over and over again. 'What can be done now? What can be done now? Give me back my life. I will never so much as breathe the same air as you again! You coward! You coward!' Those were scraps of her conversation, ending in a sudden dreadful cry in the man's voice, with a crash, and a piercing scream from the woman. Convinced that some tragedy had occurred, the coachman rushed to the door and strove to force it, while scream after scream issued from within. He was unable, however, to make his way in, and the maids were too distracted with fear to be of any assistance to him. A

"THE COACHMAN RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

sudden thought struck him, however, and he ran through the hall door and round to the lawn, upon which the long French windows open. One side of the window was open, which I understand was quite usual in the summer-time, and he passed without difficulty into the room. His mistress had ceased to scream, and was stretched insensible upon a couch, while with his feet tilted over the side of an arm-chair, and his head upon the ground near the corner of the fender, was lying the unfortunate soldier, stone dead, in a pool of his own blood.

"Naturally the coachman's first thought, on finding that he could do nothing for his master, was to open the door. But here an unexpected and singular difficulty presented itself. The key was not on the inner side of the door, nor could he find it anywhere in the room. He went out again, therefore, through the window, and having obtained the help of a policeman and of a medical man he returned. The lady, against whom naturally the strongest suspicion rested, was removed to her room, still in a state of insensibility. The Colonel's body was then placed upon the sofa, and a careful examination made of the scene of the tragedy.

"The injury from which the unfortunate veteran was suffering was found to be a ragged cut, some two inches long, at the back part of his head, which had evidently been caused by a violent blow from a blunt weapon. Nor was it difficult to guess what that weapon may have been. Upon the floor, close to the body, was lying a singular club of hard carved wood with a bone handle. The Colonel possessed a varied collection of weapons brought from the different countries in which he had fought, and it is conjectured by the police that this club was among his trophies. The servants deny having seen it before, but among the numerous curiosities in the house it is possible that it may have been overlooked. Nothing else of importance was discovered in the room by the police, save the inexplicable fact that neither upon Mrs. Barclay's person, nor upon that of the victim, nor in any part of the room was the missing key to be found. The door had eventually to be opened by a locksmith from Aldershot.

"That was the state of things, Watson, when upon the Tuesday morning I, at the request of Major Murphy, went down to Aldershot to supplement the efforts of the police. I think you will acknowledge that the problem was already one of interest, but my observations soon made me realize that it was in truth much more extraordinary than would at first sight appear.

"Before examining the room I cross-questioned the servants, but only succeeded in eliciting the facts which I have already stated. One other detail of interest was remembered by Jane Stewart, the housemaid. You will remember that on hearing the sound of the quarrel she descended and returned with the other servants. On that first occasion, when she was alone, she says that the voices of her master and mistress were sunk so low that she could hear hardly anything, and judged by their tones, rather than their words, that they had fallen out. On my pressing her, however, she remem-

bered that she heard the word 'David' uttered twice by the lady. The point is of the utmost importance as guiding us towards the reason of the sudden quarrel The Colonel's name, you remember, was James.

"There was one thing in the case which had made the deepest impression both upon the servants and the police. This was the contortion of the Colonel's face. It had set, according to their account, into the most dreadful expression of fear and horror which a human countenance is capable of assuming. More than one person fainted at the mere sight of him, so terrible was the effect. It was quite certain that he had foreseen his fate, and that it had caused him the utmost horror. This, of course, fitted in well enough with the police theory, if the Colonel could have seen his wife making a murderous attack upon him. Nor was the fact of the wound being on the back of his head a fatal objection to this, as he might have turned to avoid the blow. No information could be got from the lady herself, who was temporarily insane from an acute attack of brain fever.

"From the police I learned that Miss Morrison, who, you remember, went out that evening with Mrs. Barclay, denied having any knowledge of what it was which had caused the ill-humour in which her companion had returned.

"Having gathered these facts, Watson, I smoked several pipes over them, trying to separate those which were crucial from others which were merely incidental. There could be no question that the most distinctive and suggestive point in the case was the singular disappearance of the door key. A most careful search had failed to discover it in the room. Therefore, it must have been taken from it. But neither the Colonel nor the Colonel's wife could have taken it. That was perfectly clear. Therefore a third person must have entered the room. And that third person could only have come in through the window. It seemed to me that a careful examination of the room and the lawn might possibly reveal some traces of this mysterious individual. You know my methods, Watson. There was not one of them which I did not apply to the inquiry. And it ended by my discovering traces, but very different ones from those which I had expected. There had been a man in the room, and he had crossed the lawn coming from the road. I was able to obtain five very clear impressions of his footmarks—one on the roadway itself, at the point where he had climbed the low wall, two on the lawn, and two very faint ones upon the stained boards near the window where he had entered. He had apparently rushed across the lawn, for his toe marks were much deeper than his heels. But it was not the man who surprised me. It was his companion."

"His companion!"

Holmes pulled a large sheet of tissue paper out of his pocket and carefully unfolded it upon his knee.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

The paper was covered with tracings of the footmarks of some small animal. It

"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?"

had five well-marked footpads, an indication of long nails, and the whole print might be nearly as large as a dessert spoon.

"It's a dog," said I.

"Did ever you hear of a dog running up a curtain? I found distinct traces that this creature had done so."

"A monkey, then?"

"But it is not the print of a monkey."

"What can it be, then?"

"Neither dog, nor cat, nor monkey, nor any creature that we are familiar with. I have tried to reconstruct it from the measurements. Here are four prints where the beast has been standing motionless. You see that it is no less than fifteen inches from fore foot to hind. Add to that the length of neck and head, and you get a creature not much less than two feet long—probably more if there is any tail. But now observe this other measurement. The animal has been moving, and we have the length of its stride. In each case it is only about three inches. You have an indication, you see, of a long body with very short legs attached to it. It has not been considerate enough to leave any of its hair behind it. But its general shape must be what I have indicated, and it can run up a curtain and is carnivorous."

"How do you deduce that?"

"Because it ran up the curtain. A canary's cage was hanging in the window, and its aim seems to have been to get at the bird."

"Then what was the beast?"

"Ah, if I could give it a name it might go a long way towards solving the case. On the whole it was probably some creature of the weasel and stoat tribe—and yet it is larger than any of these that I have seen."

"But what had it to do with the crime?"

"That also is still obscure. But we have learned a good deal, you perceive. We know that a man stood in the road looking at the quarrel between the Barclays—the blinds were up and the room lighted. We know also that he ran across the lawn, entered the room, accompanied by a strange animal, and that he either struck the Colonel, or, as is equally possible, that the Colonel fell down from sheer fright at the sight of him, and cut his head on the corner of the fender. Finally, we have the curious fact that the intruder carried away the key with him when he left."

"Your discoveries seem to have left the business more obscure than it was before," said I.

"Quite so. They undoubtedly showed that the affair was much deeper than was at first conjectured. I thought the matter over, and I came to the conclusion that I must approach the case from another aspect. But really, Watson, I am keeping you up, and I might just as well tell you all this on our way to Aldershot to-morrow."

"Thank you, you've gone rather too far to stop."

"It was quite certain that when Mrs. Barclay left the house at half-past seven she was on good terms with her husband. She was never, as I think I have said, ostentatiously affectionate, but she was heard by the coachman chatting with the Colonel in a friendly fashion. Now, it was equally certain that immediately on her return she had gone to the room in which she was least likely to see her husband, had flown to tea, as an agitated woman will, and, finally, on his coming in to her, had broken into violent recriminations. Therefore, something had occurred between seven-thirty and nine o'clock which had completely altered her feelings towards him. But Miss Morrison had been with her during the whole of that hour and a half. It was absolutely certain, therefore, in spite of her denial, that she must know something of the matter.

"My first conjecture was that possibly there had been some passages between this young lady and the old soldier, which the former had now confessed to the wife. That would account for the angry return and also for the girl's denial that anything had occurred. Nor would it be entirely incompatible with most of the words overheard. But there was the reference to David, and there was the known affection of the Colonel for his wife to weigh against it, to say nothing of the tragic intrusion of this other man, which might of course be entirely disconnected with what had gone before. It was not easy to pick one's steps, but on the whole I was inclined to dismiss the idea that there had been anything between the Colonel and Miss Morrison, but more than ever convinced that the young lady held the clue as to what it was which had turned Mrs. Barclay to hatred of her husband. I took the obvious course therefore of calling upon Miss Morrison, of explaining to her that I was perfectly certain that she held the facts in her possession, and of assuring her that her friend, Mrs. Barclay, might find herself in the dock upon a capital charge unless the matter were cleared up.

"Miss Morrison is a little, ethereal slip of a girl, with timid eyes and blonde hair, but I found her by no means wanting in shrewdness and common sense. She sat thinking for some time after I had spoken, and then

turning to me with a brisk air of resolution, she broke into a remarkable statement, which I will condense for your benefit.

"'I promised my friend that I would say nothing of the matter, and a promise is a promise,' said she. 'But if I can really help her when so serious a charge is made against her, and when her own mouth, poor darling, is closed by illness, then I think I am absolved from my promise. I will tell you exactly what happened upon Monday evening.

"'We were returning from the Watt Street Mission, about a quarter to nine o'clock. On our way we had to pass through Hudson Street, which is a very quiet thoroughfare. There is only one lamp in it upon the left-hand side, and as we approached this lamp I saw a man coming towards us with his back very bent, and something like a box slung over one of his shoulders. He appeared to be deformed, for he carried his head low, and walked with his knees bent. We were passing him when he raised his face to look at us in the circle of light thrown by the lamp, and as he did so he stopped and screamed out in a dreadful voice, "My God, it's Nancy!" Mrs. Barclay turned as white as death, and would have fallen down had the dreadful-looking creature not caught hold of her. I was going to call for the police, but she, to my surprise, spoke quite civilly to the fellow.

"'I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry,' said she, in a shaking voice.

"'So I have,' said he, and it was awful to hear the tones that he said it in. He had a very dark, fearsome face, and a gleam in his eyes that comes back to me in my dreams. His hair and whiskers were shot with grey, and his face was all crinkled and puckered like a withered apple.

"'Just walk on a little way, dear,' said Mrs. Barclay. 'I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to be afraid of.' She tried to speak boldly, but she was still deadly pale, and could hardly get her words out for the trembling of her lips.

"'I did as she asked me, and they talked together for a few minutes. Then she came down the street with her eyes blazing, and I saw the crippled wretch standing by the lamp-post and shaking his clenched fists in the air, as if he were mad with rage. She never said a word until we were at the door here, when she took me by the hand and begged me to tell no one what had happened. 'It is an old acquaintance of mine who has come down in the world,' said she. When I promised her that I would say nothing she kissed me, and I have never seen her since. I have told you now the whole truth, and if I withheld it from the police it is because I did not realize then the danger in which my dear friend stood. I know that it can only be to her advantage that everything should be known.'

"There was her statement, Watson, and to me, as you can imagine, it was like a light on a dark night. Everything which had been disconnected before began at once to as-

"IT'S NANCY!"

sume its true place, and I had a shadowy presentment of the whole sequence of events. My next step obviously was to find the man who had produced such a remarkable impression upon Mrs. Barclay. If he were still in Aldershot it should not be a very difficult matter. There are not such a very great number of civilians, and a deformed man was sure to have attracted attention. I spent a day in the search, and by evening—this very evening, Watson—I had run him down. The man's name is Henry Wood, and he lives in lodgings in this same street in which the ladies met him. He has only been five days in the place. In the character of a registration agent I had a most interesting gossip with his landlady. The man is by trade a conjurer and performer, going round the canteens after nightfall, and giving a little entertainment at each. He carries some creature about with him in that box, about which the landlady seemed to be in considerable trepidation, for she had never seen an animal like it. He uses it in some of his tricks, according to her account. So much the woman was able to tell me, and also that it was a wonder the man lived, seeing how twisted he was, and that he spoke in a strange tongue sometimes, and that for the last two nights she had heard him groaning and weeping in his bedroom. He was all right as far as money went, but in his deposit he had given her what looked like a bad florin. She showed it to me, Watson, and it was an Indian rupee.

"So now, my dear fellow, you see exactly how we stand and why it is I want you. It is perfectly plain that after the ladies parted from this man he followed them at a distance, that he saw the quarrel between husband and wife through the window, that he rushed in, and that the creature which he carried in his box got loose. That is all very certain. But he is the only person in this world who can tell us exactly what happened in that room."

"And you intend to ask him?"

"Most certainly—but in the presence of a witness."

"And I am the witness?"

"If you will be so good. If he can clear the matter up, well and good. If he refuses, we have no alternative but to apply for a warrant."

"But how do you know he will be there when we return?"

"You may be sure that I took some precautions. I have one of my Baker Street boys mounting guard over him who would stick to him like a burr, go where he might. We shall find him in Hudson Street tomorrow, Watson; and meanwhile I should be the criminal myself if I kept you out of bed any longer."

It was midday when we found ourselves at the scene of the tragedy, and, under my companion's guidance, we made our way at once to Hudson Street. In spite of his capacity for concealing his emotions I could easily see that Holmes was in a state of suppressed excitement, while I was myself tingling with that half-sporting, half-intellectual pleasure which I invariably experienced when I associated myself with him in his investigations.

"This is the street," said he, as he turned into a short thoroughfare lined with plain two-storied brick houses—"Ah! here is Simpson to report."

"He's in all right, Mr. Holmes," cried a small street Arab, running up to us.

"Good, Simpson!" said Holmes, patting him on the head. "Come along, Watson. This is the house." He sent in his card with a message that he had come on important business, and a moment later we were face to face with the man whom we had come to see. In spite of the warm weather he was crouching over a fire, and the little room was like an oven. The man sat all twisted and huddled in his chair in a way which gave an indescribable impression of deformity, but the face which he turned towards us, though worn and swarthy, must at some time have been remarkable for its beauty. He looked suspiciously at us now out of yellow-shot bilious eyes, and, without speaking or rising, he waved towards two chairs.

"Mr. Henry Wood, late of India, I believe?" said Holmes, affably. "I've come over this little matter of Colonel Barclay's death."

"What should I know about that?"

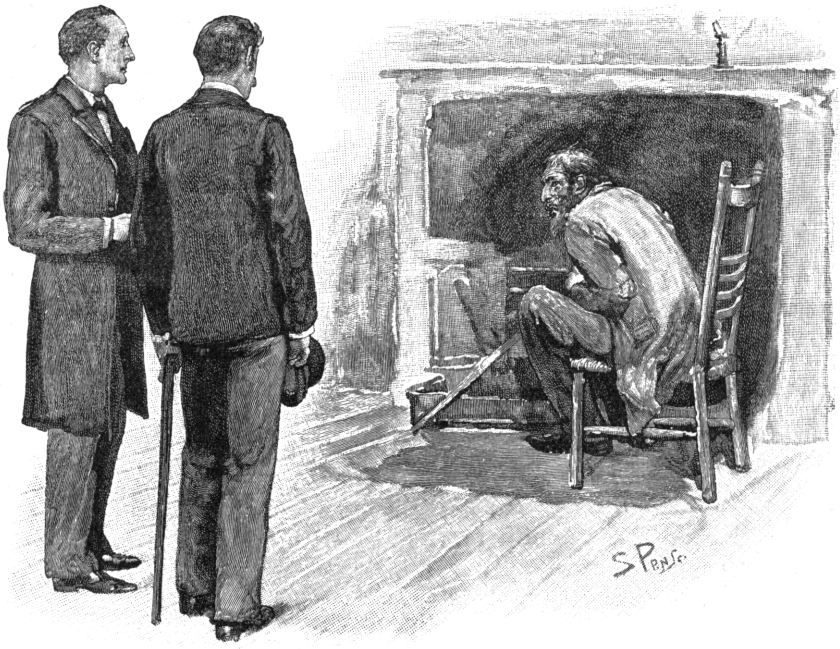
"That's what I wanted to ascertain. You know, I suppose, that unless the matter is cleared up, Mrs. Barclay, who is an old friend of yours, will in all probability be tried for murder?"

The man gave a violent start.

"I don't know who you are," he cried, "nor how you come to know what you do know; but will you swear that this is true that you tell me?"

"Why, they are only waiting for her to come to her senses to arrest her."

"My God! Are you in the police yourself?"



"MR. HENRY WOOD, I BELIEVE?

"No."

"What business is it of yours, then?"

"It's every man's business to see justice done."

"You can take my word that she is innocent."

"Then you are guilty?"

"No, I am not."

"Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?"

"It was a just Providence that killed him. But, mind you this, that if I had knocked his brains out, as it was in my heart to do, he would have had no more than his due from my hands. If his own guilty conscience had not struck him down, it is likely enough that I might have had his blood upon my soul. You want me to tell the story. Well, I don't know why I shouldn't, for there's no cause for me to be ashamed of it.

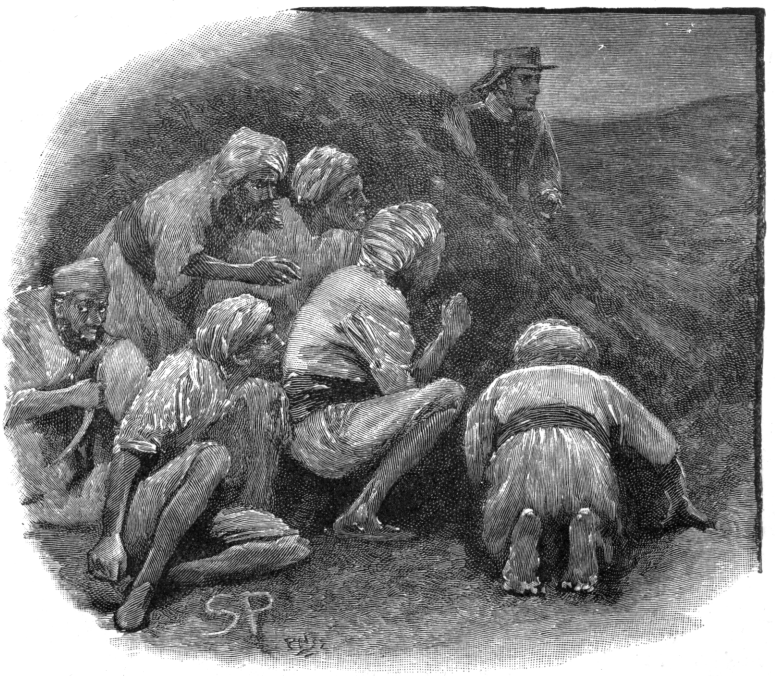
"It was in this way, sir. You see me now with my back like a camel and my ribs all awry, but there was a time when Corporal Henry Wood was the smartest man in the 117th Foot. We were in India then, in cantonments, at a place we'll call Bhurtee. Barclay, who died the other day, was sergeant in the same company as myself, and the belle of the regiment—aye, and the finest girl that ever had the breath of life between her lips—was Nancy Devoy, the daughter of the colour-sergeant. There were two men who loved her, and one whom she loved; and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire, and hear me say that it was for my good looks that she loved me.

"Well, though I had her heart, her father was set upon her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum, reckless lad, and he had had an education, and was already marked for the sword belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her, when the Mutiny broke out, and all Hell was loose in the country.

"We were shut up in Bhurtee, the regiment of us with half a battery of artillery, a company of Sikhs, and a lot of civilians and women-folk. There were ten thousand rebels round us, and they were as keen as a set of terriers round a rat-cage. About the second week of it our water gave out, and it was a question whether we could communicate with General Neill's column, which was moving up country. It was our only chance, for we could not hope to fight our way out with all the women and children, so I volunteered to go out and warn General Neill of our danger. My offer was accepted, and I talked it over with Sergeant Barclay, who was supposed to know the ground better than any other man, and who drew up a route by which I might get through the rebel lines. At ten o'clock the same night I started off upon my journey. There

were a thousand lives to save, but it was of only one that I was thinking when I dropped over the wall that night.

"My way ran down a dried-up watercourse which we hoped would screen me from the enemy's sentries, but as I crept round the corner of it I walked right into six of them, who were crouching down in the dark waiting for me. In an instant I was stunned with a blow, and bound hand and foot. But the real blow was to my heart and not to my head, for as I came to and listened to as much as I could understand of their talk, I heard enough to tell me that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that I was to take, had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy.



"I WALKED RIGHT INTO SIX OF THEM."

"Well, there's no need for me to dwell on that part of it. You know now what James Barclay was capable of. Bhurtee was relieved by Neill next day, but the rebels took me away with them in their retreat, and it was many a long year before ever I saw a white face again. I was tortured, and tried to get away, and was captured and tortured again. You can see for yourselves the state in which I was left. Some of them that fled into Nepaul took me with them, and then afterwards I was up past Darjeeling. The hill-folk up there murdered the rebels who had me, and I became their slave for a time until I escaped, but instead of going south I had to go north, until I found myself among the Afghans. There I wandered about for many a year, and at last came back to the Punjab, where I lived mostly among the natives, and picked up a living by the conjuring tricks that I had learned. What use was it for me, a wretched cripple, to go back to England, or to make myself known to my old comrades? Even my wish for revenge would not make me do that. I had rather that Nancy and my old pals should think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living and crawling with a stick like a chimpanzee. They never doubted that I was dead, and I meant that they never should. I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, and that he was rising rapidly in the regiment, but even that did not make me speak.

"But when one gets old, one has a longing for home. For years I've been dreaming of the bright green fields and the hedges of England. At last I determined to see them before I died. I saved enough to bring me across, and then I came here where the soldiers are, for I know their ways, and how to amuse them, and so earn enough to keep me."

"Your narrative is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "I have already heard of your meeting with Mrs. Barclay and your mutual recognition. You then, as I understand, followed her home and saw through the window an altercation between her husband and her, in which she doubtless cast his conduct to you in his teeth. Your own feelings overcame you and you ran across the lawn and broke in upon them."

"I did, sir, and at the sight of me he looked as I have never seen a man look before, and over he went with his head on

the fender. But he was dead before he fell. I read death on his face as plain as I can read that text over the fire. The bare sight of me was like a bullet through his guilty heart."

"And then?"

"Then Nancy fainted, and I caught up the key of the door from her hand, intending to unlock it and get help. But as I was doing it it seemed to me better to leave it alone and get away, for the thing might look black against me, and any way my secret would be out if I were taken. In my haste I thrust the key into my pocket, and dropped my stick while I was chasing Teddy, who had run up the curtain. When I got him into his box, from which he had slipped, I was off as fast as I could run."

"Who's Teddy?" asked Holmes.

The man leaned over and pulled up the front of a kind of hutch in the corner. In an instant out there slipped a beautiful reddish-brown creature, thin and lithe, with the legs of a stoat, a long thin nose, and a pair of the finest red eyes that ever I saw in an animal's head.

"IT WAS QUITE A SIMPLE CASE AFTER ALL."

"It's a mongoose!" I cried.

"Well, some call them that, and some call them ichneumon," said the man. "Snake catcher is what I call them, and Teddy is amazing quick on cobras. I have one here without the fangs, and Teddy catches it every night to please the folk in the canteen. Any other point, sir?"

"Well, we may have to apply to you again if Mrs. Barclay should prove to be in serious trouble."

"In that case, of course, I'd come forward."

"But if not, there is no object in raking up this scandal against a dead man, foully as he has acted. You have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that for thirty years of his life his conscience bitterly reproached him for this wicked deed. Ah, there goes Major Murphy on the other side of the street. Good-bye, Wood; I want to learn if anything has happened since yesterday."

We were in time to overtake the Major before he reached the corner.

"Ah, Holmes," he said, "I suppose you have heard that all this fuss has come to nothing?"

"What, then?"

"The inquest is just over. The medical evidence showed conclusively that death was due to apoplexy. You see, it was quite a simple case after all."

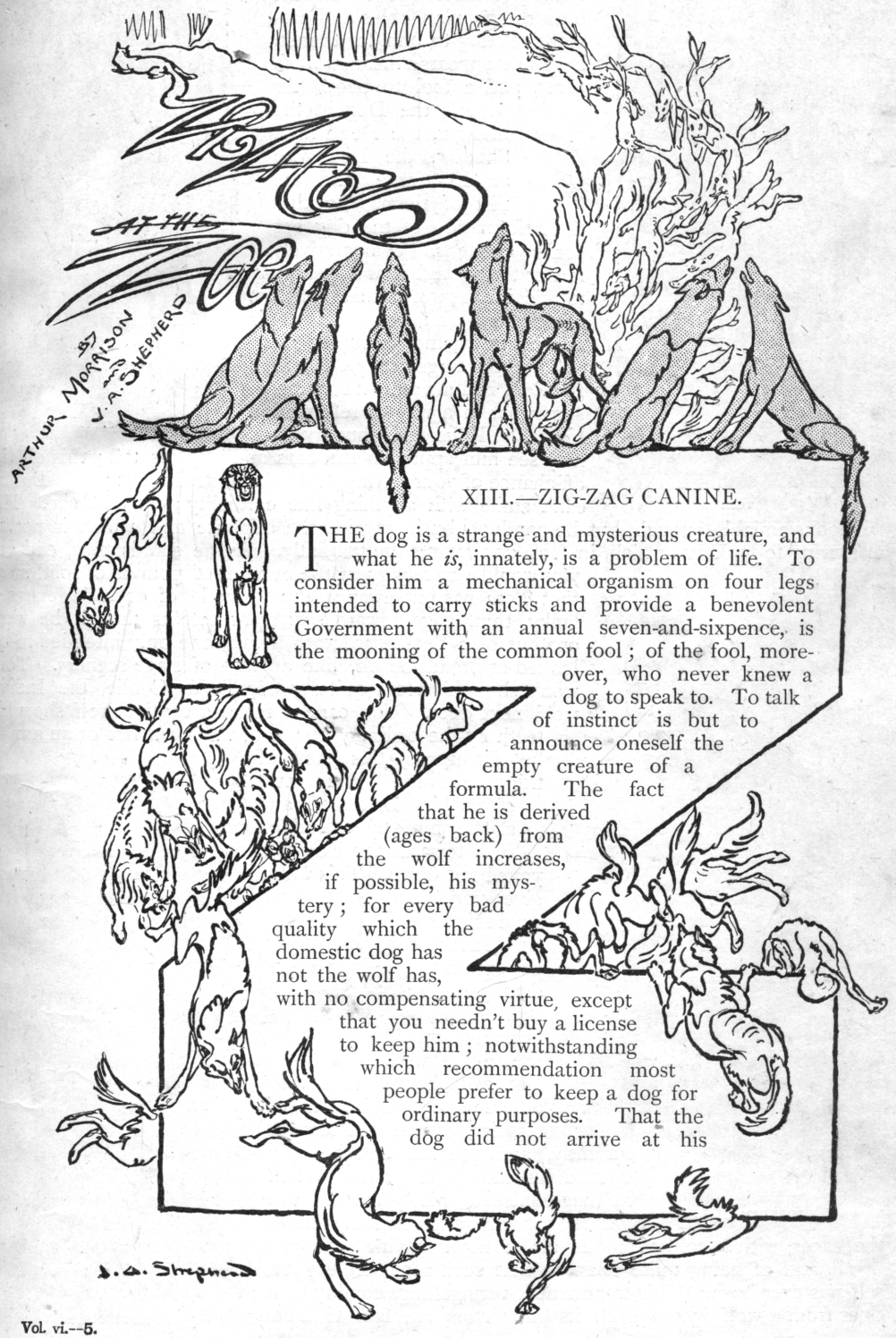
"Oh, remarkably superficial," said Holmes, smiling. "Come, Watson, I don't think we shall be wanted in Aldershot any more."

"There's one thing," said I, as we walked down to the station, "if the husband's name was James, and the other was Henry, what was this talk about David?"

"That one word, my dear Watson, should have told me the whole story had I been the ideal reasoner which you are so fond of depicting. It was evidently a term of reproach."

"Of reproach?"

"Yes, David strayed a little occasionally, you know, and on one occasion in the same direction as Sergeant James Barclay. You remember the small affair of Uriah and Bathsheba. My Biblical knowledge is a trifle rusty, I fear, but you will find the story in the first or second of Samuel."



XIII.—ZIG-ZAG CANINE.

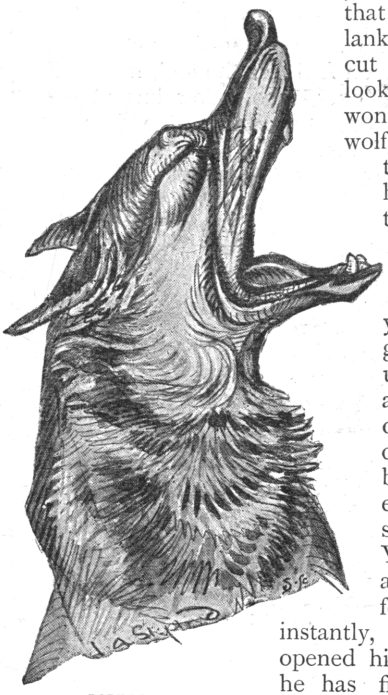
THE dog is a strange and mysterious creature, and what he *is*, innately, is a problem of life. To consider him a mechanical organism on four legs intended to carry sticks and provide a benevolent Government with an annual seven-and-sixpence, is the mooning of the common fool; of the fool, moreover, who never knew a dog to speak to. To talk of instinct is but to announce oneself the empty creature of a formula. The fact that he is derived (ages back) from the wolf increases, if possible, his mystery; for every bad quality which the domestic dog has not the wolf has, with no compensating virtue, except that you needn't buy a license to keep him; notwithstanding which recommendation most people prefer to keep a dog for ordinary purposes. That the dog did not arrive at his

TOM.

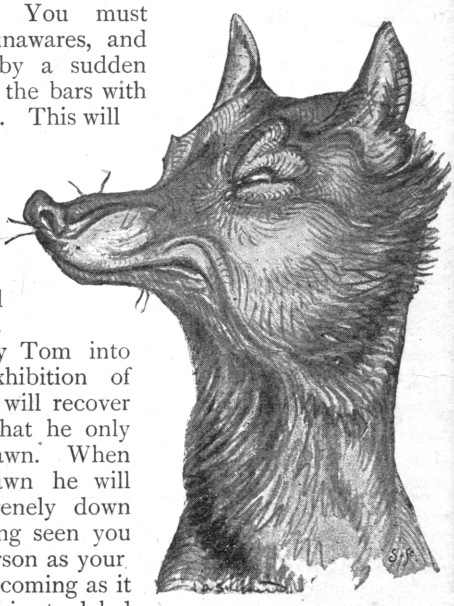
present moral state at any extremely remote age is evident from the popular fables and proverbs relating to him, for therein he always appears a mean, wolfish beast, and a fool to boot. As witness the Dog in the Manger, the Dog with a Shadow, the Dog with an Ill Name, and the rest of them. So that the reformation of the dog has come about in comparatively recent times, and it is a testimony to his innate worth that constant association with man since his conversion has not corrupted him.

FEROCITY.

Tom, the large grey wolf here at the Zoo, is, I am almost convinced, somewhat in a way of reformation himself. If he feels hungry, you may see him approach the bars and wag his tail; this on the off-chance of your having a bit of raw beef about you. But he can't smile with anything like cordiality; no wolf can. His tail looks amiable enough, but he conducts business with the opposite end, which is not so reassuring to look at—which, in fact, contradicts the tail flatly. As he stands thus, end on, you would scarcely guess the number of pounds of solid meat that Tom has put away within a couple of days. He has a lanky, thin, edge-forward sort of aspect, as though he were cut out of a deal board with a saw, and only intended to be looked at broadside on, like a piece of stage scenery. Tom won't show his teeth quite so readily as Coolie, the Indian wolf, next door. You cannot make a captive wolf show his teeth by the ordinary means of waving a hat or an arm—he disregards this sort of thing entirely. You must catch him unawares, and startle him by a sudden rush towards the bars with your head down. This will give you an undesirable appearance of mental derangement; but, properly executed, it will startle the wolf. You will betray Tom into a temporary exhibition of ferocity, but he will recover instantly, and pretend that he only opened his mouth to yawn. When he has finished his yawn he will glance casually and serenely down the cages, with a contemptuous air of never having seen you at all, and of being quite unaware that such a person as your self was ever born. This treatment is very galling, coming as it does from a wolf whom even its proprietors are fain to label



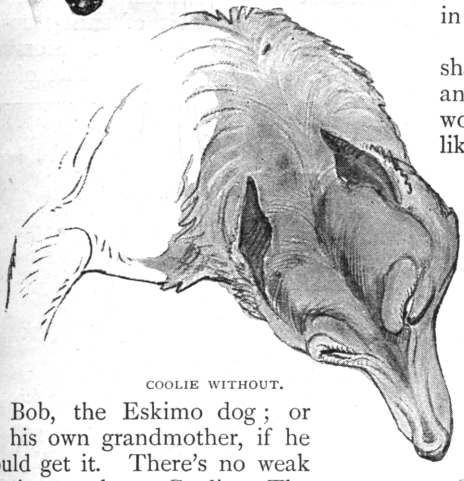
BOREDOM.



INDIFFERENCE.

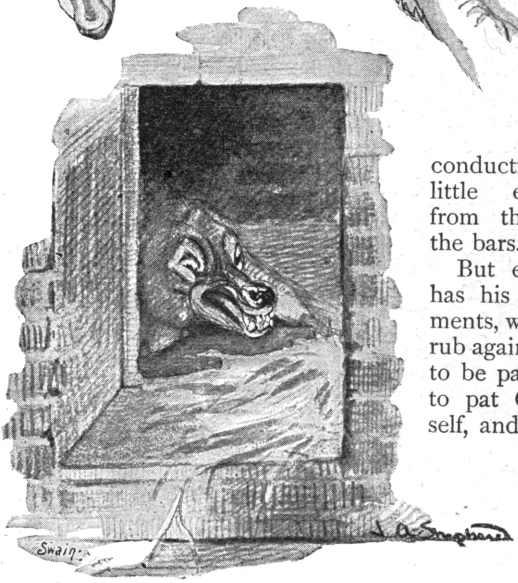
"common"; but you shouldn't have laid yourself open to it, to begin with. The gentleman who sent Tom here can handle him as much as he pleases, and treat him precisely as one would treat an ordinary house-dog, but Tom has a persuasive way of inducing other people not to try the game on their own account—not to try it more than once, at any rate. He will recognise his old master joyfully after a year or two's absence, but I have not yet entered upon patting terms with Tom myself; because I know that lathy appearance of limb to be a deception and a snare. But, at least, Tom is half reformed, and if he lives another few hundred years will probably develop in the regular way into a dog.

Coolie, next door, is a ruffian, and makes no shame of it. He would like a piece out of you, and doesn't care if you know it. If anything, he would prefer two pieces. Failing that, he would like a piece of Tom; or of North, the keeper; or



COOLIE WITHOUT.

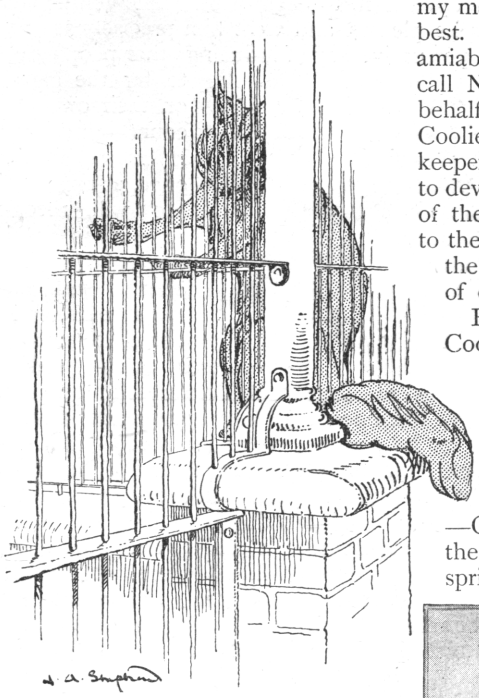
of Bob, the Eskimo dog; or of his own grandmother, if he could get it. There's no weak sentiment about Coolie. The only thing that would dissuade him from eating a relation would be the event of the relation first eating him. I don't altogether like Coolie; he is not the sort of chap that anybody would fall in love with at first sight. He won't meet your eye so long as he is out in the cage. Try to fix him for a moment; try to annoy him, in fact. He will evade your eye in the shiftiest fashion, keeping you in sight, however, with the corner of his own, for fear of accidents. Presently, at the end of his patience, he will retreat into his lair and give you a straight look at last; one which will convince you at once of the multifarious advantages of



COOLIE WITHIN.

conducting these little experiments from this side of the bars.

But even Coolie has his softer moments, when he will rub against the bars to be patted. I like to pat Coolie myself, and I consider



CHARLIE.

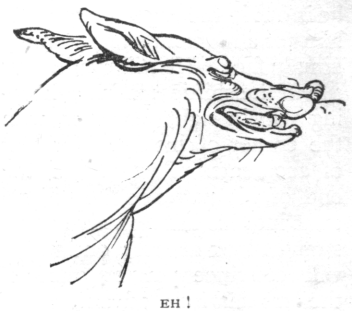
my method of patting him to be in many respects the best. When I see Coolie against the bars and looking amiable (for Coolie), and I feel disposed to pat him, I call North, and authorize him to pat Coolie on my behalf. In this way I have become quite friendly with Coolie, who is as affable under my pats as if I were his keeper. I shall always pat Coolie like this; I am able to devote more attention to the general superintendence of the proceedings when I have an assistant to attend to the manual detail. Sometimes Sutton helps me pat the lions in the same way. It requires a little nerve, of course, but I am always perfectly cool.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, lives in the next cage to Coolie, and in the next cage still there are a pair of prairie wolves, whose improvement on the common wolf lies only in externals. To look at, they seem a kind of collie, but with a finer model of head than any collie-breeder can produce. Except in appearance, they are far back in the blackest ages of wolfdom. One of them —Charlie—has an offensive habit of sitting up on the coping-pier from which the cage division-bars spring, because that is regarded as a sort of feat of gymnastics, impossible to the other wolves, since they are too big. If you particularly want him to perform, for your amusement, he won't do this trick, small as it is; but when you are not looking he persists in it, by way of annoying the neighbours who can't perform it. Perhaps, after all, the Dog in the Manger wasn't a dog at all, but a prairie wolf. The man who called him a dog didn't examine him closely enough; few people stay long to examine a loose wolf. Like a dog as the prairie wolf is—and he tries his utmost to maintain this respectable appearance—his drooped tail, his snarling mouth, and his small eyes, expose the pretence. He is attempting his promotion in the wrong way—merely by imitating the uniform of the superior rank.

GOOD WOLF OR BAD COLLIE?

There can be no reasonable doubt that the wolf wants to be a dog if he can. He quite understands his rascally inferiority, but will never give up his social ambition, especially when so many visitors encourage his vanity, time after time, by mistaking him for a dog. There are times when such a mistake is natural — almost pardonable. On a hot day, for instance, a wolf, to cool his mouth, will muster up a most commodious smile —present an open countenance, in fact — strikingly like that of an amiable retriever out for a run. But the wolf is too sad a

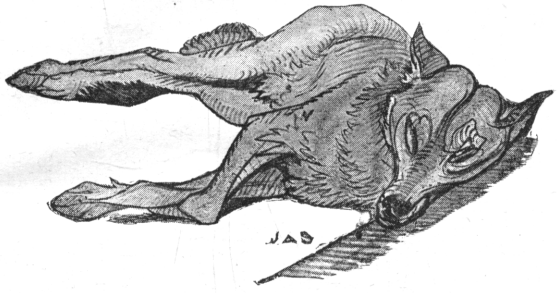
GOOD OLD DOG!



EH!

blackguard to redeem himself by an occasional smile; nothing but orderly centuries of evolution will be of much use to him, and his present *parvenu* attempts to assume a position in life to which he was not born make him look worse than ever. He betrays himself — like a *parvenu*—by small and unconscious habits. Give a well-bred dog a biscuit, and he will munch it with gentlemanly relish and keep a polite welcome ready for another. A wolf, being always hungry enough to eat anything, will take it, but in an indifferent, perfunctory, disdainful fashion, not vouchsafing the courtesy of concealing his contempt for your present; while animal food drives him to the opposite extreme. The wolf can't even sleep like a dog. Bob, the Eskimo (who is a gentleman among dogs, with low neighbours whose manners he despises), sleeps as an honest dog always does sleep; flung upon the ground with his legs, head, and tail spread about fearlessly, and his mind as conscious of rectitude as if he could tell you so in Latin. Tom or Coolie can't sleep like that. The wolf tries to hide under himself. He remembers his many crimes, even in sleep, and can't trust his legs or his tail or anything else in sight. He hides his tail between his legs, and resorts to the most complicated and twisty devices for arranging his legs to hide each other. He gets underneath himself, covers himself over him, and tucks in the corners; and even then his sleep is restless. I don't think Red Riding Hood's grandmother has ever been properly digested.

HONEST SLEEP



DISTRUST.

A MERE BISCUIT.

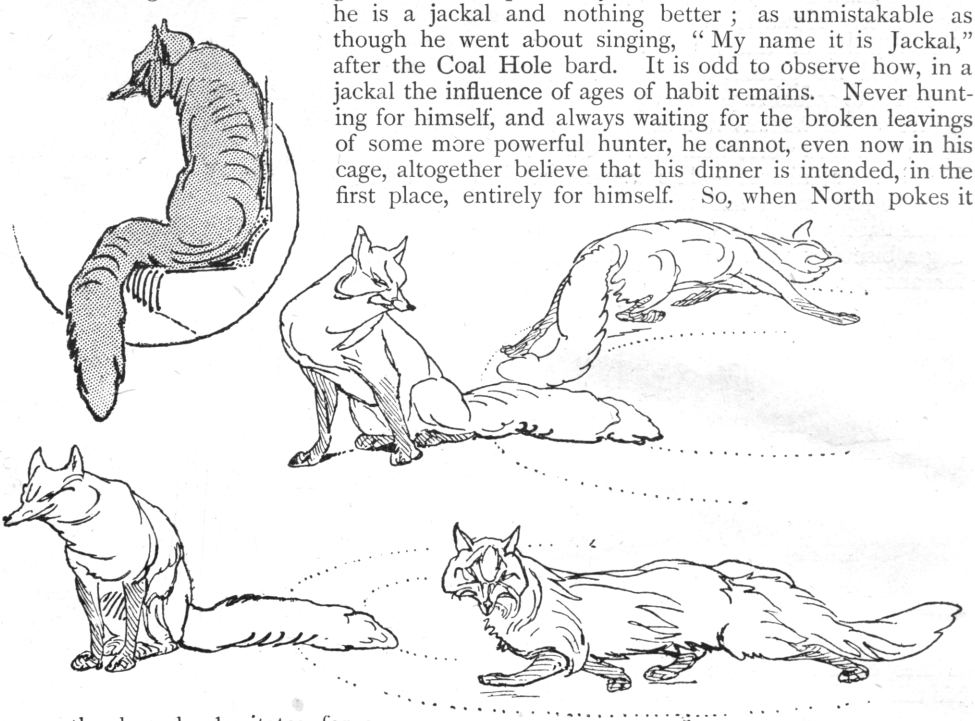
SOMETHING BETTER.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, is a fine fellow, as friendly as any dog you may name, except to wolves. He would be glad to visit the wolves next door, and take their machinery to pieces hastily with his teeth, and the wolves so heartily reciprocate the sentiment that a sheet-iron memorial of the fact has been erected between the cages. There is another dog called Bob a little further along—the Dingo dog. He is a cunning-looking fellow, of more civilized condition than the wolves, but sharing with them their chief characteristic of eternal hunger. The Dingo dog is the only animal that can beat the cat's collection of nine lives; he is calculated to possess twenty-seven. If you give a wild Dingo a single bang on the head he will lie down as if killed at once, shamming; lying doggoh, in fact. But you may beat him out flat and dissect him, and as soon as your back is turned he will gather together his outlying fragments, blow himself into shape, and walk home. He doesn't mind a little accident of that sort.

WHERE'S THE LION?

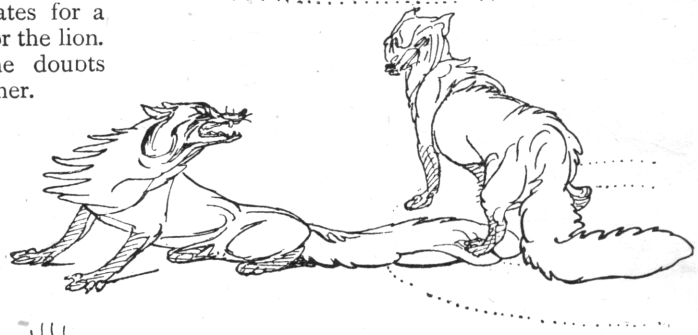
In this row of cages, too, are jackals — black-backed jackals,

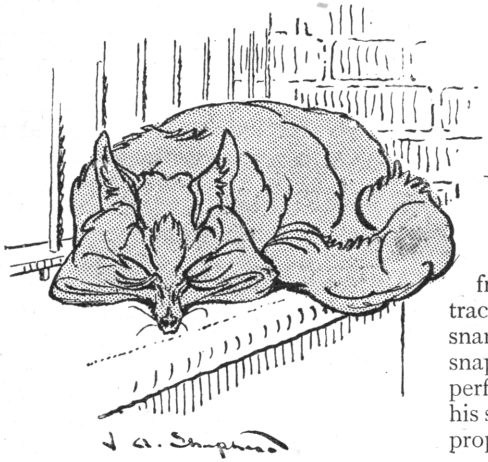
ordinary jackals, and extraordinary jackals, as well as foxes. A jackal is recognisable at once—a mean-looking fox of the wrong colour. The prettiest jackal is the black-backed, but still he is a jackal and nothing better; as unmistakable as though he went about singing, "My name it is Jackal," after the Coal Hole bard. It is odd to observe how, in a jackal the influence of ages of habit remains. Never hunting for himself, and always waiting for the broken leavings of some more powerful hunter, he cannot, even now in his cage, altogether believe that his dinner is intended, in the first place, entirely for himself. So, when North pokes it



between the bars he hesitates for a moment, and looks round for the lion. It is sad life wherein one doubts ownership in one's own dinner.

A fox must be an unpleasant sort of person to live with, for other reasons beside the smell. A fox's conversation consists chiefly of snarls. Put two foxes together, and they will at once begin to



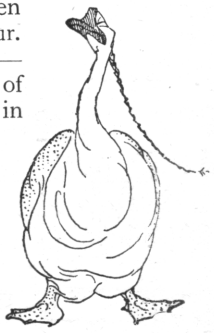


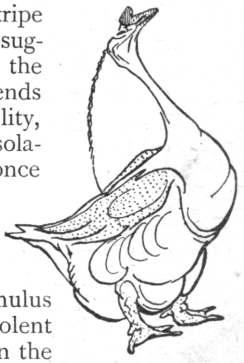
invent occasions for snarling at one another. They don't quarrel outright, probably from fear of the consequences. The favourite device of one of the Indian desert foxes here is of a Donnybrookian flavour. His mate has a way of amusing herself with a little circus—just trotting round the floor in a ring. He watches her at this amusement, and when a snarl seems desirable, he dismounts from his perch and lays his tail just across her track, and waits for her to trample on it; then he snarls and snaps at her face, and she snarls and snaps at his. This being accomplished, he returns, perfectly satisfied, to his roost, to rest and doze till his system requires refreshing with another snarl. A properly-executed, mutual snarl, almost approaching

THAT GOOSE IS SOUR.

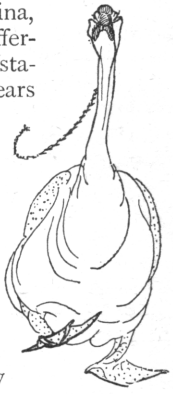
a bite, will last him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

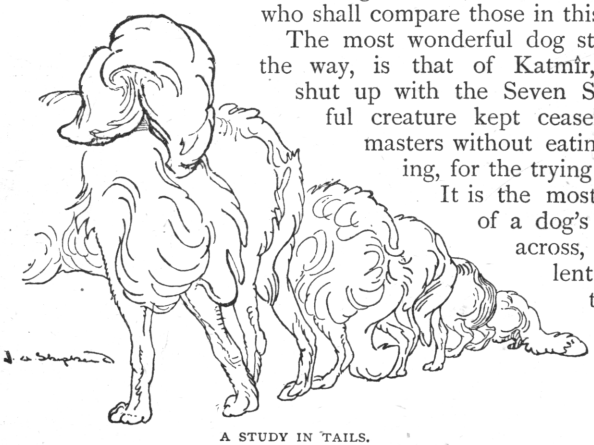
These foxes—all of them—have a very irritating cause of bad temper to contend with in the existence of a fine pair of Chinese geese a few yards beyond the obstructive bars. The ordinary fox has arrived at a stoical attitude of indifference to the Chinese goose. He affects to believe that he is uneatable. The Chinese goose wears a black stripe behind his neck, rather suggestive of a pigtail; this the fox points out to his friends as evidence of uneatability, having learned the consolation from a relative who once had a fancy for grapes.





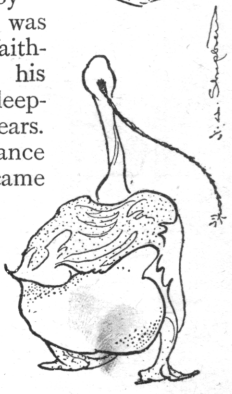
As for the wolf, the cause of man's hatred for him lies in the fact that a wolf nursed Romulus and Remus. If this malevolent creature had left them as they were, they would have been drowned in the Tiber. Thus Romulus would never have built Rome, and there would have been no Cæsar, no Dr. Smith's Smaller Roman History, no Principia Latina, and untold misery would have been spared many generations of long-suffering schoolboys. No wonder that the wolf is held in horror and detestation by all nations, and is exterminated mercilessly wherever found. Years of bitter tears, bitter Cæsar, bitter Accidence, bitter Smith's Smaller, and bitterest swish have left their scar upon the human soul, and roused up an hereditary and traditional hatred of the beast, but for whose malignant interference All Gaul would never have been divided in Three Parts; a hatred only second in its wild intensity to that of the snake who beguiled Eve. Consequently the wolf for ever wears his tail between his legs, as does every member of the canine kind unbeloved by man, which, by-the-bye, is a noticeable thing in itself, but obvious to everybody who shall compare those in this row.



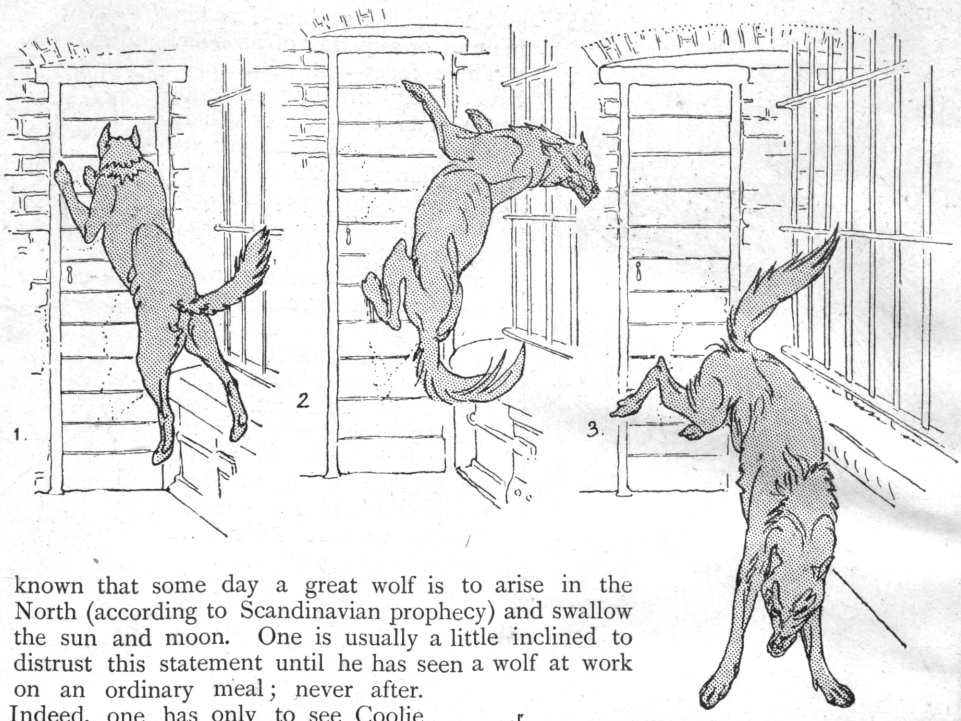


A STUDY IN TAILS.

The most wonderful dog story on record, by the way, is that of Katmîr, the dog who was shut up with the Seven Sleepers. This faithful creature kept ceaseless watch over his masters without eating, drinking, or sleeping, for the trying period of 309 years. It is the most wonderful instance of a dog's fidelity I ever came across, and an excellent specimen of the dog story in several respects.

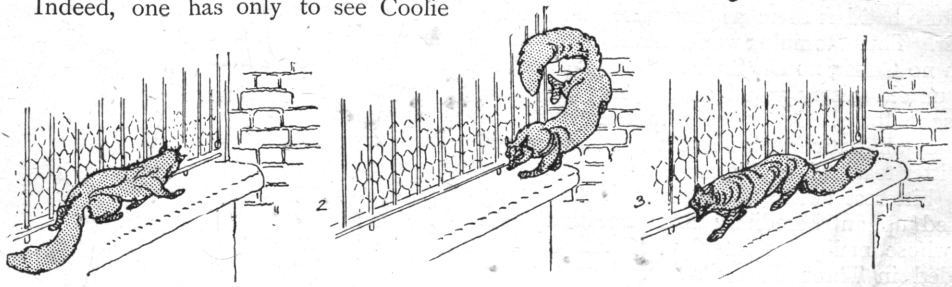


Speaking of facts, it is not generally

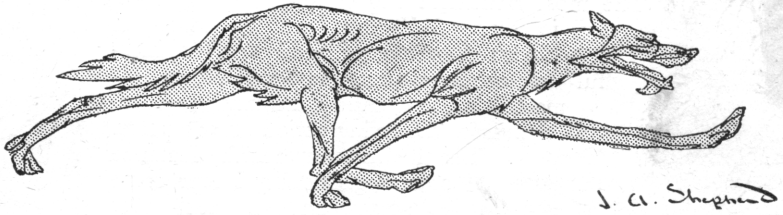


known that some day a great wolf is to arise in the North (according to Scandinavian prophecy) and swallow the sun and moon. One is usually a little inclined to distrust this statement until he has seen a wolf at work on an ordinary meal; never after.

Indeed, one has only to see Coolie



louping swiftly to and fro, and Tom bouncing against his back door when feeding-time approaches, to feel that it wouldn't be altogether safe to leave the moon loose hereabout with nobody to take care of it.



A Bottle of Madeira.

By Angelo Lewis.

I.

"YOU have an uncommonly cosy den here, Armstrong," said my friend Macpherson, as he turned his chair to the fire. "And this is a capital weed. Just one thing more, and our Elysium would be complete."

"And what may that be?" I inquired.

"A bottle of that wonderful old Madeira your Pater used to bring out on high days and holidays. But I suppose that's all gone long since."

"Not quite, I fancy. I brought the remainder of the governor's wine with me when I came here, and I'm pretty sure there was a dozen or so of the old Madeira. I can't say whereabouts in the cellar it lies, but if you'll come down and hold a candle for me, I'll see if I can lay my hand upon a bottle."

"Agreed, *nem. con.* I'd hold a candle to a much blacker personage than yourself, upon such an inducement."

The time was about eight o'clock on a December evening. The place, my private sitting-room on the first floor of the Whittlebury Bank, of which I had been appointed manager some two years previously. Dick Macpherson, my visitor, was an old schoolfellow, who had just completed a three years' term of service as surgeon on H.M.S. *Orion*, and pending his appointment to another ship, had come down to spend a week or two with me at Whittlebury. Dick was a character in his way. He was accustomed to describe himself as a thoroughbred mongrel: half Scotch, half Irish; half sailor, half surgeon. Though still young, being barely thirty, he was not only exceptionally skilful in his own profession, but had a useful amateur knowledge of several others. He was a clever mechanic, and his knowledge of chemistry, like Sam Weller's of London, was "extensive and peculiar." His special hobby, however, was electricity, which he maintained to be not only the light and the power but the medicine of the future, and he was never so happy as when devising new uses for it. He had been greatly disgusted, on his arrival, to find that the bank was unprovided with electric bells, and gave me no peace until I consented to let him supply the deficiency. In vain I represented to him that electricity was an unknown force in Whittlebury. He retorted that in such case the bank, as representing finance, thrift, and other commercial virtues, was the more bound to set an example in the right direction; and already, in one corner of my sitting-room, lay a collection of bells, batteries, wires and pushes, to be used in the execution of the work.

The building, I may here state, had not been originally erected for a bank, but was an old-fashioned private house, which had been adapted to that purpose. The basement consisted of four roomy vaults, originally intended as cellars. Three of them, indeed, were still used for that purpose: one for coals, one for my private store of wine, and one as a receptacle for lumber; while the fourth had been converted into a "strong room." The walls and floor of the "strong room" were lined with concrete; the arch of the vault cased with boiler plates, and the wooden door replaced by a double door of wrought iron, secured by combination locks. Within stood a couple of strong safes—one large, one small—of the most approved construction. The only daylight admitted to the vault found its way through four circular pieces of thick glass, each six inches in diameter, let into the flooring of the room above (my private office), and the only access to the basement, including the strong room, was by spiral iron stairs leading from the same room.

The ground floor consisted of two rooms only, the larger being the public office of the bank, the other my private office, above mentioned. The latter was a small room at the rear of the building, and had originally been a kitchen. When, however, the house was adapted to its present purpose, the kitchen had been transferred to the topmost floor, where also were the apartments of the caretaker—a sturdy Irishman, named O'Grady—and his wife. There were three rooms on the intermediate floor; two being bedrooms,

and the third the room in which we were seated on the evening of my story.

I lighted a candle, and we made our way downstairs to the cellar. After some little search, we came upon a bin which I found to contain the last survivors of the famous Madeira. I took out a bottle, and was just closing the cellar door, when a strange sound struck my ear. First came two or three strokes, as of a hammer, but dull, as if the striking implement was muffled in some way; then the "scrunch" of a chisel; and finally a dropping sound, as of falling mortar. With a warning glance at Macpherson, I opened the door of the strong room adjoining, and silently stepped inside. The sounds were here more distinctly audible; and we could fix with tolerable certainty the spot from which they proceeded, which was the lower part of the left-hand wall.

"I TOOK OUT A BOTTLE.

Closing the door, I led the way up the spiral stairs into my private office. "What do you make of that, Mac?" I said, as I placed the bottle on the table.

"Judging by the sound, I should say someone was chipping a hole through the wall, presumably to rob the bank," replied Macpherson.

"That is precisely my own impression. What a stroke of luck that you should have chanced to ask for that bottle of Madeira. Well, forewarned is forearmed; we shall be ready for them. I'll just go and get my revolver, and then I'll mount guard, while you go and fetch the police."

Macpherson looked at me thoughtfully. "Excuse me, old man, but wouldn't that be a little bit premature? In the first place, it is just possible that the sound we have heard is capable of some innocent interpretation, and we may get laughed at for raising a false alarm. In the second place, if our underground friend is a burglar, wouldn't it be as well to let him make the case a little clearer against himself? I don't know what thickness of wall he has to tackle, but judging by the look of the material, and the very small quantity of stuff that seems to fall after each blow, I should fancy he had still a longish job before him."

"That's true enough. That wall is eighteen inches thick, and of the toughest concrete made. Of course, we don't know how long the gentleman on the other side has been pegging away at it; but judging from the sound, he has a good deal to do yet."

"Then we need not decide anything in a hurry. Pull that cork, Geoff, and we'll see if we can't devise some sort of trap for him. There's nothing like a glass of good wine to help the imagination."

I drew the cork, and fetched a glass from the cupboard. "Help yourself, Dick, but you must excuse my joining you. Nothing stronger than water will pass my lips till this matter is over."

"Every man to his taste," replied Dick, holding the wine critically between himself and the light, then sipping it with reverential gusto. "I work best on this sort of thing. Now, to return to the business in hand. I would much rather capture this gentleman, if we can, without calling in the police till we are ready to hand him over to them."

"So would I, if I were under no personal responsibility. But suppose our plans failed

and the bank was robbed! A pretty mess I should be in."

"No doubt you would. And if, therefore, at any moment you cease to have perfect confidence in our defensive arrangements, by all means call in the police at once. But I don't think you will need them. You agree with me that there is no fear of an entrance being effected to-night?"

"Not the slightest, I should say. It is mere speculation, of course, but I should think the burglar has a full week's work before him."

"Good. Then let us see, in the first place, whether we can fix any probable time for the final attack. Is the bank particularly rich just now?"

"On the contrary, just now the cash in hand is lower than usual. But next Monday is quarter-day, and for some days after that we shall have an exceptionally large amount in hand, as a number of rents and other accounts are paid in about that time."

"Then if, as we may assume, our underground friend knows his business, he will endeavour to get in about a week hence. By the way, who is your neighbour on that side?"

"A French gentleman, the Count de la Roche. But, good heavens! the Count can't have anything to do with it. Why, he has five hundred pounds in the bank at this moment."

"That sounds respectable, but it is not conclusive. I am glad to hear it, though, for in that case we are pretty sure to have warning of the attack. When the Count draws out his five hundred pounds we may reckon that he has got pretty nearly through the wall."

"I don't quite follow your logic."

"It is clear enough. It is not worth any man's while to steal his own money; and if he made the attempt, and failed, he might have trouble in getting it afterwards. *Ergo*, if the Count is the culprit, he will draw it out just before the attempt is made."

"But why should he have deposited it at all?"

"Doubtless, to disarm suspicion. But we need not take it for granted that the Count is the man. It may be some other inmate of his household. What sort of a man is the Count?"

"A thorough Frenchman, dark, short, and stout, with a pinched-in waist, and small hands and feet. Very polite and complimentary. Smokes a very expensive brand of cigars, which are got down from London on purpose for him. Dresses smartly, and is never without a flower in his button-hole."

"How long has he been here?"

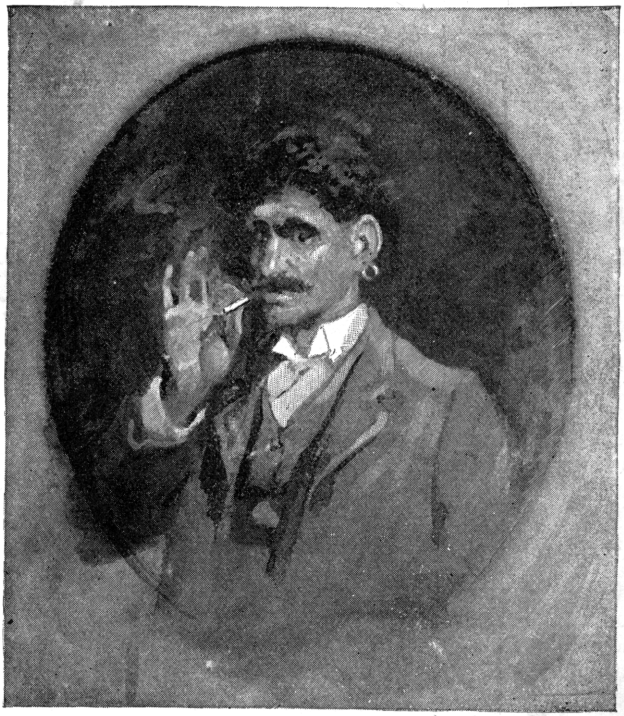
"About three months, as near as I can recollect. Yes, he opened his account with us on the first of October, and he had then been in the town some three or four days. He told me that he desired to open a drawing account as a temporary accommodation, and that he should always keep a good balance. Under such circumstances I accepted him without hesitation."

"And what family has he?"

"His household consists of his wife, a good-looking, rather over-dressed woman, who speaks no English, and a foreign servant, called Antoine. An old woman belonging to the town assists in the housework, but she does not sleep in the house. Antoine is cook, butler, and general factotum."

"What is Antoine like?"

"I should take him to be a native of the South of France. He is very dark, with crisp black hair, coming low down over his forehead, and thick red ears, with gold rings



"ANTOINE."

in them. Smells of garlic, and smokes cigarettes all day long."

"A very good fancy portrait of a French *forçat*. But one can't go much by description. We shall know Antoine better by-and-by, no doubt. In the meantime, the first thing to do is to make sure that nobody effects an entry without our knowledge."

"How do you propose to prevent it?"

"That is an easy matter. I shall rig up an electric alarm across the piece of wall they are working on. The plant provided for our bell-hanging arrangements will be just the thing. If you will lend me a hand, I will have it fixed in no time."

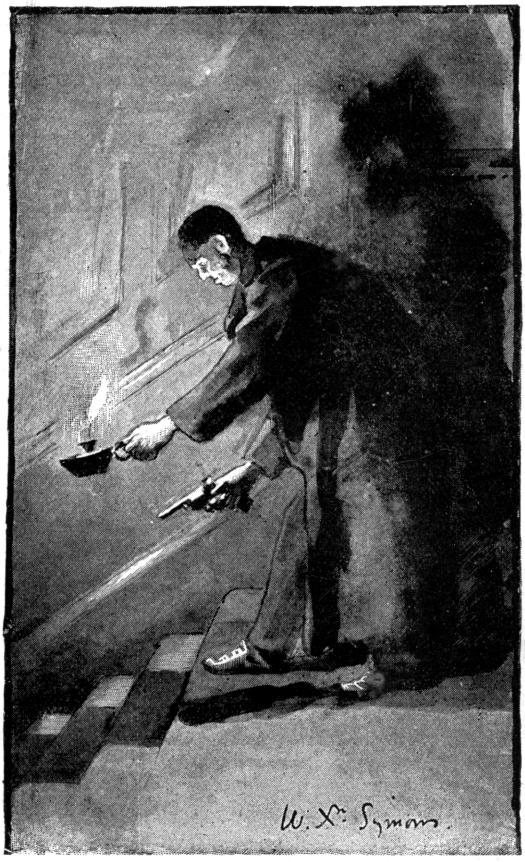
We set to work accordingly. Our first task was to fix two bells, one in my private office and the other in my bedroom, and to carry wires from them to the strong room. So far, we were able to work at our ease, and to converse when necessary. Now, however, we had to deal with the very wall behind which the concealed workman was engaged in his felonious task. Still, with unfailing regularity, came, first, the tap, tap of the mallet, then the scrunch of the chisel, and the fall of the displaced material. As we could hear him so plainly, it was conceivable that he might hear us also, and we therefore had to work in absolute silence. I held the candle while Macpherson attached with sealing-wax a number of silk threads, crossing the wall in various directions, and connected in some way, which I was not electrician enough to appreciate, with the wires of the bells.

After half an hour of this work, Macpherson gave me a nod of satisfaction, indicating that all was complete; and we returned to the office above.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" I said. "Now, will you kindly explain how it works? I thought silk was a non-conductor."

"So it is," he replied. "The principle is just this. No part of that wall can be displaced without making a pull upon one or other of those threads. The moment that happens, the circuit is completed mechanically and the bell rings. It's not easy to explain, save on the spot, but I'll guarantee that it works all right. By Jove, it is half-past twelve. I'll have just one more glass of the Madeira, and then to bed, to think out my plan for catching the thieves."

We retired to rest, but I for my part could not sleep. At half-past two I got up, and partially dressing myself, stole downstairs and paid a visit of inspection to the strong room. All was quiet, the midnight excavator having apparently suspended his labours for the night. Thus satisfied that there was no immediate danger, I returned to my bed, and slept soundly till daylight.



"I STOLE DOWNSTAIRS."

Macpherson met me at the breakfast table with a triumphant air. "My plan is complete," he said. "Electricity will tell us when our thieves break through the wall, and chemistry shall capture them for us. Did you ever hear of the *Grotta del Cane?*"

"The name sounds familiar. Somewhere in Italy, isn't it?"

"The *Grotta del Cane* is a cavern near Naples, the soil of which generates carbon dioxide, commonly called carbonic acid gas. This gas, being heavier than air, does not disperse, but lies at the bottom of the cave, to a depth of a couple of feet or so. If you send a dog into the cavern he becomes

asphyxiated. A man can walk about upright without danger, but if he were to kneel down or stoop below the level of the gas, he would be asphyxiated in like manner."

"Very interesting from a scientific point of view. But I don't see the connection with thief-catching."

"Just this; I propose to turn your strong room into an artificial *Grotta del Cane.*"

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure. And suffocate our chief cashier, or myself, the first time we go into the room!"

"Not at all. The gas will not be generated till the thieves are actually in the strong room. To operate upon the safes, they must of necessity work at a low level. The gas will rise by degrees, as the bottom of the cellar fills. Their only warning will be a slight difficulty in breathing, which (if they notice it) they will put down to the closeness of the vault. A little later they will find they can't breathe at all; but by that time it will be too late, and they will fall insensible."

"Good heavens! you would not kill them?"

"No; my intentions are not quite so bloodthirsty as that. We shall lug them out, and bring them to life again by one or other of the artificial respiration processes. First, however, we shall call in a policeman or two to look after them during convalescence."

"And where is the gas to come from?"

"That's very plain sailing; I shall generate it when wanted, *pro re natâ*, as we doctors say. In the first place, I shall cover the floor of the strong room, to a depth of two or three inches, with a mixture of sawdust and ordinary washing soda, which is a coarse form of sodium bicarbonate. I suppose you can get me half a hundredweight without any difficulty?"

"I daresay I could, but it is a queer order for a bachelor to give. My oilman will think I am going to do my own washing."

"Never mind what your oilman thinks! Then I shall want half a gallon or so of rough sulphuric acid, commonly known as oil of vitriol. Lastly, an empty beer or wine cask to hold the diluted acid, and a few yards of soft metal tubing, such as gasfitters use. This tubing, first punctured freely with holes, will be embedded in the soda and connected with the barrel. At the right moment we turn on the diluted acid, and the strong room will be half full of carbonic acid gas in ten minutes."

"But if you mix an acid and an alkali, won't there be a warning fizz?"

"Very little. The sound you hear on mixing a seidlitz powder is mainly caused by the small area within which the effervescence is confined. In an open space, like the floor of a cellar, it will be barely perceptible, and I shall further diminish it by sifting fine earth all over the soda, which will make all look ship-shape, while it won't interfere in the least with the chemical process. The sawdust mixed with the soda is to prevent the gas being generated too rapidly."

"You seem to have worked out your scheme pretty minutely."

"I have, to the smallest detail. I laid awake half the night thinking it out. The only risky element will be getting the rasca (or rascals) out of the strong room afterwards. Carbon dioxide is no respecter of persons, and will knock us over as readily as a bank burglar. However, by using due caution, and holding our breaths while we have to stoop, we may venture in far enough to slip a cord round the body of each fellow, and then we can drag him out from a safe distance."

I was carried away by Macpherson's enthusiasm, and after a little further conversation I agreed, though somewhat against my better judgment, to let him try his plan. He set to work at once, and before midnight of the same day his arrangements were completed. The sulphuric acid, diluted with water to four gallons, and contained in an old wine cask, was placed in a cupboard in my private office. The tap communicated with an indiarubber tube, and this with sundry lengths of composition pipe, perforated at intervals, which were lying, embedded in soda and sawdust, on the floor of the strong room. Above this was sprinkled a layer of fine earth, restoring the floor to its ordinary cellar-like appearance. The mysterious knocking was resumed from eight o'clock till 1 a.m., but the operator did not seem to make any perceptible advance.

II.

Six days passed without any change of the situation, save that the sound of the excavations in the cellar became daily more audible, showing that the intervening wall was growing thinner. By careful observation of the sound we satisfied ourselves that the concealed operator was working at a space of wall some two feet square, probably intending, when this was sufficiently reduced in substance, forcibly to break away the thin remaining partition.

On the seventh day, however, I had a visit from the Count. He had that morning

received a letter from his son, a Captain in a crack French regiment. *Ce cher Alphonse* had been playing baccarat, it seemed, and to meet his losses the Count was compelled to withdraw for the moment the whole of his balance in the hands of the bank, though it would be replaced a few days later by remittances from other sources.

I instructed a clerk to see how the Count's account stood, and the balance having been ascertained, he drew a cheque for the amount and departed with the money. "The plot thickens," said Macpherson, when I told him of the visit. "The *grand coup* is in all probability for to-night."

"HE DREW A CHEQUE FOR THE AMOUNT."

We watched accordingly. So soon as we had dined, we took up our position in my office. Our first proceeding was to cover up the bull's-eyes in the floor, that no light might shine through to the vault beneath. Macpherson next muffled the clapper of the electric alarm, so that it should give no sound beyond a faint tapping, sufficient to call our own attention, but not loud enough to be heard beyond the room in which we were. We wore felt slippers, that our footsteps might be noiseless. I had brewed a supply of strong coffee, to help to keep us wakeful, and on the table lay a couple of revolvers, and some lengths of sash-line wherewith to bind our expected captives. O'Grady was told to hold himself in readiness to come down to us instantly on receiving an agreed signal.

These preparations made, we sat down to beguile our vigil with a game of chess. At ordinary times we were very equally matched, but on this occasion Macpherson found me an easy victim. I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to the possible issues of the coming struggle. If all went well, I had but little to gain; whereas if—(an awful "if" that)—Macpherson's plan broke down, and the attempt at robbery succeeded, my career as a bank manager would be utterly blasted. At this moment I must own I heartily regretted that I had allowed myself to be drawn into so Quixotic an enterprise, when I might have saved myself all anxiety by placing the matter in the hands of the proper guardians of the peace, or simply reporting it to the directors.

Macpherson, on the contrary, appeared to be troubled by no misgivings, and played even better than usual.

"Fail!" he said, when I suggested the possibility of such an event—"we *can't* fail: any more than I can fail to win this game, which I undertake to do in four moves. Check!" I made the best fight I could, but in four moves I was checkmated.

I was nettled at my defeat, and determined that he should not again win so easy a victory. With a strong effort of will, I concentrated my whole attention on the game, and thenceforth played as coolly as though the hidden enemy were a hundred miles away. We played on with varying fortune till about eleven, when the faint

"ting" of the electric alarm, followed by a heavy thud in the vault beneath, warned us that the burglars had made good their entrance. With a meaning glance at me, Macpherson lighted a night-light, which stood carefully screened in one corner, and then extinguished the lamp, leaving the room in a dim twilight, just sufficient to enable us to move about. He then removed the cover from one of the bull's-eyes in the floor, from which a view could be obtained of the portion of the vault where we anticipated that the entrance would be effected.

A broad ray of light came up through the bull's-eye.

"A BROAD RAY OF LIGHT CAME UP THROUGH THE BULL'S-EYE."

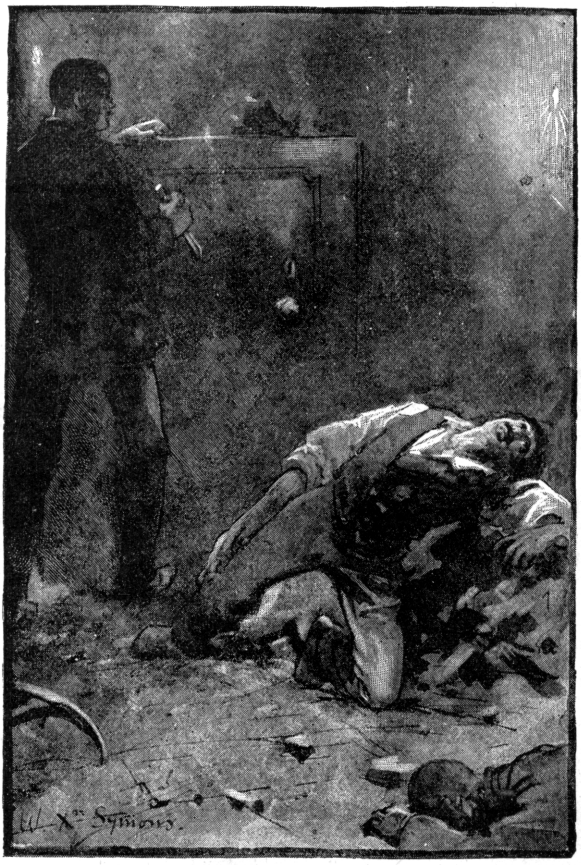
Going on our knees we could see that an oblong slab, like the panel of a door, had been forced from the wall, and lay in fragments on the floor beneath. In the vault stood Antoine with his back towards us, while through the black opening left by the missing masonry some other person, whom we conjectured to be the Count, was handing crowbars, wedges, and other burglarious-looking implements. When all were handed in, the person on the other side began to creep through the opening, but to our astonishment it was not the plump figure of the Count that appeared, but that of a much younger and slighter man, with fair, close-cropped hair. We looked at each other in perplexity. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. "Madame, without her wig!" I whispered.

Again a head appeared at the opening, and, aided by his friends, the Count scrambled through, though with difficulty, for his broad shoulders all but stuck in the narrow opening. The burglars now proceeded, by some method which was not quite clear to me, to fix sconces, holding lighted candles, to various parts of the wall. They made a rapid examination of the two safes, and then, without further loss of time, the Count and Antoine set to work on the door of the larger, while the third man began like operations on the smaller.

So soon as they were fairly at work, Macpherson crossed the room to the barrel containing the diluted sulphuric acid, and turned on the tap, after which he returned to his post of observation by my side. "Keep your eye on that fellow working at the bottom of the smaller safe. He is nearer the floor. The gas will reach him before it touches either of the other two." I watched, scarcely venturing to breathe, such was the intensity of my excitement. Some ten or twelve minutes passed, and I began to fear Macpherson's plan was a failure, when the man he had indicated dropped the tool he was using; and after swaying from side to side for a moment, fell forward on his face insensible. His fall did not for the moment attract the attention of his comrades, busy as they were in their own share of the work. Presently, however, as the atmosphere became more and more vitiated, the candle lowest in

position began to burn less brightly, and at last the failure of light became so marked that the "Count," who was working at the upper part of the larger safe, turned round and looked at the candles with a puzzled air; finally snuffing them with his fingers, as if hoping to cure the defect in that way.

Finding that his expedient had not the desired effect, he turned round again, apparently to consult with his colleagues. Meanwhile, however, the noxious gas had reached the level at which Antoine was working, and with a brief convulsive fight for breath, he threw up his arms, and fell senseless like the first victim. Never have I seen such an expression of terror as came over the face of the so-called Count, as he gazed on the fallen bodies of his accomplices. Already alarmed by the burning blue of the candles, it seemed to him no doubt that his companions had been struck down by some supernatural power. Panic-stricken, he made a rush for the hole in the wall, but it was too late. In the midst of his struggles to escape, the deadly gas overtook him, and he too fell back insensible.



"HE FELL SENSELESS.

"Not a bad night's work," said Macpherson, aloud, as he rose from his knees and proceeded to stop the flow of the acid. "Now we will ring for O'Grady, and then we must make all haste to lug these fellows out of that room. I did not bargain for three of them, and every minute the gas becomes more deadly. Remember what I told you. Venture in only just far enough to get a rope round your man, and hold your breath while you stoop to do it."

At this moment O'Grady appeared, looking a little bewildered, for we had not told him why his presence would be required.

"O'Grady," I said, "burglars have broken into the strong room, and I want you to fetch the police."

"Bur-r-r-glars, is it?" replied O'Grady, peeping down through one of the bull's-eyes. One or two of the candles happened to have been fixed above the level which the gas had reached, and these still burned brightly, though the rest had long since gone out.

"Ghost of Moses! but they're all dead cor-r-r-rpses!"

"Not yet," said Macpherson, "but they soon will be, unless we get them out pretty quickly."

"But how the blazes did ye kill them? Oh, sure, it's some of them ilictric divilments of Mister Macpherson's."

"Never mind that now, man; hurry for the police, and you shall know all about it afterwards."

Fortunately the police-station was only just over the way. O'Grady started, leaving the door open behind him, and in a few minutes was back again, with a sergeant and two constables. Meanwhile, Macpherson and myself had opened the strong room, and with some difficulty had succeeded in getting out the man nearest the door, who happened to be Antoine.

"Shall we tie his hands?" I inquired.

"Never mind that now," replied Macpher-

son. "He's safe enough for the time; and meanwhile the gas is spreading. Give me the rope again, and stand ready to pull."

I handed him the rope, in which we had made a loop about three feet in length. Carefully holding his breath he slipped this over the body of the next man (the sham Countess de la Roche), and by hauling on the cord we managed to pull him through the doorway.

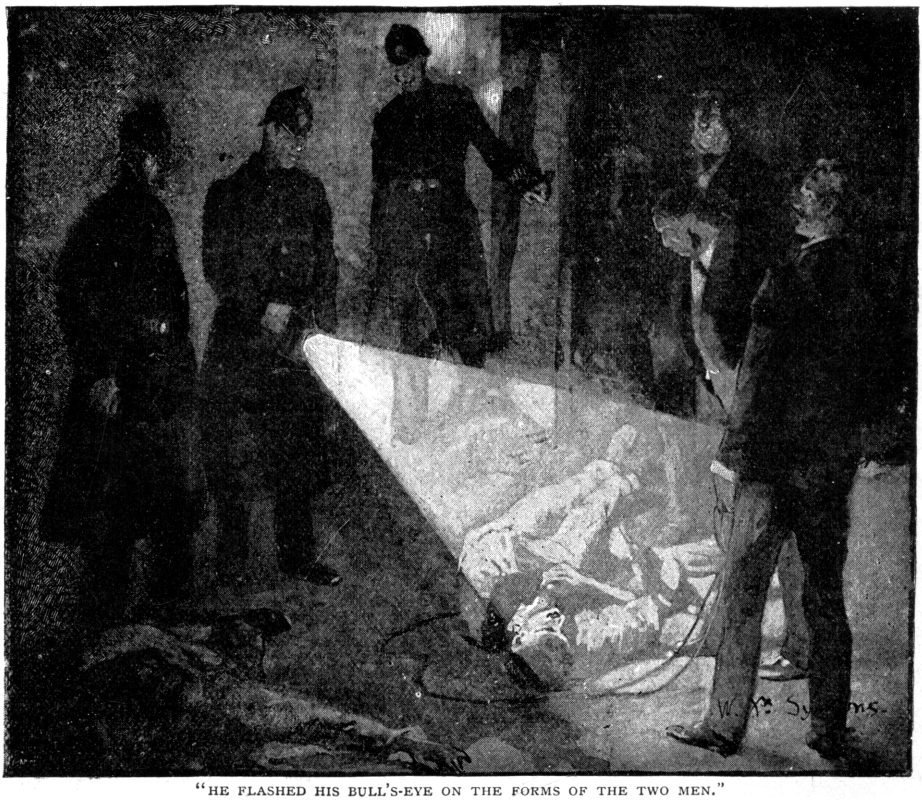
What O'Grady had told the sergeant I cannot say, but the puzzled look on his face, as he flashed his bull's-eye on the forms of the two men lying in the passage-way outside the strong room, was most comical.

"What's this, gentlemen—murder?" he inquired, looking from me to Macpherson as if uncertain which of us to "run in."

"Only burglary, at present, Mr. Jackson," I replied; "and there are two of the burglars for you. The other is still in the strong room, and we shall be glad of your help to get him out."

"That's soon done," said the officer, preparing to enter.

"Stop a bit," interrupted Macpherson; "it's not quite so easy as it looks. That room is filled breast-high with a poisonous gas, which has knocked over those fellows as you see them. In the upper part of the room, where those candles are burning, the air is pure enough, but below that level it is suffocating. Our best plan will be to walk in and stand three on each side of that fellow. I will call 'one, two, three!' at the word 'two,' each must dip down and lay hold of him, and at 'three' lift him up and carry him out, but don't breathe while you are stooping, or you will be knocked over as he is. Come along, O'Grady," for O'Grady, though plucky enough in a general way, had begun to back towards the stairs, with every appearance of terror.



"HE FLASHED HIS BULL'S-EYE ON THE FORMS OF THE TWO MEN."

"Is it in there, along with thim ilictric divils? Bedad, I'll lave that to my betthers. The climate's too onwholesome for the likes o' Tim O'Grady."

There was no time to argue the point. The remainder of the party marched into the strong room, and following the directions of Macpherson, we succeeded in getting out the remaining burglar.

"Why, good gracious," exclaimed the superintendent, "it's the Count!"

"Yes," I said, "the Count, and Antoine, and Madame; all three of them."

"It's a big haul," said the sergeant, "and such blackguards deserve all they get. But I'm afraid you gentlemen will get into trouble for killing them."

"No fear of that," said Macpherson. "Just get them across to the lock-up, and I'll come and bring them to life again. Will you come over and see the fun, Armstrong? It won't take more than half an hour or so."

"Thanks, old fellow, but not with that hole in the wall. I think I had better remain on the bank premises."

"And I'll send a couple of men to look after the house next door," said the sergeant.

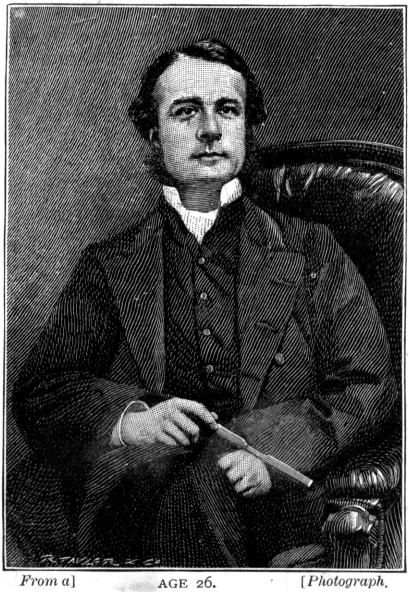
The three insensible men were removed on stretchers: a grim procession. Macpherson followed them to the police-station, but instead of the anticipated half-hour, it was more than three hours before he returned, and he looked completely exhausted. "I have had an awful fright," he said. "The other blackguards came round in twenty minutes or so; but the young one, the sham madame, I really thought he was done for. He had a longer dose of the gas than the other two, and it was just touch and go with him. All's well that ends well, and it's been an extremely interesting experiment from a scientific point of view, but I really think, the next time I want to capture a burglar, I shall drop science and call in the police to collar him."

Which is decidedly my own intention.

THE LORD BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH.

BORN 1832.

THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED EARLE, D.D., was educated at Oxford, and ordained deacon at twenty-six, at which age he is represented in our first portrait.

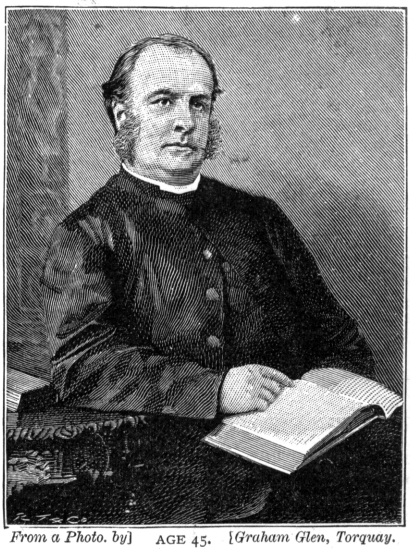


From a] AGE 26. *[Photograph.*

For some time he held the appointment of Vicar of Marlborough, whence he was transferred to West Alvington, in the diocese of

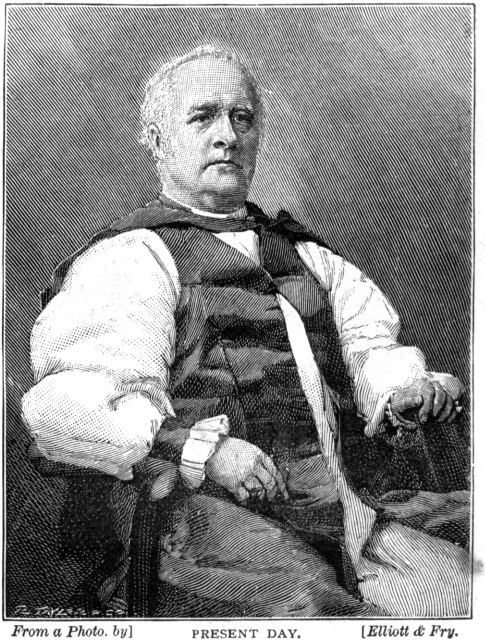
From a] AGE 38. *[Photograph.*

Exeter. At the age of thirty-three he was made Canon and Prebendary of Exeter, and



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Graham Glen, Torquay.*

at forty received the appointment of Archdeacon of Totnes. A few months ago he was created Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and Bishop Suffragan of London, under the title of Bishop of Marlborough.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[Briggs, Baker St.*

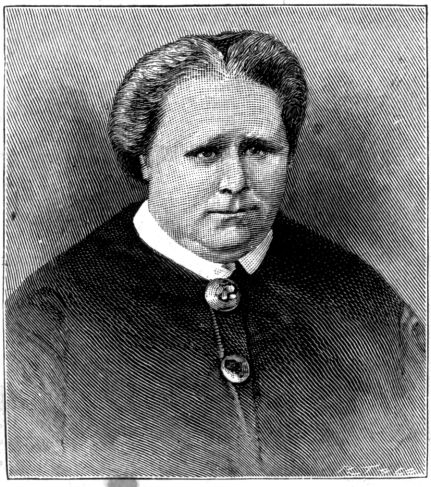
From a Photo. by] AGE 55. *[H. le Lieure, Rome.*

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

BORN 1822.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, daughter of Mr. Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge House, Co. Dublin, D.L., J.P. (who fought at Assaye as lieutenant in the 19th Light Dragoons), was born December 4th, 1822, and educated at Brighton. She has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day, and is the author of a great number of works on the Rights and Higher Education of Women, and more than a hundred pamphlets and leaflets on the vivisection question. Miss Cobbe resided for some years in Bristol with the late Mary Carpenter, for the purpose of working at her reformatory and ragged schools; and subsequently interested herself in plans for befriending young servants and for the relief of destitute incurables. After a residence in Italy she settled in London, and, besides her literary work, was engaged in promoting the movement for obtaining Parliamentary suffrage for women. In 1880–81 she twice delivered to audiences of ladies a course of lectures on the Duties of Women; these have been largely circulated in America, and also translated and published in Danish, Italian, and French. During the last fifteen years Miss Cobbe has been principally occupied in founding and directing as Hon. Sec. the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, an association of which the late Lord Shaftesbury was President.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Bassano, Old Bond St.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Maull & Fox, London.*

From a] AGE 12. *[Miniature.*

AGE 35.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] AGE 46. *[Maull & Fox.*

PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

BORN 1823.

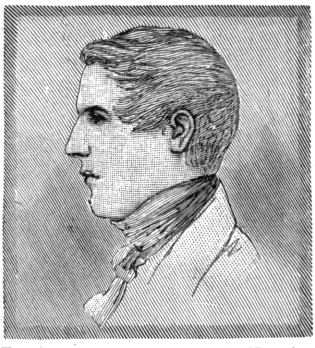
PRINCE WILLIAM AUGUSTUS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR was born at Bushey Park, and is a Colonel in the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. In 1851, at the age of twenty-eight, he married, by a morganatic marriage, Lady Augusta Lennox, daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who, by a special

From a Drawing] AGE 23. *[by Bryant.*

decree of the Queen, bears the title in England of Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Chancellor, Dublin.*

From a] AGE 4. *[Drawing.*



From a] AGE 20. *[Drawing.*

PROFESSOR MAX-MÜLLER.

BORN 1823.

PROFESSOR FREDERICH MAX-MÜLLER, one of the most eminent scholars and teachers of languages alive, is the son of the celebrated German poet, Wilhelm Müller, and was born and educated at Dessau. At twenty-three he came to England and took up his residence at Oxford, where he was appointed a Professor of Languages. His books, among the most popular of which is "Chips From a German Workshop," are written with a charm of style which few Englishmen could equal, and his influence, not only in England but abroad, especially India, has greatly helped the study of Oriental languages, and thrown much fresh light upon the origin of the religions and superstitions of mankind. Our last portrait shows him as a Member of the Institute of France (of which he is one of the eight foreign members) and wearing the insignia of the *Ordre pour le Mérite*. He is also one of the ten foreign members of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei of Rome, and has received the Order of the Northern Star of Sweden.

AGE 14.
From a Painting.

AGE 34.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. Forshaw, Oxford.*

AGE 7.
From a Daguerreotype by Kennedy, Glasgow.

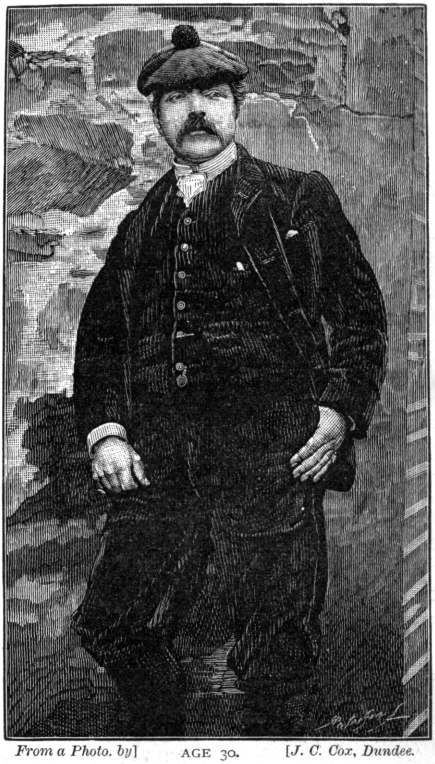
DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

BORN 1849.

MR. DAVID MURRAY was born at Glasgow, and was at first intended to follow a commercial career, and it was only on Saturdays, when he was free from business, that he could find time to follow

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Alexander Brothers, Glasgow.

his inclinations in the study of art. His natural gift was, however, too powerful to be kept down by any pressure of unfavourable circumstances, and in 1882 his picture, "Glen Sannox," was one of the attractions of the Royal Academy, and gave promise of that happy rendering of Scotch scenery for which his name has since become so well known. Another of his pictures, "My Love Has Gone a-Sailing," was purchased for the



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[J. C. Cox, Dundee.*

nation under the Chantrey bequest; and in January, 1891, Mr. Murray was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and has exhibited more than a hundred water-colour sketches at the Fine Art Society.

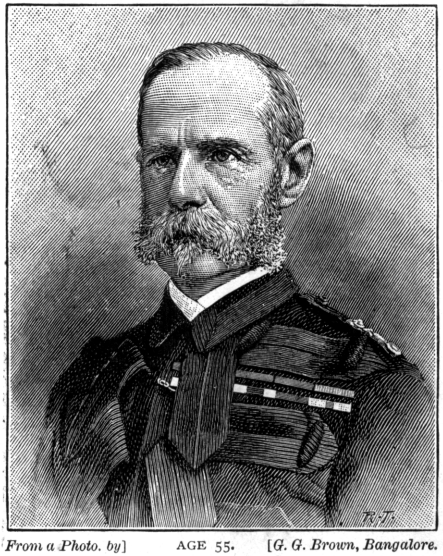
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

From a] AGE 26. [*Daguerreotype.*

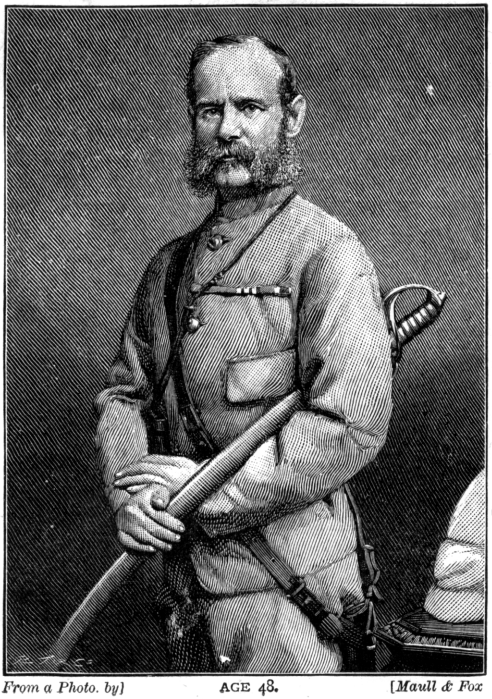
GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

BORN 1832.

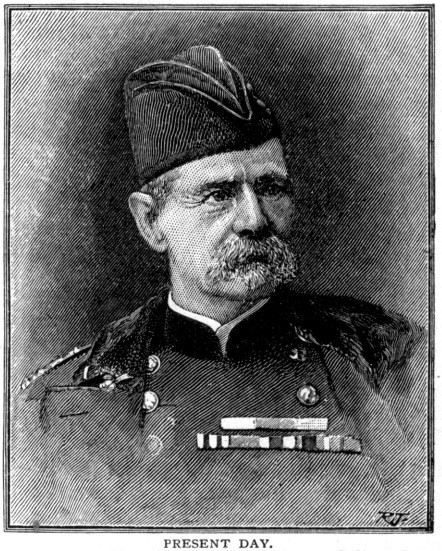
GENERAL LORD ROBERTS is the son of the late Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., and received his first commission, as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, at nineteen. He served with distinction through the Indian Mutiny, and received the Victoria Cross for personal bravery at twenty-six, for having rescued, single-handed, a standard from two Sepoys, after a desperate fight. He served through the Abyssinian and Afghan campaigns, in the latter of which he held the chief command, and after a series of brilliant victories inflicted a crushing defeat on Ayoob Khan. On his return to England in 1880, aged 48, he was loaded with honours, presented with the freedom of London, received the thanks of Parliament, and was created a Baronet. In 1885 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and recently received the title of Baron Roberts of Candahar.



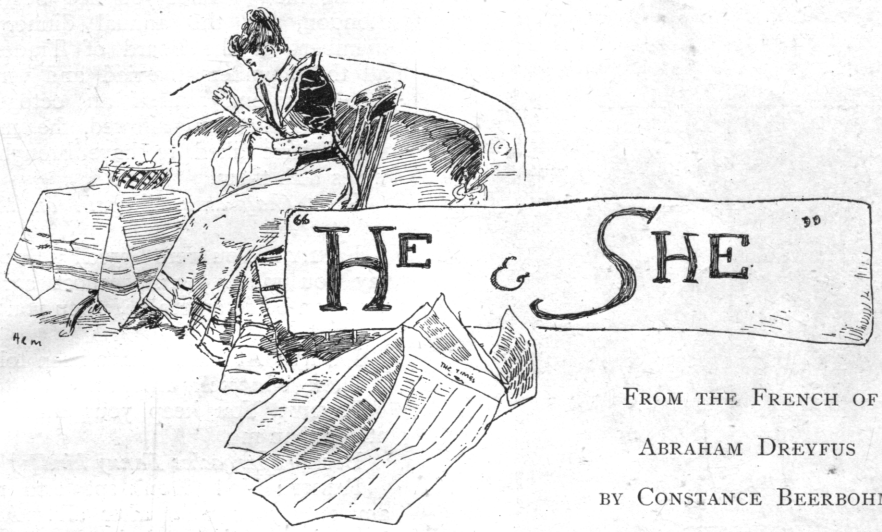
From a Photo. by] AGE 55. [*G. G. Brown, Bangalore.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 48. [*Maull & Fox*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Johnson & Hoffmann, India.



FROM THE FRENCH OF

ABRAHAM DREYFUS

BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

CHARACTERS: MR. MOBERLY (DICK) AND MRS. MOBERLY (FANNY).

SCENE: *A small drawing-room in a country house. Doors to the right and left. Two arm-chairs before the fire. Sofa to the left. A table, with brandy and soda-water bottles upon it, to the right. Clock on the mantelpiece.*

EXPLANATION: *(The author does not give minute stage directions to* MR. MOBERLY (DICK). *The interpreter of the character should indicate by look and gesture exactly what he means. Great care must be taken to show that it is not intended to play the part in dumb show, as was the case in "L'Enfant Prodigue." It should clearly be indicated that* DICK *would speak, if he were not prevented by* FANNY'S *pouring forth a long torrent of angry words without sufficient pause for him to break in upon her.)**

FANNY *(alone: She sits by the fire holding in her hands a piece of lace work, at which she is stitching with evident impatience. After a minute she looks up at the clock):* Eleven o'clock. *(In a tone of suppressed irritation)* Eleven! *(Noise of footsteps without.)* At last! *(She goes on working.)*

*(*DICK *enters quickly, makes a movement to come forward and kiss his wife. She parries the kiss and goes on working without raising her eyes.* DICK *looks at her in surprise.* FANNY *rises with dignified anger.* DICK *makes a movement towards her.)*

FANNY: Let me pass, will you? (DICK *follows her with his eyes.* FANNY *goes to the door. Turns, speaking with solemnity):* All is now over between us! *(She rushes from the room.* DICK *tries to follow, but the door shuts in his face.)*

DICK *(alone: He is in consternation, and indicates by gesture that he cannot understand the reason of his wife's anger. Perhaps she may be joking! He listens at the keyhole. No sound is to be heard. Then, as if to prepare against a coming storm, he throws himself into an arm-chair and takes up the paper, which he unfolds and reads with an air of intending to be master of the situation.)*

FANNY *returns and confronts* DICK.

FANNY: So you think that we are to go on like this?

DICK *(surprised)*

FANNY: You think that after I have spent the whole evening waiting for you to come home, that I ought to be only too happy to sit down quietly and watch you read the newspaper?

DICK *(just going to rise)*

FANNY: Oh! Pray don't rise! I should be sorry to disturb you! I quite understand that after being out the whole day long you are naturally tired and wish to rest.

DICK *(just going to speak)*

FANNY: I am only sorry I have waited for you. Had I known you were not coming home till midnight——

DICK *(looks at the clock)*

*The part was played in Paris by Monsieur Coquelin with immense success.

"HE LISTENS AT THE KEYHOLE."

FANNY: I beg pardon, that clock is at least an hour too slow.

DICK *(looks at his watch)*

FANNY: But that doesn't matter to you. What do *you* care about the time? Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, it's all the same so long as you are enjoying yourself!

DICK *(on the point of protesting)*

FANNY: It greatly amused you, I daresay, to keep me waiting for you all this long time, and to make me miserable on my birthday. For this *is* my birthday, though you had forgotten it!

DICK *(protests)*

FANNY: But you do not deceive me!

DICK *(smiles)*

FANNY: Yes! Smile! Though it scarcely becomes you!

DICK *(his smile broadens)*

FANNY: You know that you met Miss Verney at the station when the London train came in.

DICK *(amazed)*

FANNY: I feel sure of it. No! Don't make matters worse by denying it. And you drove back in the cart with her and dined at "The Hollies" with her people. Horrid, designing girl! I know her too well!

DICK *(expostulates)*

FANNY *(cutting him short)*: Oh! I know what you were on the point of telling me! That you had been up to London, for the annual dinner of the members of the Board of Trade. And all the members married and venerable. The president himself an octogenarian. Had it only been allowed, the members would have liked to have brought their wives with them.

DICK *(half amused, again on the point of speaking)*

FANNY: You were bored? But I daresay you made yourself most agreeable! You can be so agreeable, when you like!

DICK *(disclaiming)*

FANNY: At least, I have been told so.

DICK *(shakes his head, smiling)*

FANNY: You keep your amiability for others than me.

DICK *(approaches Fanny kindly)*

FANNY: No! Don't speak to me! I am only your wife, after all! And not altogether plain enough, I suppose, to please you.

DICK——

FANNY: To please you, one must be pale, thin, hideously dressed. After having once seen Flora Verney, it is easy enough to judge of your taste in women! It is evident you like a tailor-made gown, bought at a country linen-draper's!

DICK *(shakes his head)*

FANNY: And that girl actually dared, yes! *dared*, to call upon me yesterday!

DICK *(inclined to gentleness)*

FANNY: You do well to seem as if nothing were the matter! Yet wasn't Dr. Verney, Flora's own father, one of your kindest friends? Didn't he come three times a day to see you when you had the measles? And didn't Flora and I play together as children?

DICK——

FANNY: You can't be aware how everyone remarks upon your being seen so often at the Verneys' house — whilst I am here all alone, dull, miserable, fretting myself to death from morning until night. *(Up to this moment* FANNY *has not ceased to speak, pouring out her words without a single pause. But on the last words, "from morning until night," she stops to take breath.* DICK *concludes it is his turn to speak, and prepares.)*

DICK *(opens his mouth)*

FANNY *(continuing rapidly to prevent his speaking)*: If Dr. Verney likes to keep open house, he is very willing. Everybody is master of his own.

DICK *(sinks back discouraged in his attempt)*

FANNY: It is a strange thing, when one comes to think of it, that you should find so much to admire in the mind and manners of the daughter of a dancing mistress!

DICK *(surprised)*

FANNY: You are surprised! Why, I remember well that mother told me Mrs. Verney really did teach dancing, until she met the Doctor, and he proposed to her. *(Bites her lip as if aware of having told a fib, and then continues boldly)*: Yes, she was a wonderful teacher of the gavotte, the minuet, the waltz——

DICK *(looks incredulous)*

FANNY: You don't believe me? No! Such a thought would quite disturb your peace of mind and destroy your great ideal!

DICK *(irritated)*

FANNY: I beg many pardons. In future I will say no word excepting in praise of Flora. Everything she does shall be as perfect in my eyes as in yours. She may steal my husband's heart; she may tear a father away from his only child; she may bring ruin and despair upon this home, once so happy. I will not complain, I will say nothing. I will try to look upon it as thoroughly right, thoroughly natural.

DICK——

FANNY: Is not this enough for you? Or must I throw myself at the feet of Flora Verney, and tell her I admire her conduct above all things?

(FANNY *stops, and this time* DICK *would not find it difficult to answer, but merely shrugs his shoulders, as if at the end of his tether.)*

FANNY: Virtuous indignation well becomes you, since you haven't a word to say for yourself!

*(*DICK *turns round and tries to speak;* FANNY *breaks in.)*

FANNY: Not a word! Not a word!! Not a single word!!!

DICK *(coming nearer to her)*

FANNY: Do you mean to use personal violence? Ah! That is right! Quite right! I won't prevent you! *(This time* DICK, *beside himself, as if to put an end to such nonsense, makes for the door.)*

FANNY: Ah! You haven't the courage! You are afraid I shall ring up the maids for help.

DICK *(coming back)*

FANNY: But you are wrong; I should be ashamed to make a scandal, and show you in your true light to our own servants.

(DICK *now decides not to answer.)*

FANNY *(repeating)*: To show you in your true light to our own servants.

(DICK *glances at her coldly and then provokingly down at the carpet.)*

FANNY *(furious)*: Do you hear what I say?

(He pretends not to hear, and taking up the newspaper again, settles himself comfortably in his chair.)

FANNY: Oh, you refuse to answer me! You read your paper. An easy way of shirking unpleasant truths. *(She approaches him.)* Some men would have the heart to speak, seeing a woman—a wife—sad, driven wretched, almost in despair—would try to reason with her by a friendly gesture, a gentle word, a look of kindness. Is it so hard to show a little pity for the woman who loves you?

"YOU READ YOUR PAPER."

*(*DICK, *somewhat moved, lets his paper fall. Before he can speak, she continues.)*

FANNY: And, after all, what do I ask you? Only to tell me, in a few words, where you have been since the morning?

DICK——

FANNY: Yes. And to admit that it is a *little* mistake to come home at midnight!

DICK *(on the point of replying)*

FANNY *(interrupts):* At midnight! Although the London train does come in at 6.30.

DICK *(the same)*

FANNY: You looked out that train, yourself, yesterday.

DICK——

FANNY: And, of course, I was surprised——

DICK——

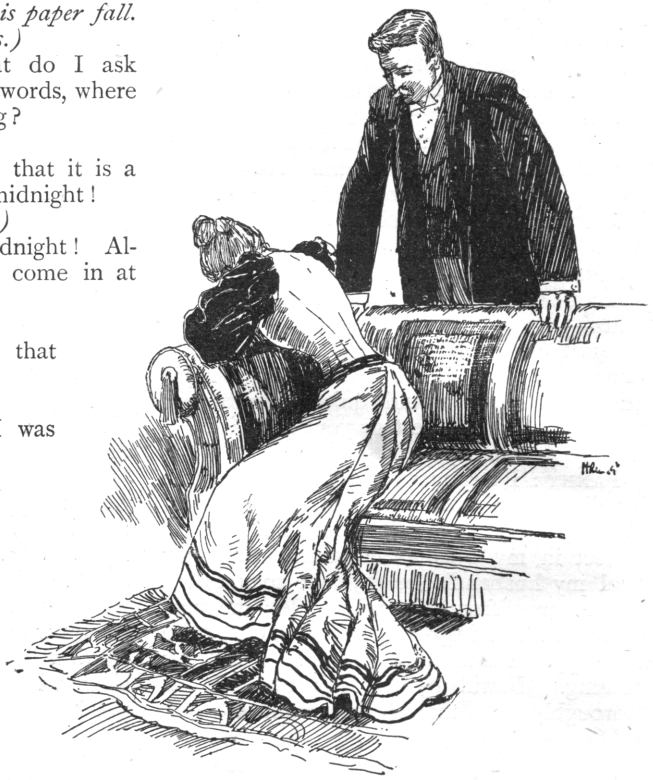
FANNY: And worried!

DICK——

FANNY: I ask you——

DICK *(tries once more to speak)*

FANNY *(preventing him):* And you *won't* give me an answer. *(Bursts into tears and throws herself upon the sofa.* DICK *looks pityingly at her.)*



"SHE THREW HERSELF UPON THE SOFA."

FANNY *(sobbing):* Oh! Mother! Mother! Had you known my heart was to break! (DICK *beside himself.)* And this is only the beginning of my misery. *(Dick puts his hand on her shoulder. She repulses him.)*

FANNY: Leave me! I don't wish for your false pity! Your hypocrisy! You wished to make me cry! You have your wish. What more can you want?

(DICK *now feels this is too much. His attitude changes; he loses patience and walks to the other end of the room.)*

FANNY: Oh, I know I'm perfectly absurd. Crying is the proper thing for me, and I ought to begin by accustoming myself to it. How many women have wretched lives and are neglected by their husbands? But one can't break up every home! And everyone so believed in you. Excepting poor dear old Aunt Rose, who saw more clearly.

(DICK, *standing near the mantelpiece with his back to the audience, turns inquiringly at the last words.)*

FANNY: Yes. In spite of her seventy-nine years, she was able to look into the future, and said: "Fanny, darling, take care! That man is not all he seems——"

DICK *(impatient)*

FANNY *(continuing):* "But a good-for-nothing, who will make your young life a burden to you."

(DICK *now gives signs of increasing anger, and at the word "burden" snaps a wooden paper-knife in two which he has been toying with.)*

FANNY: That is your way of answering me!

(DICK *breaks away, enraged; but mastering himself, goes to side-table, and pours out a glass of soda-water, which he slowly drinks.)*

FANNY: I must beg you not to drink brandies and sodas in my drawing-room! Only yesterday you let some drops fall upon the pink brocade sofa-cushion, my favourite wedding present.

(DICK *gives a look of polite regret, and then pours himself out another glass, this time with brandy.)*

FANNY: There isn't anything you wouldn't do to grieve me. You knew that cushion had been given to me by mother. And you choose *(sobbing)* to make me wretched to-day, on the very day of all others—my birthday!

(DICK *looks at her with compassion, and is going to reply.)*

FANNY: Ah! Don't make matters worse by denying it! Don't tell a falsehood! Don't tell a lie!

(DICK *looks at his audience, as if to make it witness. Then turns smiling to his wife.)*

FANNY: Well! What is it? Why won't you speak?

(DICK *still silent, takes out of his pocket a velvet case, which he gives to his wife.)*

FANNY *(looks at it, and reads the inscription):* "To Fanny, on her twenty-second birthday. From her devoted husband." And you went up to London to get this for me, and were kept until the last train? Only for that! *(With a sudden revulsion.)* Oh, Dick! how good of you! Oh, Dick! I do love you, Dick! *(Throws her arms round his neck.)*

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

PARTIES AND PLACES.

THE sub-division of parties arising out of the adoption of Home Rule as a principal plank in Mr. Gladstone's platform has worked a curious and notable effect upon conditions of debate in the House of Commons. Time was when the House was divided between two political parties, one calling themselves Whigs or Liberals, the other Tories or Conservatives. When a member took part in debate he faced the foe, having the satisfaction of being surrounded and sustained by the company of friends. Now a member rising on either side does not precisely know where he is. The whole assembly is so inextricably mixed up that whichever way one turns he is certain to find unfriendly faces. The position of affairs is akin to that of a close melée on the battle-field. A battery in excellent position is afraid to fire lest in aiming at the enemy it may slay friends.

The new departure was marked on the birth of the Parliament of 1880, and it was, as usual, the Irish who took it. Through the Parliament of 1874, the Irish members, forming in accordance with their habit and customs part of the regular Opposition, sat together below the gangway, at the Speaker's left hand. When Lord Beaconsfield was routed at the polls, and Mr. Gladstone took his place on the Treasury Bench, the Opposition in the House of Commons crossed over to the Ministerial side. But the Irish members resolved to remain where they were. A change of Ministry, more or less, was nothing to them.

Tros Tyrinsoe mihi nullo discrimine agetur. All Saxon Governments who refused to grant Home Rule to Ireland were their natural enemies, and they would remain with their back to the wall, their face to the foe.

This was a startling innovation on Parliamentary practice, made the more embarrassing by the circumstance that it brought the Irish members into close personal contact with a class that had been especially bitter in its animosity. Mr. Biggar, who, Imperial politics apart, was understood to be something in the pork and bacon line, sat on the same bench shoulder to shoulder with the son of a duke. Other members of the party similarly circumstanced at home more or less enjoyed analogous companionship. First, there was some doubt in the Conservative breast whether these things might be. Since Parliaments were, it had been the custom for the Opposition to cross over in a body on a change of Ministry, and question was raised whether the Irish members might vary the custom. The Speaker, privately consulted, declared he was powerless in the matter. A duly-returned member of the House of Commons may sit anywhere he pleases except on the Treasury Bench. Even the Front Opposition Bench, as some years later the House had occasion to learn, is not sacred to the use of ex-Ministers, although it is usually reserved for their convenience. It belongs by ancient

"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER."

right to Privy Councillors, and any such may, if he pleases, take his seat there, even though he never served in the Ministry.

Thus when the late Mr. Beresford Hope was evicted by the Fourth Party from his corner seat below the gangway, he crossed over and found a resting-place on the Front Opposition Bench, retaining it till his death. The gentleman who is now Lord Cubitt, being a Privy Councillor, always asserted his right to address the House from the table.

The Irish members, remaining in their old quarters, got along through the Parliament of 1880 much better than was at the outset expected. The Fourth Party set up in business for themselves at the corner of the Front Bench below the gangway. On the two benches behind them the Irish members were massed, and Lord Randolph Churchill frequently found the contiguity convenient when he had occasion to consult Mr. Tim Healy or other of the allies of the Constitutional party, then making common cause against Mr. Gladstone's Government.

That arrangement was all very well in its way; was indeed not without logical justification. The Irish members were at the time in deadly opposition to the Government, and that they should sit on the Opposition side was convenient and desirable. It established and maintained the conditions that combatants should face each other. It is a different thing now, the localizing of parties being in a hopelessly intermixed state. The Irish members still keep their old places below the gangway on the Opposition side, but being there they find themselves split up into two sections. There are two kings in the Irish Brentford, and while Mr. Justin M'Carthy, leader of the larger section, sits with his friends on the third bench, Mr. John Redmond occupies the corner seat on the fourth bench. Nor does this division represent the full measure of variety. Mr. William Redmond has planted himself out in the very arcanum of Toryism, on a back bench behind ex-Ministers. There he sits, solitary among the gentlemen of England, none holding converse with him, and he, apparently, thoroughly enjoying isolation. From time to time the House is startled by hearing from this quarter explosive sentences, expressing sentiments foreign to those usually associated with Our Old Nobility, from whose citadel they fall upon the shocked ear.

MR. JOHN REDMOND.

The Labour Party is another new section developed in the modern House of Commons. They are exceedingly few in number, their political object is capable of narrow definition, and they, of all people, might be expected to sit together. But they, also, are divided. Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. John Burns rise from time to time to address the Speaker from a back bench below the gangway on the Opposition side, whilst Mr. Havelock Wilson and other accredited representatives of the working classes sit immediately opposite, on the Ministerial side. When any Minister or private member desires to address himself personally and directly to Labour questions, he is thus compelled to divide his attention between diverse sides of the House.

The position of the Dissentient Liberals is, perhaps, on the whole, most embarrassing, as being contrary to the traditions and convenient forms of the House. It is a little better in the present Parliament, since the Treasury Bench is free from the invasion to which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were subjected when they were tenants on the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Heneage now sit with the rank-and-file of their party, not, as heretofore, mixed up with the Liberal leaders. But their quarters are selected on the Ministerial side. They sit surrounded by gentlemen from whom, on political grounds, they are separated by feelings of bitter animosity.

The effect of this state of things is, to a considerable extent, paralytic on debate. It affects both orator and audience. It is a habit strongly marked with Mr. Gladstone, and common in degree with other speakers, to turn and face

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND.

supporters or Opposition according as the current passage in his argument may suggest. Now, as far as ordered lines of subdivision are concerned, there is neither Ministerial host nor Opposition. With a larger application of Mr. Bright's famous simile, it may be said that the House of Commons is like one of those hairy terriers of which it is difficult to distinguish between either extremity. Mr. Gladstone driving home an argument in favour of Home Rule, turning with eager face towards the benches opposite, finds himself preaching to the converted, being confronted by some eighty Irishmen, the very advance guard of his own party. Turning round with smiling face and palms outstretched for the sympathy and applause of the Liberal party, he meets the cold glance of Mr. Chamberlain's eye, and sees beyond that right hon. gentleman the buff waistcoat of Mr. Courtney.

CHILLING INFLUENCES.

These are chilling influences which tell even upon Mr. Gladstone, and are fatal to the success of less experienced debaters. The consequence of the existing state of things works even fuller effect upon the audience. It is responsible for the marked decline observable this Session of the practice of cheering. It will be seen from the slight sketch given of the localities of sections of party that it is now physically impossible to get up a bout of that cheering and counter-cheering which up to recent times was one of the most inspiring episodes in Parliamentary debate. That is possible only when the audience is massed in two clearly-defined sections. One cheers a phrase dropped by the member addressing the House; the other side swiftly responds; the cheer is fiercely taken up by the party who started it, echoed on the other side, and so the game goes forward. Now, as will be clearly seen, if the Conservative Opposition set up a cheer the Irish members sitting among them must remain silent, the Dissentient Liberals observing the same attitude when the Ministerialists break forth into applause. They take their turn when opportunity presents itself. But the whole thing is inextricably mixed up and loses its significance. Parliamentary cheering to be effective must be spontaneous, and, within the limits of party, unanimous. Hopelessly embarrassed by the situation, members are discontinuing the practice of cheering, thus withdrawing a wholesome stimulus from debate.

FATHERS AND SONS.

One of the minor consequences of the withdrawal of Mr. Henry Samuelson from Parliamentary life is that there simultaneously disappeared from the House of Commons an interesting and unique phenomenon. It is a common, and perhaps natural, thing that sons sharing Parliamentary honours with their fathers should feel themselves embarrassingly overwhelmed with the parental position and authority. The present House contains several examples which will instantly suggest themselves. An additional one was spared by the strategic movement of Mr. Hicks Gibbs. In the last Parliament that eminent merchant appropriately represented the City of London. At the last General Election one of his sons stood with fair chance of elec-

GIBBS AND SONS.

tion by the St. Albans Division of Herts. Mr. Gibbs thereupon retired from Parliamentary life, transferring his safe seat for the City of London to his elder son, thus leaving two able young men to make their way in Parliamentary life, unembarrassed by the presence on the scene of the head of the firm.

SAMUELSON *père et fils.*

With Mr. Henry Samuelson and his respected father matters stood on a different footing. Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, member for Banbury in the Parliament of 1880, is a man of sterling ability, a Fellow of the Royal Society, an ironmaster at Middlesbrough, and (though no one would suspect it) a Knight of the Legion of Honour. As an authority on educational matters, Banbury always thought he took the cake. But he was nothing in the House of Commons when son Henry appeared on the scene. The Parliamentary relations of the two were in their way a realization of a phase of Mr. Anstey's immortal "Vice-Versâ." Possibly it would have been a difficult matter for anyone to impress Mr. Henry Samuelson with a sense of his own comparative smallness. Certainly his father never succeeded in the undertaking. What threatened to become an awkward situation was averted by an act of magnanimity on the part of Samuelson *fils*, for which perhaps the House, though it knew him, was not prepared. Reversing the movements in the Gibbs family, the son retired from the Parliamentary scene, leaving his father in undisturbed possession.

It was a noble act, but in this case virtue, with something less than ordinary unobtrusiveness, brought its own reward. The member for Banbury, relieved from the moral incubus of his son's superiority, speedily blossomed into a baronetcy, and the former member for Frome in his act of self-abnegation was, all unknowingly, preparing the way for his becoming the second Baronet of Bodicote Grange.

HERBERT GLADSTONE.

The most familiar and the supremest case known to the House of Commons of a son being overshadowed by the reputation and renown of a father is found in the case of the member for Leeds. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a man of wide culture, rare knowledge of public affairs, shrewd judgment, tireless energy, and sound common-sense. Moreover, he is, as is better known in the country than in the House of Commons, an admirable and effective speaker. One of the most constant attendants on the business of the House, his name standing high in the derelict Buff Book for the number of divisions he has taken part in, he never, or hardly ever, speaks in the House of Commons.

His elder brother, when he sat in the House, occupied a precisely similar position. To him it was more natural, being of a gentle, retiring disposition, with no affinity for public life. He sat in the House of Commons for many years, but I do not remember hearing him speak. He had a curious way of entering by a doorway under the gallery and timidly making for a back seat. He habitually wore an apologetic air, as if he really begged you to excuse him going about as "Mr. Gladstone," an appellation shared in common with his father.

Herbert Gladstone is cast in another mould. He took to politics and the House of Commons with the same avidity as did William Pitt. But when Pitt entered the House his illustrious father had been dead two years. Fourteen years earlier he had quitted the Commons for the Lords, and only a few of the young member for Appleby's contemporaries were in a position to make comparisons between father and son. Herbert Gladstone is returned to the House his father still adorns, and in such circumstances has as much chance of shining there as the most reputable planet enjoys when the sun is at meridian. He long ago deliberately abandoned the approach to endeavour, and his energy, which is great, and his capacity, which is high, are devoted to the service of the party in the country.

"OVERSHADOWED."

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has, perhaps, too acute a sense of the proper feeling in his peculiar circumstances. Talking on this subject he once told me that whilst he can speak without any embarrassment

on a public platform, he can never rise to address a meeting which numbers his father among the audience without faltering tongue and trembling knees. I remember something like ten years ago an interesting scene in which a crowded House took the kindliest interest. At that time Mr. Henry Northcote sat for Exeter, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone had at the General Election been elected for Leeds. Mr. Gladstone was Premier, and Sir Stafford Northcote sat on the Front Bench as Leader of the Opposition, daily striving with the Fourth Party, then in the plenitude of its young life. It was arranged that in some debate the two young scions of the opposing houses should in succession make their maiden speech. I forget what the occasion was, but well remember the crowded House, and on the two Front Benches, facing each other, the fathers, critical, kindly, and on the whole well pleased, each hastening to pay a compliment to the other's son.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THE M'CARTHYS.

It is difficult to picture one of the gentle mood and instinctively retiring habits of Mr. Justin M'Carthy hampering anyone with a consciousness of his superiority. His modesty is even more conspicuous than his capacity, which seems an exaggerated form of speech. But undoubtedly the presence of the father, even so gentle a presence as this, operated in the direction of effacing the son. Huntley M'Carthy is a young man who might well have been expected to make a high position for himself in the House of Commons. Of good presence, with pleasant voice, a pretty turn of phrasing, a mind stored with learning, familiar with history and politics, touched with the tender light of poetry, he should have gone straight to the heart of the House of Commons. But he rarely spoke, and took an early opportunity of gracefully retiring from the scene.

MR. COLERIDGE.

Mr. Bernard Coleridge in this, at least, resembles Pitt, that he is not handicapped by the presence in the House of an illustrious father. Still like the younger Pitt, he has the further advantage of his father's disappearance from the scene at a period so remote that there are few of his contemporaries in the present House. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the member for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield would have been embarrassed had his father still been sitting for Exeter. We must not be misled by the coincidence that he bears the same Christian name as the young gentleman who sat for Frome in the Parliament of 1874. If any movement of the kind then suggested by family devotion had been entered upon, it is not probable that Bernard Coleridge, like Bernhard Samuelson, would have retired from the scene, so that his father might have fuller scope. He is too deeply impressed with the debt he owes his country to permit natural modesty or family affection to draw him into taking a back seat. He is filled with that ambition which distinguished the acceptable youth who figures in *Le Nouveau Jeu*. "Soyons de notre époque," says Costard. "Je veux même être plus que le jeune homme d'aujourd'hui. Je veux être le jeune homme de demain, d'après-demain si possible." For Mr. Coleridge possibility looms larger even than this, nothing more than the middle of next week bounding his clear, steadfast vision.

MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is not handicapped in the Parliamentary race by overbearing connection with the fame of his father. That gentleman was not unknown at Westminster, he having through many years occupied a useful position in the legislative machinery, serving in wig and gown as one of the clerks at the table of the House of Lords. It was from that comparatively

MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

humble position he, on a February afternoon in 1877, watched the entrance on a new scene of his illustrious brother. It chanced that on this day the Queen opened Parliament in person, and made her entry with all the ceremony proper to the rare occasion. But for the distinguished and illustrious crowd that peopled the chamber from floor to topmost gallery the most attractive figure in the pageant was that disguised in red cloak tipped with ermine, who bore aloft a sword sheathed in jewelled scabbard, and whom the world thenceforward knew as Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield.

It is with the Parliamentary fame of his uncle that the young member for Altrincham has to struggle. To be a Disraeli in the House of Commons is to fill a place from the occupant of which much is expected. It is to Mr. Coningsby Disraeli's credit in the past, full of hope for the future, that he has hitherto shown himself so modestly that few members know his personal appearance or where he sits. Before he found a seat in the House he threatened to fall into courses of conduct that alarmed his best friends. He took to writing in the *Times* on questions of Imperial policy, lucubrations the style of which was plainly founded on his uncle's earliest and worst style. This procedure seemed to portend that when he once took his seat he would be incessantly rising from it and putting things straight generally. Happily he has taken the wiser course, sitting attentive and watchful, endeavouring to learn before he begins to teach. Up to this present time of writing he has interposed only once in the proceedings of the House, and that was to ask a pertinent question, addressed to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Probably for him also "the time will come when we *shall* hear him." He is judiciously preparing for it by a reasonable interval of silence.

LORD SELBORNE.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

No one regarding Lord Wolmer would, with whatsoever imaginative fancy, be able to construct out of him the Earl of Selborne as he is known in the House of Lords and in other phases of public life. It is impossible to conceive two men of more widely different temperament, personal appearance, or modes of thought. Lord Selborne might stand as *Il Penseroso*, whilst Lord Wolmer might dance as *L'Allegro*. There are few members of the present House of Commons who recollect Sir Roundell Palmer seated on the Treasury Bench as Attorney-General. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister at the time; Mr. Gladstone was for the third time Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey had lately succeeded Cornewall Lewis at the Home Office; Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary; Lord Westbury was Lord Chancellor; and Sir Robert Peel was just beginning to tire of the Irish Office, because, as he found to be the case in those halcyon days, there was not enough to keep the Chief Secretary going.

LORD WOLMER.

Lord Wolmer is relieved from competition in the House of Commons with the memory of his father. He will possibly never rival his father's fame, but he really means business in the political world. He had an admirable training as Whip to the Dissentient Liberal party when it was led in the Commons by Lord Hartington. When he was returned for Edinburgh in the new Parliament, he thought the time had come when he might better serve his country in the Legislative Chamber than in the bustling Lobby. Early in his new career he received a slight check, having, with the exuberance of comparative youth and extreme conviction, spoken of the Irish members in terms that led to an awkward debate on a question of breach of privilege. But Lord Wolmer has survived that, and though it led to a momentary pause in his public conversation on current affairs, it would not be safe to regard the influence as other than temporary.

THE CHAMBERLAINS.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain supplies perhaps the most striking example in the present House of the embarrassment of a young member whose father stands in the front rank of House of Commons' debaters. On the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill the member for East Worcestershire delivered

a maiden speech that, for any other young member, would have established a Parliamentary position. Mr. Gladstone, with keen appreciation of the peculiar personal circumstances of the case, described it as "a speech dear and refreshing to a father's heart." If the father in question had happened to be engaged, at whatever point of eminence, in some other walk of life—say, science, art, or literature—it would have been well for the new member, complimented by this high authority, and cheered by the general good-will displayed towards him by a crowded House.

The speech was in every way excellent. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has a good presence, a recommendation which Lord John Russell managed to dispense with, but which is nevertheless desirable. He has a pleasant voice, excellent delivery, and really had something to say. But close by him as he spoke sat his father, and what critics said was, not that the young member for East Worcestershire had made a notable maiden speech, but that his voice was singularly like his father's, the manner of speech almost identical, and that he much resembled him in face, only that he was perhaps better looking—this last being the solitary approval personal to the débutant that was forthcoming. Worse than all, as indicating the hopelessness of the situation, it was more than hinted that the best things which sparkled in the speech were contributions from the paternal store. The voice might be the voice of Austen. The polished antitheses, the piercing darts, the weighty arguments, were from the armoury of Joseph.

FATHER AND SON.

This is scarcely any the less unimportant because it does not happen to be true. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech, like the grace of its delivery, was his own; but that is of no matter if the House of Commons insists upon thinking otherwise. "Why drag in Velasquez?" Mr. James Whistler asked, when a gushing lady insisted upon telling him that he and Velasquez were the greatest painters of this or any age. "Why drag in my father?" the member in the position of capable young men like Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Austen Chamberlain may reasonably ask. But the protest will be in vain, and the dragging-in process will instinctively and inevitably follow whenever they chance to take prominent part in the proceedings of the House.

HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

In Mr. Patchett Martin's "Life of Lord Sherbrooke," just issued, I find the following passage: "Much as he bewailed the signs of democracy in the House of Commons, Mr. Lowe grew tolerant as the years passed by, and regarded legislative folly and dulness with an amused smile. It was in this mood that he pointed to the deaf M.P. who used to skirmish all over the House with an ear-trumpet, listening to the dreary speeches on both sides. 'Good Heavens!' said he, 'to think of a man so throwing away his natural advantages.'"

The story will be familiar to the public, since there was scarcely an obituary notice in the newspapers published immediately after the death of Lord Sherbrooke which did not include it. I did not take notice of that method of enshrining a myth, but when it comes to making part of a serious book, written avowedly upon special authority, I am impelled to unbosom myself.

The fact is, Mr. Lowe is as innocent of this little jape as is Lord Selborne. One night in the Session after he had gone to the House of Lords, the keen debater whom we long knew in the Commons as Mr. Lowe re-visited the glimpses of the gas-lit roof in the Commons. As he sat in the gallery, blinking on the old familiar scene, Mr. Thomasson, then member for Bolton, happened to be sitting, ear-trumpet in hand, listening to the late Mr. Peter Rylands making one of his not infrequent speeches. Mr. Rylands was an estimable, well-meaning man, but not specially acceptable as a speaker. He had a loudly verbose way of saying nothing particular which irritated the sensitive mind, and used to render Mr. Lowe more than usually impatient. Mr. Thomasson had a way of flitting over the House (much as an

non. baronet in the present Parliament has), and was wont to sit down drinking in, through his ear-trumpet, words that the ordinary person would willingly have let die.

It struck me at the moment that Lord Sherbrooke might be thinking, as in truth I was myself, of the pandering with Providence displayed by a deaf man putting himself to some inconvenience in order not to lose a word of one of Peter Rylands's harangues. In a London Letter to the provinces I was then contributing, I put in Lord Sherbrooke's mouth the phrase quoted —a fashion habitually and sometimes less reasonably adopted at the present time in the writing of "Toby's Diary" in *Punch*. It took on immensely, largely because it was supposed to be Lord Sherbrooke's. It has since been quoted so widely and frequently that it is not impossible Lord Sherbrooke may have come to believe he had really said it, just as King George, by dint of frequent repetitions, convinced himself that he had led a regiment in the last charge at Waterloo. But his memory is really free from the reproach.

THE LATE MR. RYLANDS.

[*The original drawings of the illustrations in this Magazine are always on view, and on sale, in the Art Gallery at these offices, which is open to the public without charge.*]

By J. Laurence Hornibrook.

"DOCTOR," said the sick woman, with sudden eagerness, turning her wasted, bloodless face towards him, "how long have I to live?"

"Tut, tut, we're not going to talk of dying just yet," he replied, evasively, as he held up a small phial to the light, and let the liquid trickle slowly into a glass. "You mustn't give way like this, you know. It does no earthly good. Keep up a stouter heart, and you may pull through it all right."

"No," she answered, calmly, "I'm dying, and you know it! My time is short—you need not shake your head—this is my last night on earth. You'll see I'm not mistaken; I feel that death is near. And to tell the truth," she added, with a bitter smile, "I wouldn't have it otherwise, even if I was given the choice!"

She lay back wearily, and closed her eyes.

"HE HELD UP A SMALL PHIAL TO THE LIGHT."

The doctor made no further effort to dispel her gloomy forebodings; perhaps in his heart he knew that she had spoken the truth. He looked around the bare, comfortless room in search of a water-jug.

"What sound is that?" inquired the woman, after a long pause, opening wide her large dark eyes, that glowed with a preternatural brightness. "Music! A band, isn't it?"

"Yes; it is the band of Radford's Circus. They're having a grand performance to-night. Somebody's benefit, I believe."

"Ah!"

She bent her head to catch the faint, fluctuating strains of the band. As she listened, a strange, restless, half-startled look came into her face; it almost seemed as if the sound called up memories—dark and bitter memories—of the past.

"Doctor," she said, at length, "I want you to do me a favour. It is the first I have asked, and it will be the last. Would you go down to that circus presently, and look for the ring-master, Gilbert Ferris? You'll find him somewhere about the place; you can't mistake him—a tall, fine-looking man, with honest grey eyes, and a pleasant face. Tell him I must see him to-night; tell him I'm dying, and have something on my mind that must be told. But wait. What o'clock is it now? Only nine? The performance won't be over for an hour yet, and he may be too late, after all. Sit down here, Doctor, and I'll tell you the story, while I have strength enough left."

"Very well," he replied. "But let me see you swallow off this first."

She stretched out her white, trembling hand for the glass, and gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"That's right," said the doctor, approvingly. "Now for your story."

"Twelve months ago," she began, "I had the ill-luck to fall in with that very circus. I was brought up to the life, you know—had been on the ropes ever since I was a child, and even then I was considered no bad acrobat. I and another girl—'Liz' we used to call her—were both engaged at the same time by Mr. Radford's manager. We were to perform together on the trapeze. Liz was a merry, saucy, wilful little thing; pretty enough, as far as that went, but too fond of admiration. On the trapeze she was a regular little dare-devil; didn't seem to care what risks she ran, and took a delight in scaring the people below with her foolhardy tricks.

"GILBERT FERRIS."

"She and I were never the best of friends; we didn't pull well together, somehow. She thought me too silent and stand-off, I suppose, and I—well, I have told you *my* opinion of *her*. I may have been a bit jealous of her popularity, too, for she was all the rage just then. For a time we contented ourselves with trying to out-rival each other on the trapeze. But very soon we got to be rivals in another sense, and in a way that widened the breach between us. We both fell in love, and both loved the same man—Gilbert Ferris!

"Her's was a light, thoughtless sort of love, all on the surface, while mine was hidden deep down in the darkest corner of my heart. She took no pains to conceal her fondness for him, but no power on earth could have torn such an admission from me. She threw herself in his way. I shunned him. And yet, her love was mere child's play compared to mine; if he had been out of her sight, a month—a week—might have cured her of it. She had a dozen other things to occupy her thoughts; I had but the one, and I nourished it and brooded over it in secret, until it seemed to become a part of my very life. I loved him though he was

cold and distant to me, and—God help me! —I love him still!"

She broke down here, and wept silently for a minute or two. Then she went on :—

"Of course, in a case like this, neither of us remained long in ignorance of the other's secret. Liz saw into my heart quickly enough, just as I had seen into hers. We said nothing, but from that hour a bitter enmity sprang up between us, all the more intense because it was never allowed to vent itself in the smallest way. To see us go through our performances, one would think we were the best of friends—almost sisters, in fact. Night after night, we came out together into the ring, smiling and curtsying. We were always greeted with a burst of applause, which often lasted until we had got right to the top of the immense building. I sometimes wondered what the people would have thought if they had seen the black looks that passed between us up there, and knew the stifled hatred that raged in each heart!

"I am not sure if Mr. Ferris ever saw how matters stood. I rather fancy he had some inkling of the truth. As I have said, his treatment of me was cold and formal, though he was considerate enough in other ways. But with Liz his manner was altogether different. He chatted and laughed with her, teased her about her admirers, and seemed never to tire of her company. They never appeared to notice me as I stood in the background and watched them. How I pined for one of those smiles! How my heart yearned for a few gentle words! But, pine or yearn as I might, I knew that coldness and indifference would be my lot as long as *she* was at hand. This thought made me hate her the more, and I longed to get rid of her. If only some chance—some lucky accident—would deprive me of my rival, then I might hope to win some small share of his regard.

"One night—it was towards the close of the season—we were to have a special performance, patronized by the colonel and officers of the garrison. People began to collect early, and we had a crowded house. The officers dropped in after mess, just before it came to our turn to come on.

"When we stepped out from our dressing-room, Mr. Ferris took Liz by the hand and led her into the ring. He looked down at her with a smile, and said something that made her glance up at him in her pert, laughing way. The sight maddened me! For a moment I thought of turning back, and refusing to take part in the performance. Then I hurried forward, but it was in a fierce, reckless mood, that made my limbs

"HE LED HER INTO THE RING."

shake and drove all trace of smiles from my face. Come what might, I would have it out with that girl, sooner or later.

"Now, as it so happened, Liz had struck against having the net under us on this particular night. Mr. Ferris wouldn't hear of it at first, but she pouted and sulked, and declared she wouldn't go up unless she was allowed to have her way. He didn't well know what to do; he felt sure she would keep her word—for she was an obstinate little thing—and it would cause a hitch in the whole performance. He talked, argued, and coaxed; but it was no good, he had to give in. After all, there wasn't much danger, for we had gone through the same thing scores of times without an accident of any kind.

"Our performance always ended up with a grand feat on the flying trapeze. I daresay you have seen something like it in other places. I hung head downwards at one end of the building, and Liz took up a position right away at the other side. The trapeze, which was hanging in the centre of the space between us, was then drawn up towards her. She grasped it in both hands, leaped out into the air, and swung across towards me. When she got as far as it would carry her, she let go her hold, turned a somersault, and dropped down upon me with outstretched hands. I caught her by the wrists. The people held their breath until they saw her safe; then the silence was broken by a wild outburst of applause, in the midst of which Liz slid down a rope to the ground, and I followed.

"We had got through the first part of our programme all right, and were preparing for our grand wind-up feat. Liz was already at her post. As I lowered myself into the proper position, I could see her white figure far away above me, right at the roof of the building. She was never in a hurry to jump off; she liked to stand there and watch the hundreds of eager faces gazing up at her. She seemed to take a childish delight in the fixed stare, the gaping mouths, and the breathless impatience of the crowds below.

"That night she held back longer than usual. She shifted her feet about, made one or two false motions as if on the point of swinging off, and then stood still again. She was trying to make believe that she was frightened, and half-afraid of the venture. But it was all pretence, of course; there was a smile on her face the whole time, and she was as sure of herself then as on every previous occasion.

"Suddenly, as I watched her, the thought sprang up in my mind—or it seemed as if the words were whispered into my ear—'How easy it would be to miss her!' A second or two would do it; to pull myself up a few inches would send her flying past me! And there was nothing below to break her fall!

"I did not come to a decision then and there; I only wavered. But the thought was still in my mind, and I made no effort to get rid of it. A hundred times in that short pause the devil within me repeated those words—'How easy it would be to miss her!' Then a smothered exclamation from the crowd below warned me that she was off, and I prepared to catch her as usual.

"Sir, I tell you—I swear to you—that not until she had swung right across, not until she had turned the somersault and was dropping down towards me, was my mind made up. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the question was settled, and—oh, my God!—it was settled against her! I let her fall!

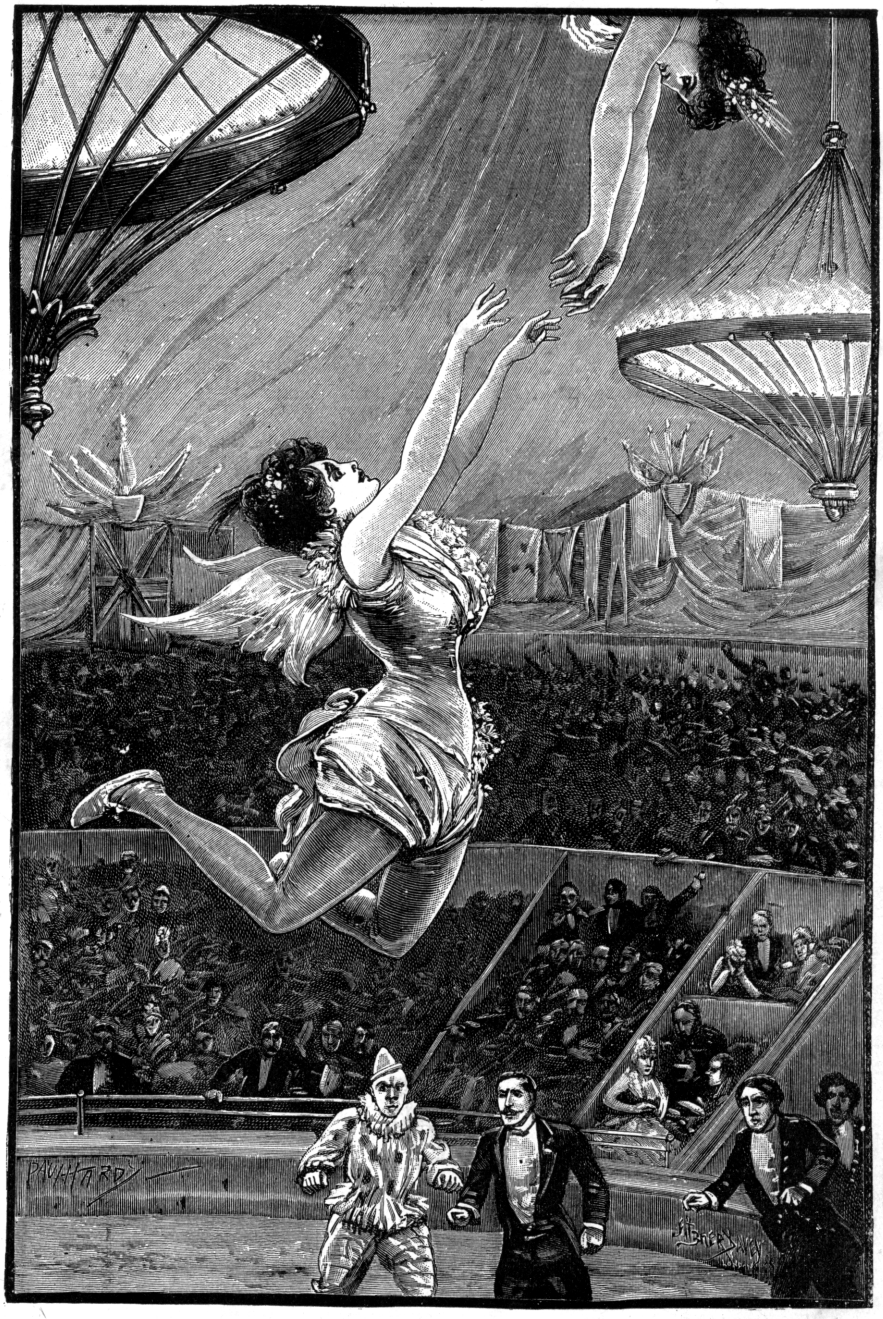
"I heard the rush of her body through the air, I heard the horrid thud on the ground below, and the wild uproar that arose on every side. I felt faint and giddy—I wonder I didn't tumble down after her—but I managed to drag myself up to the bar from which I hung. As I sat there, clinging on to the ropes, I gave one glance below. The lights danced before my eyes, the tiers of white faces looked blurred and dim, but I could see Mr. Ferris and the ring men grouped around the white form on the ground. Then a gentleman in evening dress—a doctor, I suppose—sprang into the ring, and hurried towards the spot. I put my hand up to my face to shut out the sight.

"How I got down, I don't know. All I can remember is, that as I tottered away out of the ring, I saw them place the lifeless body on a board. Nobody seemed to notice me; I was allowed to pass out without a word. The moment I reached the dressing-room, I fell in a dead faint on the floor.

"For two whole days I kept to my room. You can have little idea of the agony I suffered in that short time! Many a year of my life has seemed to pass quicker than one of those days. I don't think I either ate or slept during those forty-eight terrible hours; at least, I have no recollection of doing so. It was one long, unbroken spell of anguish and remorse! I had longed to get rid of that girl, and now that she was gone, what had I gained? What advantage had my crime brought me? None whatever. Oh, if I had

only seen things in the same light *before* the wrong was done as I saw them afterwards!

"On the third day I plucked up heart a little, and began to bestir myself. There was no use in sitting there from morning till night, moaning and brooding over the past. All my sorrow and repentance couldn't recall that awful deed, or bring Liz back to life again. I might as well put a bold face upon it, and see what was in store for me.



"I LET HER FALL!"

"Late in the afternoon I went down to the circus. I half hoped, and yet I feared, to meet Mr. Ferris. More than once I thought of turning back, but I felt that I must go on and learn my fate. I passed in unnoticed, and made my way along the gloomy passages without coming across a soul.

"When I got inside, the sight of the great empty space before me sent a cold chill through me. I was so accustomed to the blaze of lights, the loud music of the band, and the throng of eager spectators, that I shuddered as I looked around the bare, deserted building. The silence was awful!

"Suddenly my eyes fell upon the figure of a man. He was standing with one foot on the rail that surrounded the track—his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand—gazing sadly into the ring. My heart gave a wild throb; it was Gilbert Ferris!

"I must have made some hasty movement, for he turned round sharply. I crouched close into the band-stand, trembling with doubt and fear. He looked at me long and steadily—and, oh! what a look that was! Then, without a word, he turned on his heel and walked away. I think he must have partly guessed the truth.

"If he had cursed me, struck me—aye, even stabbed me!—I could have borne it; I could have gone on my knees and kissed his hand! But that look—that look of loathing and contempt—struck home to my very heart! I knew it was my death sentence; I felt it would kill me sooner or later. And it has nearly done so already!

"I managed to get through the inquest without suspicion. But I didn't much care how the matter went; it wouldn't have troubled me if I had been arrested and tried for murder. When all was over, I went and joined a wretched travelling circus. My health soon broke down, and I came back here to die!"

A death-like silence followed. The effort of

"MY HEART GAVE A WILD THROB."

recalling those terrible scenes had completely exhausted the unfortunate creature. She closed her eyes, and lay perfectly still. She did not even wait to see the impression her story had made upon her companion; it seemed as if she was wholly indifferent to all that now.

"It must be getting late, Doctor," she said, presently, in a low, feeble voice. "Perhaps you had better go at once; there's not much time to lose."

He rose in silence, took his hat, and stole out of the room. In twenty minutes or so he climbed the stairs again, followed by Gilbert Ferris. As the two men entered, the woman raised her head languidly, and gazed at them with dull, vacant eyes. Suddenly the expression changed to a look of joyful recognition. She held out her hands, gave a short, sharp cry, and dropped heavily back upon the pillow.

She was dead!

Beauties :—Children.

Miss Lancaster.

Louie Stott.

Dorothy Purvis.

Photo. by G. & R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

Photo. by Mills Bros., Bangor.

Photo. by Sawyer, Newcastle.

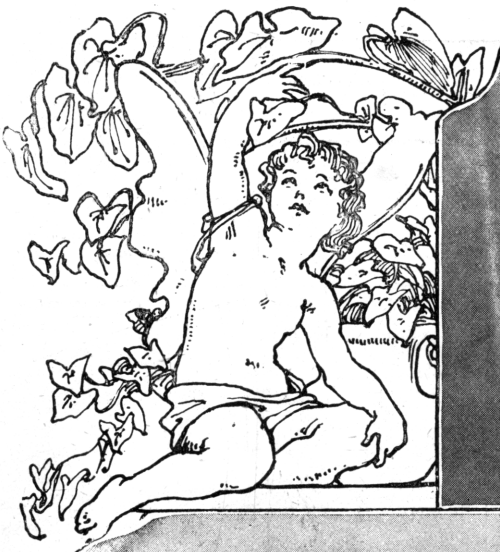


Photo. by Hellis & Sons, Regent Street.

Ella Marsden.

Gladys May & Katie Craven.

Photo. by W. C. Bristow, Worthing.

Photo. by H. G. Pike, Lichfield.

Cicely Gardner.

From a Photograph.

Miss E. Cocker.

Olive Louisa Miller.

Photo. by S. J. Porter, Ventnor.

Constance & Violet Marx.

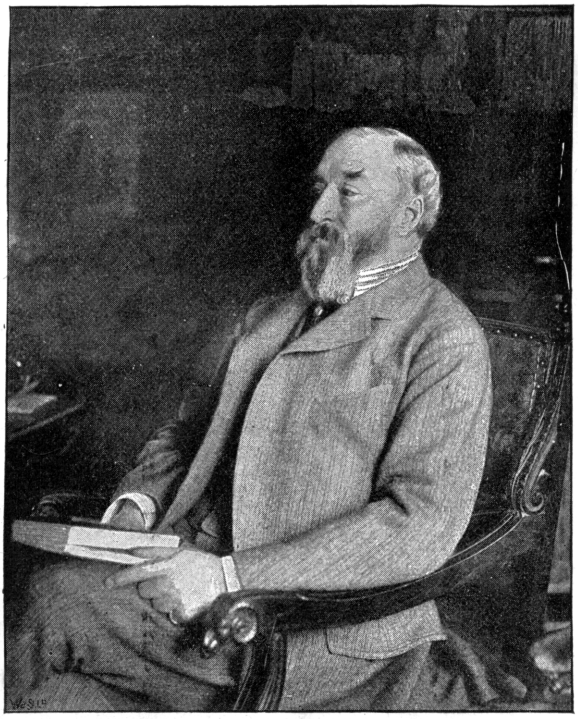
Photo. by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXIV.—Mr. EDMUND YATES.

ONE feels all the better after spending a day with Mr. Edmund Yates. A stay at Brighton — where he lives in Eaton Gardens—is conducive to good health; a talk with the past master of his art is an incentive to excellent spirits. Mr. Yates by no means reserves all his wit for his pen. He dispenses it amongst his visitors even more freely than he does on his sheets of foolscap. He jocularly hits and cuts himself about. Few men make merry over the troubles which have played havoc with their own particular personal appearance.

"*I* make a good picture," says every man inwardly, with a decided emphasis on the "I," when he faces the camera. But Edmund Yates sums up his regrettable illness at the moment of "sitting" by remarking that "This is the first time I have been photographed since I only weighed thirteen stone! I used to weigh sixteen!"



From a Photo. by] EDMUND YATES. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Merriment is an excellent medicine and good humour an incomparable tonic. But there is a limit to its doses, and during the time I was with Mr. Yates I found a strongly-marked serious side to his disposition. It was a sympathetic seriousness, and it seemed to lie in one direction. It came when looking back and remembering those whose names are world-famous and who were his dearest friends. The quietude of his home seemed more impressive as he sat looking over a volume of Dickens's letters. For some moments he turned over the pages without speaking, and then—as though suddenly remembering I was in the room—closed the book hurriedly and exclaimed: "Now, how are we getting on?" This action revealed much.

In appearance Mr. Yates is decidedly distinguished-looking—tall and perfectly erect. His face has much altered since the time when Alfred Bryan used to picture him at dinners — and what a run there was on Edmund Yates for a speech! It always reminded one of a specially imported sunbeam. His face is much thinner now, and he has grown a beard. But his eyes twinkle as much as ever. They are the most tell-tale eyes imaginable. He may smile when telling you of some sorrow. He doesn't want you to know he *feels* it—but his eyes speak the truth. He talks very quietly and has a delightfully mellow voice—at once distinct and enjoyable to the listener, and a marked characteristic about him is to speak ill of no man, past or present.

He met me at the door. There was a real Brighton sun shining that day, and it sent its beams through the stained glass windows of the fine hall. The sunshine seemed to single out a picture of "Nellie"—a curious omen, for, like Dickens, Edmund Yates is passion-

From a Picture by] "TATTERS." *[Sir Henry Thompson.*

ately fond of all animals in general, and dogs in particular. "Nellie" has been dead some time, but Ashby Sterry wrote a poem on her. A very simple story. Mr. Yates was at the Dogs' Home one day. "Nellie" stood up on her hind legs and looked so pitiful that he bought her. "From that day until her death, nine years afterwards, in the summer of 1887," said Mr. Yates, "she would sleep in no other place than on my bed, or on a sofa in the room. That is 'Tatters'"—pointing to a small canvas by Sir Henry Thompson.

"He was a diminutive blue Skye terrier—and Sir Henry painted him in the act of devouring a box ticket which Sothern sent my wife for the theatre. I hope the box agreed with him! It was rather inconvenient, to say the least of it, for Sothern, in his merry way, said that if we wanted to go to the theatre we should have to present the dog at the box-office, as he carried the order!"

There are several good pictures in the hall, including "Gipsy" and "The Slut," two favourite horses of Mr. Yates, now dead.

To the right and left of the hall are the drawing-room and Mrs. Yates's room. As we enter the latter I am reminded that Mr. Yates was married in April of 1853, before he had arrived at his twenty-second birthday. He is not an opponent of early marriages, judging by the dedication of his volume of "Reminiscences," lying on a table near the window, which is inscribed:—

To My Wife:
My Constant Companion, My Wisest Counsellor,
My Best Friend:
This Book is Dedicated.

Mrs. Yates possesses a weakness, and cultivates it. Flowers! Hence the small tables are crowded with blossoms, and the corners of the room are hidden by them. Flowers and pictures harmonize. Immediately over the mantelpiece is Storey's portrait of Mrs. Yates, whilst on an easel

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

rests a pencil drawing of the same subject by Val Prinsep, R.A. The etchings are numerous —that of "Old Marlow Ferry," after Fred Walker, is a gem, and serves to remind its owners of the summer months which are invariably spent up the river. The drawing-room, whilst finding a place for many treasured works of art, is particularly noticeable for its many fine *éditions de luxe* of popular writers. In a fine old Chippendale cabinet one may turn over the pages of Thackeray, George Eliot, Fielding, and, of course, Dickens. There are some exquisite screens in this apartment, and the china and porcelain knick-knacks are scattered about in delightfully negligent profusion.

The dining-room looks out on to the lawn. It is a room which savours of hospitality and excellent company. Huge boxes of ivy fill the windows, and the birds come and provide the music at lunch whilst they trip to their own tunes on the twigs and branches. A large portrait of Mr. Yates's father is over the mantel-board, and the walls are hung with engravings after Briton Riviere, Birket Foster, MacWhirter, A. Ludovici, jun., Poynter, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Long, S. E. Waller, Heffner, and others.

Up to now our walk through the house has been rather suggestive of the host, but the opening of a door leading from the dining-room immediately gives the first clue to the past work-a-day associations of the brilliant writer. It is a small, square apartment, and a carved ebony tablet is set against the wall on which is written: "The Gad's Hill Hogarths, from the collection of C. D., 1879." These Hogarths—which many connoisseurs consider the finest specimens existing—used to hang on the staircase at Gad's Hill, and after Dickens's death they found a place in the billiard-room. Eventually Mr. Yates bought them.

"One moment," says Mr. Yates. He returned quickly with a handsomely-bound volume, and quietly opening the book the fly-leaf revealed the following inscription :—

A Selection from the Letters of Charles Dickens to Edmund Yates.
1854–1870.

I weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed ;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

I weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A spirit, not a breathing voice.

—*In Memoriam.*

We went through the book together. How characteristic was every single letter! His first letter to Mr. Yates began, "My dear sir," and then came the gradual growth of friendship's greeting with "My dear Mr. Yates," "My dear Yates," "My dear Edmund," and the last note but one commencing, "Dear E. Y."

"Dickens was godfather to one of my boys, who was a twin," said Mr. Yates. "Isn't this note thoroughly characteristic of him? It came in response to mine asking him to be godfather."

The note ran :—

"Paris, 49, Avenue des Champs Elysées,
"Wednesday, Second January, 1856.

"My Dear Yates,—Supposing both Corsican Brothers to be available, I think I should prefer being godfather, to the one who isn't Kean. With this solitary stipula-

From a Photo. by] THE HOGARTH ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

tion, I very cordially respond to your proposal, and am happy to take my friendly and sponsorial seat at your fireside."

Mr. Yates's mind wandered back to the place at Gad's Hill. He had cause to remember its one-time occupant, for who could have proved himself a better, a kinder friend than the great novelist to the then young journalist when, perhaps, the most critical chapter of his life came? But of the Thackeray incident—later. It was pleasant to listen to some new Dickensonia. How he was constantly quoting his own characters, acting them out during those Sunday evening walks they had together, and often giving point to a sentence by saying: "As Mr. Sikes might have remarked," or, "As Mr. Micawber would probably have observed."

"Dickens always used to say," Mr. Yates remarked, "when a person, theatrical, literary, or otherwise, was talked about as coming out, 'Yes, it is easy enough to come out—the difficulty is to *keep* out!' He was always very anxious to have an opportunity of sleeping in a haunted house. Indeed, his pet subjects were ghosts and haunted houses. I well remember making one of a little party—including the dear man himself and Mr. W. H. Wills, not forgetting 'Turk,' a big dog and a great favourite of Dickens—constituted for the purpose of spending a night in a house that was reputed to be haunted; but it turned out a failure, and proved a great disappointment. Our last outing together was about two months before his death, when we together went to a circus and saw a performing elephant. He positively revelled in a circus and a cheap theatre, and often fidgeted in his seat in expectancy when some very bad actor was playing and seemed likely to forget his part. He would have been a great actor had he not been a great novelist."

The real Dickens's corner of the house, however, may be said to be the bedroom. On the landing outside is a portrait of Sir Rowland Hill—its present possessor's old chief—and a bust of Mrs. Yates by Alexander Monroe. "Dickens's Corner" is opposite the window of the bedroom. Here hang the last portrait of him ever taken, and another, "Charles Dickens to Edmund Yates, 7th February, 1859." A family group of the "Dickens Family" at the porch, Gad's Hill, is eminently interesting. Gathered together we see Dickens himself, with Miss Mamie Dickens, Miss Kate Dickens (Mrs. Perugini), Miss Hogarth (his sister-in-law, to whom he referred in his will as "the best and truest friend man ever had"), Charles Collins, and Henry F. Chorley. Portraits abound here—a sketch by Frith of Edmund Yates in 1862, a delightful miniature of his mother, and an engraving of his father, Mr. Yates soon after his marriage, with his wife and eldest son (now Major Yates), an autographed portrait of Robert Browning, a group of Mr. Yates's

From a] THE PORCH, GAD'S HILL. *[Photograph.*

quartette of sons, and a quaint drawing of George IV. "doing the front" at Brighton.

Albert Smith, with his autograph, has a prominent place.

"He died on Derby Day, the great cockney carnival, which he had so often described," said Mr. Yates. "He was a dear friend; he introduced me to my wife, and was best man at the wedding. It was at his door—poor fellow—after leaving his widow, that I met the clergyman who had married them twelve months before, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the father of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the actor. That is his portrait. Bellew read the church service better than any man I have ever heard, but the way in which he read the commandments was really very humorous. When he arrived at the seventh commandment, he would thunder it out in terrible tones, as much as to say, 'It's for you, and don't you forget it!' but when he came to the eighth, he gave it out in a rapid, flippant way—'Thou shalt not steal!'—as though he wished his congregation to quite understand that it was not intended as an insult! He was curiously quaint in many ways, though always a thorough good fellow. He once arranged a performance of 'Hamlet,' in which he sat in front whilst the various characters were on the platform, moving and introducing the necessary action as he gave the words. It is impossible to describe the ludicrous muddle everybody got into."

The library, where we now repaired, is the finest room in the house. The passage leading to the work-room is lined with the original cartoons for the *World*, by Alfred Bryan. The study is almost square, and I regarded as a pleasant though simple omen the sight of the vase of flowers on the big black oak writing-table from Farnham Chase. Dickens nearly always had flowers on his table when he was writing. The flowers are by the side of a writing slope—an old writing slope much worn, but very precious. Dickens was writing on it an hour or two before he died. And the inscription reads: "This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens and was used by him on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects of his study which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates."

The fetiches of the occupant are several and varied. A Chinaman nods his head, a tiny pig looks contemptuously on at a larkishly-inclined monkey and a trio of Shem, Ham, and Japhet from the common or garden Noah's Ark! They follow their possessor about. The room contains close upon four thousand volumes—including many valuable first editions. About the walls are etchings of Tennyson, Huxley, Darwin, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Irving.

"When I was dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, Irving made his first appearance in 'Ivy Hall,'" said Mr. Yates. He brought a letter of introduction from John L. Toole.

"MY DEAR EDMUND, — Mr. Yates — Mr. Irving; Mr. Irving — Mr. Yates.

"Now be as good

From a] MR. YATES'S MOTHER. [*Miniature.*

to Mr. I. as you always have been to "Yours, while

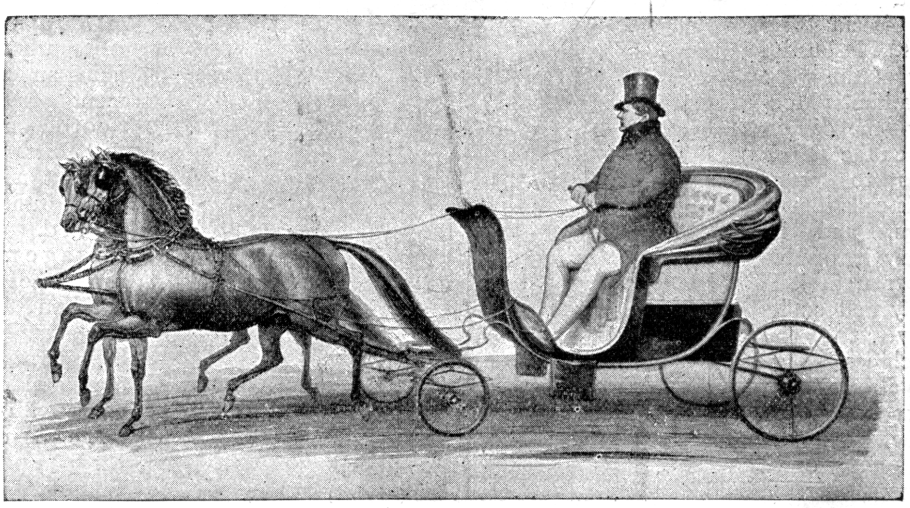
"J. L. TOOLE."

So the letter ran.

In addition to other pictures there is the original drawing for the cover of "Time" by Luke Fildes, works by John Leech, a Whistler and Linley Sambourne, and "Pellegrini," by himself. A massive silver bowl is engraved: "Presented to Edmund Yates on completing three-score years, by three-score friends and well-wishers, 3rd July, 1891." A small statuette of Thackeray has a place all to itself on a table, and the assurance was given that it was "the best ever done of him." Ouless's portrait of Edmund Yates is in the centre of the mantel-board, and amongst the many knick-knacks about is Mr Frank Lockwood, Q.C.'s, last year's Christmas card. A striking terra-cotta bust of Voltaire, by Carrier Belleuse, has a small history distinctly its own. It was smashed into a thousand pieces by a careless servant. Every fragment was collected—sent across to Paris from whence it came in 1878—and in a month's time it came back as it is now!

MR. YATES'S FATHER.

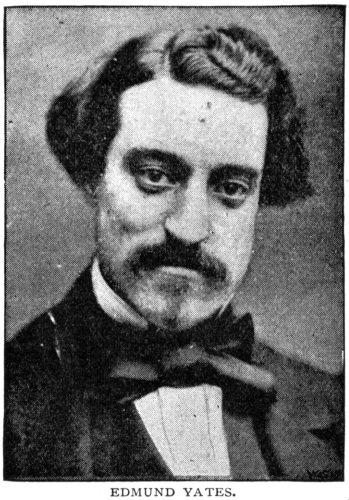
"Fine picture, that of Fred Burnaby, eh?" Mr. Yates remarked, as we stood for a moment looking at a striking portrait of the gallant colonel who lived and died in harness. "We used to chaff very much about a day or two he spent with us. He was just falling in love, and about to stand for Birmingham. He came to spend Saturday till Monday with us, at our house, The Temple, near Goring-on-Thames. On the Sunday we went on a launch excursion; but Burnaby was much preoccupied, and kept referring to two different papers which he had



From an] GEORGE IV. AT BRIGHTON. *[Engraving.*

in his jacket pocket. We found out, afterwards, that one was a letter from his *fiancée*, and the other a draft of a political speech which he was about to deliver that week, and we told him that he would most likely get mixed over the two—spout out to his electors the sweetest portions of his love-letter, and declare to the lady his unalterable attachment to the Constitution!"

We sat down by the black oak writing-table.



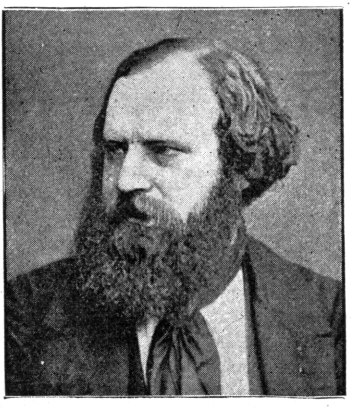
EDMUND YATES.

The conversation of Mr. Yates is as pleasant as his writings. He reviews, so to speak, his own life with the same delicacy which has been so characteristic of the pen that has travelled many miles on behalf of the lighter branches of literature, which Mr. Yates has done so much to father. He has done excellent work, honest work, work worthy of high eulogium; but its author refers to it very simply. "My name is Yates, Edmund Yates," he almost says; "and if anybody likes to tack any kind words on to that name, well, so much the happier for me." He is essentially a modest man. He works hard, but not so hard as he did a year or two ago. He likes to talk and walk, and gets through much by dictation. Would strongly advise this to those young men who aim at being good speakers. He is an early riser. The busiest day of the week with him is Monday—the day on which the *World* goes to press. This calls him to town, and he rarely leaves his paper until it is fairly well on its way to the machines. He has a remarkable memory, and frequently wires a full-stop, or a comma, or a semi-colon to the office when on his way home on press nights, should he think such would improve a sentence or make its meaning more apparent! Save when he is abroad, he reads every line that appears in the pages of his paper.

He loves old faces as he does old memories—be they either of a business or domestic nature. The publisher of the first number of the *World*—which has been established nearly twenty years—occupies that position to-day; whilst as for Spencer, his coachman, he has been in his employ twenty years last Good Friday, and was reminded of the fact by the presentation of a watch and chain. A distinct trait in his character is that he is the first to give credit to a man who has truly earned it. It is not much, perhaps, to hear a man say to you in referring to his secretary: "Splendid fellow—knows where to find everything," but it's the "Knows where to find everything" that does it.

Little Edmund was born on the 3rd July, 1831, at Edinburgh, and his early years were passed in the somewhat close atmosphere of the theatre. Both his parents were members of the theatrical profession. His father—Frederick Henry Yates—was a very eminent comedian of his day, and it was whilst fulfilling an engagement in the Scotch capital that Mrs. Yates brought a small son into the world. The engagement over, the latest addition to the Yates family was brought to London, and christened with due ceremony at Brompton Church.

MRS. YATES AND ELDEST SON (NOW MAJOR YATES).



ALBERT SMITH.

"We used to live over the old Adelphi Theatre," he said, "and I was never allowed to go into the theatre, but there was a long staircase which connected the dwelling part with the public lobby, and I would often creep down there unobserved and listen to the talk in the boxes and pit. The lights and dresses and dancers used to bewilder me. It was at the Old Adelphi one night that a cry of 'Fire' was heard from the streets, and I was taken out of my little crib and held up to see the heavens lit up. I saw the glare caused by the Royal Exchange and Tower of London being on fire. At the time of the riots in Canada, I remember seeing the Foot Guards marched through the streets. Whether my father felt the honour of possessing me I do not know, but he used to delight in taking me by the hand and allowing me to accompany him through the streets.

"In this way I met the Duke of Wellington, who addressed my father with 'How do, Yates?' On the same day we met Dan O'Connell."

It was his aunt Eliza who taught young Edmund his A B C; the printer of the theatre, who evinced a keen interest in his welfare, having cut him out a set, which used to be placed on the floor, and Edmund would walk round like the little trained poodle at the circus and pick them out. At five years of age he went to a preparatory school at Highgate, and at nine was located at Highgate Grammar School, where his headmaster was the Rev. Prebendary Dyne, who is still alive and resident at Rogate, near Petersfield.

"Amongst my schoolfellows," he continued, "were Richard and Slingsby Bethell and Philip Worsley, who translated the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and many other famous fellows. I was not what you might call a studious boy. I cultivated that very bad habit of smuggling pieces of candle in order that I might sit up and devour the contents of a small library of somewhat sensational literature—literature calculated to raise hair on a brass door-knob. I liked cricket, and was addicted to borrowing other boys' ponies promiscuously and exercising them for my own particular benefit. I remained there until I was fourteen or fifteen, and then went to Düsseldorf. I had been there but a few months when my mother sent for me, saying that Lord Clanricarde had been appointed Postmaster-General and I was to come home."

It meant that instead of going into the Church, as originally intended, Edmund Yates, at the age of sixteen, on the 11th March, 1847, entered the Missing Letter Department of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and remained there for exactly five-and-twenty years. They were

From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

days of real happiness. Whilst working hard at the Post-office he also entered "Bohemia," and obtained a knowledge of men and manners attainable by no other means. His experiences gathered in those days, and the names of people he met, would cover many

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

pages, but it may be said in a word that he was received and welcomed everywhere, not only on account of the admirable reputation of his father, but more owing to his own personal geniality and versatility.

"I did not want to sit at the Post-office all my life," said Mr. Yates, "and I began to look about me for a fresh pasture where fame might be gathered. It was the reading of 'Pendennis' that suggested journalism, and my first real effort was a set of verses—the idea for which came as I sat in the family pew in church!—which were accepted by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the proprietor and editor of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. My first paid engagement was on the *Court Journal*, at the munificent salary of £1 a-week!"

Work soon began to come in. The young author's talent was recognised and his pen appreciated and paid for. His hours were respectable—ten till four—at the Post-office, but they were drawn out into the early hours of the morning in his anxiety to succeed. His pen was soon employed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day, and he became dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. His first novel was "Broken to Harness." He was editor of *Temple Bar* at the time, and having failed to find an author to write a serial, buckled to himself, the result being a work of excellent merit—followed by such dramatic productions as "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "The Forlorn Hope," etc. It would be impossible to give in the scope of this paper a detailed list of all Mr. Edmund Yates's works—his appearances and remarkable lectures on the stage and platform—and how he came to establish the *World*. His idea of the conducting of that paper always was, and always has been, that it should not be merely a light and flippant collection of paragraphs, but that every article in its pages should have some definite end in view—be it social or political. Indeed, of such moment are the political articles in the columns of the *World* considered, that one may venture to think that it was their influence which suggested his being selected by the Carlton Club as a member. I saw an album—the *World* album—containing the portraits of past and present contributors to Mr. Yates's organ. I promised Mr. Yates not to reveal their names, but they are treasure-houses of influential information, indeed.

But all the time I was sitting in the study at Brighton my mind was constantly running on the man whose statuette rested on a table immediately before us. It was during a lull in the conversation—the faithful Laker, who "knows where to find everything," wanting some letters signed—that I crossed to the

THE SILVER BIRTHDAY BOWL.

table and examined the little statuette more closely. Edmund Yates looked up.

"The finest of all novelists," he said, earnestly. "I am an immense worshipper of him, and read him over and over again, and yet again. A wit—an epigrammatist of the first water. I was talking to him once about a matter, and the name of a gentleman cropped up—very well known in his day, but now dead. 'I never saw him,' I said; 'I believe he wrote a book called "Biscuits and Grog."' 'Oh! yes,' he replied; 'he did. Clever fellow — remarkably clever fellow! Pity he's so fond of—biscuits!'

"How well he sang—I can hear him now. How he delighted to listen to Morgan John O'Connell, a nephew of the Liberator, giving 'The Shannon Shore.'"

We were talking of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Mr. Edmund Yates has given in his biography a very complete account of the following remarkable incident, which was unquestionably a crisis in his career, but, as he crossed to the table and opening a drawer brought forth a small six-sheet paper, yellow with age, he quietly turned to page 64 and asked me to read what appeared under the heading of "Literary Talk." This is the article which appeared in *Town Talk*, Vol. I., No. 6, June 12, 1858:—

VOLTAIRE.
From a Bust by Carrier Belleuse.

LITERARY TALK.

Finding that our pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has been much talked about and extensively quoted, we purpose giving, each week, a sketch of some literary celebrity. This week our subject is

MR. W. M. THACKERAY.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion.

HIS CAREER.

For many years Mr. Thackeray, though a prolific writer, and holding constant literary employment, was unknown by name to the great bulk of the public. To *Fraser's Magazine* he was a regular contributor, and very shortly after the commencement of *Punch*, he joined Mr. Mark Lemon's staff. In the *Punch* pages appeared many of his wisest, most thoughtful and wittiest essays; "Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew" on love, marriage, friendship, choice of a club, etc., contain an amount of worldly wisdom which, independently of the amusement to be obtained from them, render them really valuable reading to young men beginning life. The "Book of Snobs," equally perfect in its way, also originally appeared in *Punch*. Here, too, were published his buffooneries, his "Ballads of Policeman X," his "Jeames's Diary," and some other scraps, the mere form of which consisted in outrages on orthography, and of which he is now deservedly ashamed. It was with the publication of the third or fourth number of *Vanity Fair* that Mr. Thackeray began to dawn upon the reading public as a great genius. The greatest work, which, with perhaps the exception of "The Newcomes," is the most perfect literary dissection of the human heart, done with the cleverest and most unsparing hand, had been offered to and rejected by several of the first publishers in London. But the public saw and recognised its value; the great guns of literature, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, boomed forth their praises, the light *tirailleurs* in the monthly and weekly Press re-echoed the *feux-de-joie*, and the novelist's success was made. "Pendennis" followed, and was equally valued by the literary world, but scarcely so popular with the public. Then came "Esmond," which fell almost still-born from the Press; and then "The Newcomes," perhaps the best of all. "The Virginians," now publishing, though admirably written, lacks interest of plot, and is proportionately unsuccessful.

HIS SUCCESS,

commencing with *Vanity Fair*, culminated with his "Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which were attended by all the Court and fashion of London. The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth; here he flattered the aristocracy, but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship; the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks. These last-named lectures have been dead failures in England, though as literary compositions they are most excellent. Our own opinion is that his success is on the wane; his writings never were understood

or appreciated even by the middle classes; the aristocracy have been alienated by his American onslaught on their body, and the educated and refined are not sufficiently numerous to constitute an audience; moreover, there is want of heart in all he writes, which is to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

"*Town Talk*," said Mr. Yates, "was a small periodical edited and illustrated by Watts Phillips, and I was engaged to write for it. The first week's instalment of 'Literary Talk' was a sketch of Dickens. You must remember I was working at the Post-office at the time. I had written my matter—enough to fill up, as I thought—when I received a message saying that Mr. Watts Phillips had gone and there was a big deficit of copy. I must make it up. I rushed over to the printers in Aldersgate Street, threw off my coat—it was a very hot Saturday afternoon—sat down, and without the slightest reflection turned out that article. I was not twenty-seven then, and had but small notion of how little causes often come home to bitterly revisit you.

"Thackeray was very wroth, and was the means of gaining my expulsion from the Garrick Club. I think it was a cruel thing to do, for no personal feeling whatever prompted me to write what I did, and it was done without the faintest thought. I never met Thackeray afterwards save once in the street, and then somehow we didn't see one another. I endeavoured to put the matter right more than once, especially when I saw the *Cornhill Magazine* advertised. I sent in a set of verses, thinking that Thackeray might use them as a little tender towards reconciliation, but they came back by the next post.

"Well, let's go for a drive!"

So we forgot the troubles of Thackeray and the work of him who presides over the destinies of the *World* in our drive along "the front."

"Excellent coachman, Spencer," said Mr. Yates, "but an awful fellow for remembering names—mixes them up in a world of substitution! I had a horse which I called 'Taffy,' owing to its having been bred in Wales by Mrs. Crawshay.

"'Now don't forget, Spencer,' I said, 'his name is "Taffy"—"Taffy,"' and he repeated it half-a-dozen times. Three days afterwards he came to me and said:—

"'I think, sir, we shall want a different kind of bit for Murphy!'"

HARRY HOW.

CHRISTMAS CARD, BY FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Author of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

I.—MY FIRST PATIENT.

BY a strange coincidence I was busily engaged studying a chapter on neurotic poisons in Taylor's "Practice of Medical Jurisprudence," when a knock came to my door, and my landlady's daughter entered and handed me a note.

"The messenger is waiting, sir," she said. "He has just come over from the hospital, and he wants to know if there is any answer."

I had just completed my year as house physician at St. Saviour's Hospital, East London, and was now occupying lodgings not two minutes off.

I opened the note hastily—it contained a few words:—

"MY DEAR HALIFAX,—Come over at once, if you can. You will find me in B Ward. I have just heard of something which I think will suit you exactly.—Yours, JOHN RAY."

"Tell the messenger I will attend to this immediately," I said to the girl.

She withdrew, and putting the note into my pocket I quickly slipped into my great-coat, for the night was a bitterly cold one, and ran across to St. Saviour's.

Ray was the resident surgeon. During my time at the hospital we had always been special friends. I found him, as usual, at his post. He was in the surgical ward, busily engaged setting a broken leg, when I put in an appearance.

"I'll speak to you in one moment, Halifax," he said; "just hand me that bandage, there's a good fellow. Now then, my dear boy," he continued, bending over his patient, a lad of fourteen, "you will soon be much easier. Where is the nurse? Nurse, I shall look in again later, and inject a little morphia before we settle him for the night. Now then, Halifax, come into the corridor with me."

"What do you want me for?" I asked, as I stood by his side in the long corridor which ran from east to west across the great hospital, and into which all the wards on the first floor opened. "Why this sudden message; what can I do to help you, Ray?"

"SHE HANDED ME A NOTE."

"You have not made up your mind as to your future?" answered Ray.

"Not quite," I replied. "I may buy a practice, or try to work my way up as a specialist—I have a leaning towards the latter course; but there is no special hurry anyway."

"You are not averse to a job in the meantime, I presume?"

"That depends upon what it is," I answered.

"Well, see here. I have just had a frantic telegram from a man in the country. His name

is Ogilvie—I used to know him years ago, but have lost sight of him lately. His telegram recalls him to my memory—he is a clever fellow, and bought himself a large practice at a place called Saltmarsh. He has wired to ask if I can send him a *locum tenens* in a great hurry. This is what he says."

Ray began to read from the telegram :—

"'*Wife ill—can't attend to practice. Send someone with brains in his head down to-night, if possible.*'

"There, Halifax. Put this in your pocket if you mean to attend to it. You have nothing special to do just now. Will you go?"

"How far off is Saltmarsh?" I asked.

"I have an 'A B C' in my room; come and we'll look the place up."

Ray pulled me along with him. We entered his rooms at the corner of the wing, and the next moment had ascertained that it would be possible to reach Saltmarsh by the Great Eastern line in two hours and a half.

"Will you go?" he asked, "it may be an opening for you. In your state of indecision, it is well to take any chance of seeing medical life. Ogilvie will probably only require your services for two or three days, and—in short——"

"It would oblige you if I went?" I interrupted. "That settles the matter."

"No, no. You must not labour under a false impression. Ogilvie was never a friend of mine; I just knew him in the ordinary course, and never took to him in any special way. Will you go, Halifax, just for the chance of seeing life, and helping some poor beggars in the country? If you say no, I must cudgel my brains for someone else, and there is no time to be lost."

I looked at the telegram again.

"Yes, I will go," I said. "I can catch the nine train from Liverpool Street without difficulty. This will bring me to Saltmarsh at 11.45. Will you wire to Ogilvie, or shall I do so, Ray?"

"I'll take that trouble off your hands, my dear fellow. I am awfully obliged. Now then, good night, and good luck. Look me up when you return."

Ray rushed back to his ward, and I went to my lodgings to pack my portmanteau and get ready for my sudden journey. I caught the train in comfortable time, and all in due course, without hitch or hindrance of any kind, arrived at Saltmarsh, not more than five minutes after the time mentioned in the time-table.

A servant in livery was standing on the platform. The moment he saw me he came up and touched his hat.

"Are you for Dr. Ogilvie's, sir?" he asked. "Are you the doctor who is expected from London?"

"Yes," I replied.

"My master's brougham is outside," continued the man. "Will you come this way, sir?"

I followed him at once, seated myself in the brougham, which was drawn by a pair of horses, and ten minutes later had alighted from the comfortable carriage and found myself standing in a wide, handsomely furnished and brightly lighted hall. A man-servant opened the door to me.

"The doctor from London?" he queried, even before I had time to speak.

"Yes," I answered, "I am Dr. Halifax; have the goodness to take this card to your master."

"Come this way, sir. Oh, good Lord," he muttered under his breath, "ain't this a relief!"

There was a sort of terrified expression about the man's face which I had already perceived faintly reflected on the countenance of the servant who had met me at the station.

"I'll let my master know you've come, sir," he said, and then he noiselessly shut the door and left me to myself.

I found myself standing in a room which any London physician would have considered palatial. It was lofty and very large. The floor was almost covered with the softest of Turkey carpets; the walls were hung with good pictures; and the furniture was handsome, modern, and in excellent taste.

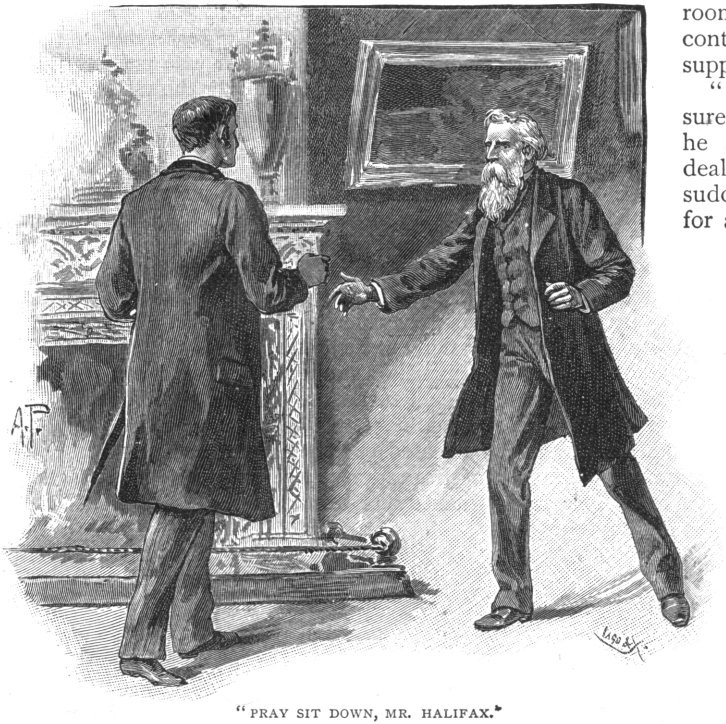
I went and stood with my back to the glowing fire. I could not quite account for my own sensations, but the words I had heard the servant utter gave me a distinct sense of nervousness. I knew that a doctor ought to know nothing of such feelings, and I was ashamed of myself for owning to them, and made a great effort to pull myself together.

The next moment the door of the room was opened, and a gentlemanly man with silver hair and a soft, long beard entered.

"Mr. Halifax," he said, bowing to me, "I must introduce myself as Dr. Roper. I am an old resident of Saltmarsh, and have known the Ogilvies for many years. Mrs. Ogilvie is seriously ill—*seriously!*—alarmingly, I ought to add, and I am attending her."

"Is Dr. Ogilvie at home?" I asked.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Halifax, Dr. Ogilvie is out at the present moment. He expected you, and sent the carriage to the station. He was most anxious for your arrival, and will, I am sure, be in directly. In the meantime, will you allow me to do all I can for your comfort? You would like to come to your room; let me show you the way."



"PRAY SIT DOWN, MR. HALIFAX."

"I think I should prefer to wait for Dr. Ogilvie," I said. "You are much occupied with your patient, and I must not trespass upon a moment of your time. I am very comfortable here, and can wait for my host if he is not long. I understood from his telegram that he wants someone to look after his patients."

"He does—he has an immense practice, quite the largest in Saltmarsh. His wife's sudden illness has upset him frightfully, and he cannot collect his thoughts. I suggested to him to wire to Ray, and I am truly glad that you have been able to respond so quickly."

"Thank you," I replied; "please do not trouble yourself about me. I am sorry to learn that Mrs. Ogilvie is so ill."

"She is very ill, indeed; it is a strange seizure. She is a young woman, and up to the present has always been healthy. She is suffering from embolism. This is a strange disease to attack the brain of a young woman. Well, I must return to her; I will send the servant to attend to you and get you refreshment."

He went out of the room, closing the door as noiselessly as he had entered. The man-servant who had admitted me to the house came into the consulting-room bearing a tray which contained a plentiful cold supper.

"My master will, I am sure, be back in a moment," he said; "he was a good deal flurried over the missis's sudden illness, and has gone for a ride on the mare. We expect him back each minute, for he knew the train you'd arrive by."

"When he comes in, tell him that I am here," I answered.

"Yes, sir, I won't fail to."

The man looked at me intently—his face had not the wooden expression which characterizes most of his class, it showed marked agitation and uneasiness—he opened his lips as if about to make a confidence, then, thinking better of it, closed them again and withdrew.

I ate some supper and then, sinking back in a comfortable chair, took up a book and tried to read.

Perhaps I had sunk into a doze unawares. I cannot tell. I only know that I suddenly found myself standing up; that I knew the nervous sensations of the earlier part of the evening had returned with greater force than ever; that the little clock on the mantelpiece was chiming in a silvery note the hour of one, and the fire was burning low on the hearth.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "I must have had a sleep. Has that man not returned yet from his ride? One o'clock—I wonder if the servants have forgotten me and gone to bed."

I pressed the button of an electric bell in the wall, and waited for the result. The answer came quickly. The man-servant,

looking more disturbed and uneasy than ever, entered the room.

"I'm sorry to say, sir," he began, not waiting for me to speak, "that my master has not yet returned. We can't none of us account for his absence."

"You don't fear an accident?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir, that's scarcely likely. Dr. Ogilvie is the best rider in the country round, and though the mare is a bit skittish, she's like a lamb always when he sits on her. Dr. Ogilvie may have ridden over as far as Tewbury, which is a matter of eighteen miles from here; he has patients there, I know, and he may be detained for the night."

"Scarcely likely," I said, "with Mrs. Ogilvie so ill."

"She is that, sir; she's mortal bad, and we all think——" He stopped and forced back some words. "I can't tell you why my master isn't home, Dr. Halifax; but as there has been no call from any special patients this evening, perhaps you'd like me to take you to your room, sir."

"There does not seem any use in staying up longer," I said. "If you are going to sit up for Dr. Ogilvie, you can tell him that I am here, and can be disturbed at any moment if necessary. Now I will follow you upstairs."

I was shown into a comfortable room, furnished as handsomely as all the rest of the spacious house. A fire, newly made up, burned on the hearth, and several tall candles helped to make the apartment cheerful. I was dead tired, and did not take long tumbling into bed. I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I sank into a profound and dreamless sleep.

It seemed only to last a moment, although in reality I must have been in bed a couple of hours, when I was awakened by someone shaking me and flashing a light in my eyes.

"I wish you would get up, Mr. Halifax, and come with me," said Dr. Roper. "I cannot account for Dr. Ogilvie's prolonged absence. He has not yet returned, and Mrs. Ogilvie's condition is so unsatisfactory that I should like you to see her."

"I will come at once," I replied.

I was not three minutes getting into my clothes, and an instant later found me in the sick chamber. It did not bear the ordinary appearance of a room of illness—the darkness and the enforced quiet of such chambers were both absent.

A merry fire burned on the hearth; candles were shedding cheerful rays over the room. A young woman who wore a nurse's cap and apron leant over the rail at the foot of the bed; a middle-aged woman, with a somewhat unpleasant face, was standing by the fire and occasionally bending forward to watch the contents of a saucepan which was heating on the flames. There was a strong smell of coffee in the apartment, and I did not doubt that the nurse and the attendant were going to prepare themselves cups of this beverage.

On entering the room my attention was primarily attracted by these two women, but when I turned to the bed I forgot all about them.

Seated upright on the bed was a little boy of from four to five years of age. He had a quantity of tumbled hair of a light shade,

"SEATED UPRIGHT ON THE BED WAS A LITTLE BOY."

which glistened in the candlelight. His eyes were preternaturally wide open; his lips were shut, so as to make a small straight line.

He glanced up at me not in alarm but in defiance, and stretching out one dimpled hand, laid it with a caressing motion on the head of the sick woman.

"That child ought to go to bed," I said to Dr. Roper.

"Oh, no, never mind him," he replied, quickly. "He is perfectly happy here, and determined to stay. He will make a noise if you disturb him."

I said nothing further, but bending over the bed prepared to examine the patient.

She was a young woman of not more than two or three and twenty. Her hair was abundant and of the same colour as the child's. Her eyes were partly closed—her face had a grey and ghastly appearance. In health she may have been pretty, but there was a look about her now which gave me again that nervous sensation which I had experienced once or twice before during the evening.

I proceeded at once to make the usual examinations. I found the skin of the patient warm and bathed in perspiration—the breathing was low and had a stertorous sound. The pulse was very slow.

I raised the lids of the eyes and looked into them. The pupils, as I expected, were considerably contracted. I took up a candle and passed it backwards and forwards before the face of the patient. She was, as I knew beforehand, absolutely insensible to light.

Dr. Roper began to speak to me in a hurried, anxious way.

"I heartily wish her husband were home," he said. "I have done all that is possible to arouse her, but in vain; each hour, each moment, the heavy stupor in which she is lying increases—in short, I have every reason to apprehend the worst consequences."

While the doctor was speaking, Taylor's opinions with regard to neurotic poisons kept flashing before my mind.

"I should like to speak to you in another room," I said; "come with me at once."

We went into the dressing-room.

Dr. Roper saw by my manner that I was disturbed, and his own uneasiness became more manifest.

"It is an awful responsibility to have a woman in this condition, and her husband unaccountably absent," he repeated.

"Never mind about her husband now," I said. "The thing is to restore her, and there is not an instant to lose."

"What do you mean; what more can we do?"

"You believe her to be suffering from embolism?" I said.

"Undoubtedly, all the symptoms point to it. There is a clot of blood in one of the arteries of the brain."

"Nothing of the kind," I said. "Your patient is suffering from the effects of an overdose of opium—not the faintest doubt on the subject."

To say that Dr. Roper turned pale is to give but a very faint idea of his appearance when I pronounced my verdict.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said, with a sort of gasp; "who would give Mrs. Ogilvie opium? She was a perfectly strong woman—she suffered no pain of any sort. There was nothing to tempt her to administer it to herself; and as to her husband, he is devoted to her. For goodness' sake, young sir, don't come down to a quiet place like this and set such scandal afloat."

"I don't want to set any scandal going," I replied. "It is nothing to me what anyone thinks. You have called me in to see the patient. I pronounce the case one of opium poisoning, and I insist on immediately using restoratives. We must make use of the stomach-pump and see what electricity will do."

My manner was so firm, and I carried my convictions so plainly written on my face, that Dr. Roper began to be convinced against his will.

"There is not a moment to lose," I said. "Is there an electric battery in the house? I suppose Dr. Ogilvie has everything necessary for our purpose in his surgery."

Dr. Roper interrupted me.

"I wish to say," he began, in a hesitating voice, "that my friend, Ogilvie, and I consulted together over this case. Our opinions are absolutely unanimous. All the symptoms pointed to a cerebral clot."

"Excuse me," I said. "The state of the pupils of the eyes, the warmth of the patient's skin, the slow and yet stertorous breathing, can all be accounted for by an overdose of opium. If nothing is done to restore that young woman she will certainly die, and if she dies in my presence I shall think it my duty to see that some investigations take place. It will then rest with the post-mortem examination to prove the truth of my diagnosis or not."

"I wish Dr. Ogilvie were home," murmured the old physician, perspiration breaking out on his brow, and his eyes growing troubled. "But, on my soul, I believe you are right

with regard to one point, and that poor young creature, so full of life and beauty only twenty-four hours ago, is really drifting into the other world. In that case it cannot be wrong to use any means for her restoration. I will fetch what you require, Mr. Halifax, and join you in the sick-room in a moment."

He ran downstairs and I quickly returned to my patient.

I was relieved to find that the beautiful child was no longer seated on the bed; his anxious vigil had probably proved too much for his tender years, and he was now doubtless calmly asleep in his cot in another room. I bent over my patient—I felt she was my patient now—and I determined not to leave a stone unturned to bring her back to life. I wanted to discover if there were any odour of opium on her breathing.

I could not find any, but the more I looked at her, the more sure I was that this illness was an unnatural one, and that the poor young woman who lay before me had been poisoned by either accident or design.

I felt myself growing hot with indignation. What kind of man was Dr. Ogilvie? Why was he absent at such a critical moment? Why did the servants look so queer and troubled; and last, but not least, why was I myself for the first time in all my medical experience actually suffering from an attack of nerves?

I felt through and through my being that something horrible had been done in this room, and I much wondered whether the strong restoratives which I meant to employ would be in time to be of the least use.

Dr. Roper entered the room, and we began our task. The first thing was to remove what portion of the poison still remained in the patient's stomach. The electric battery was then brought into force and artificial respiration resorted to. For a long time we worked without any apparent result.

One glance at the contents of the stomach-pump had caused Dr. Roper to turn so white that I thought he would have to be helped out of the room, but he speedily recovered himself and assisted me with a will and determination which showed that his opinion now fully coincided with my own.

The two nurses were like trained automatons in our hands.

There was a strange silence about our doings. We made little or no noise as we fought through the long hours of the night that awful fight with Death.

Towards morning a noise in the silent street caused Dr. Roper to utter a hurried, thankful exclamation, and to my unbounded delight had an effect on my patient.

She opened her eyes, gave a faint smile, looked full at the old doctor, and murmuring her husband's name, closed them again.

"Ogilvie has returned," said Dr. Roper, glancing at me. "Thank Heaven! Whatever detained him can now be explained. Those were his horse's footsteps which you heard just now clattering up to the door."

"And Mrs. Ogilvie is better," I said. "I have every hope that she will do now. I dare not leave her for a little, but you might go down and acquaint Dr. Ogilvie with what has occurred during his absence."

"With what we have found?" began Dr. Roper. "No, no, he is an old friend—that must be another man's task."

"Hush," I said, "Mrs. Ogilvie is becoming more conscious each minute. We must be careful; she is very weak." I looked towards the bed as I spoke.

My patient now lay with her eyes wide open. They were still dim from the effect of the drug, but the unnatural ghastly colour had left her cheeks, and her breathing was quicker and more regular.

"Stay with her," I whispered to the old doctor. "You have but to administer restoratives at short intervals; I will see Dr. Ogilvie myself, and quickly return."

I left the room. I expected to see my host mounting the stairs, and hurrying with what speed he could to his wife's sick room.

Instead of that there was commotion and alarm. Alarm on the faces of some maid-servants who, with hot haste, were hurrying downstairs. Voices raised to a shrill pitch of terror and distress sounded from the hall. There were hurrying steps, the confusion caused by doors being opened hastily and banged again regardless of sound. Dr. Ogilvie was nowhere to be seen. What was he doing? Why had he remained absent so long and at such a critical time, and, above all things, why had he returned now to turn the quiet house into noise and confusion?

Mrs. Ogilvie was better, certainly, but her heart had undergone a severe strain, and any undue agitation might undo all our night's work, and cause the feeble, fluttering breath to cease.

I ran downstairs quickly.

"Hush! hush!" I said. "I must beg of you all to be quiet! Where is Dr. Ogilvie? I must speak to him immediately."

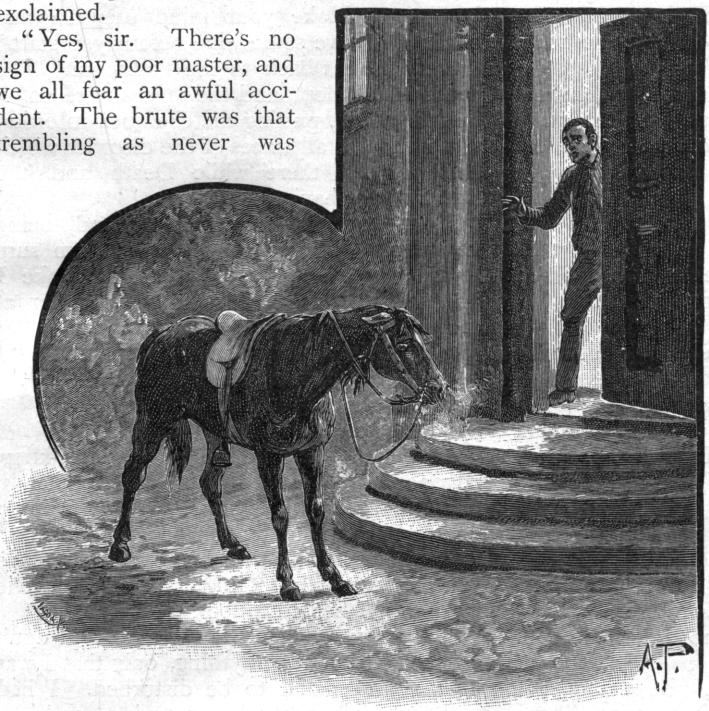
The servant who had let me into the house the day before now came forward. He was

only half-dressed, and his hair stood up wildly on his head.

"Will you step into this room, Mr. Halifax?" he said. "An awful thing has happened, sir. The mare has come home riderless!"

"Dr. Ogilvie's mare?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. There's no sign of my poor master, and we all fear an awful accident. The brute was that trembling as never was when it got to the door. Here's the groom—he'll tell you himself the state we found the mare in, all in a lather, and shivering from head to foot. You step in, Williams, and talk to the gentleman."



"THE MARE HAS COME HOME RIDERLESS."

"It's true what he says," remarked Williams, who had been listening to our conversation from the open doorway. "I never see a critter in such a taking as that mare. She shook like a leaf, and whinnied like a baby. I can't think as the mare 'ud throw the doctor, for though she is a skittish piece, she was always like a lamb when he rode her. It's an awful business, and I can't make head nor tail of it. Perhaps he got off to see someone and tied her up as he do, and then she made off. But then her bridle would have broken, and it isn't. Well, well, George and me, we don't know what to do."

"What would you advise, sir?" asked the footman, who went by the name of George. "I suppose we must start a search party; but how we are to get them together, and it still dark night, is more than I can make out."

"Does the coachman live on the premises?" I asked.

"No, sir; his house is at the other end of the town."

"You had better go and wake him," I said. "You, of course, know two or three men who will help you in an emergency of this sort. By the way, is there not snow on the ground?"

"Yes, sir," replied George; "a light sprinkling. The snow has been falling for an hour or so, and is now resting."

"The snow will help you," I said. "The day is already beginning to break, and you will be easily able to trace the mare's footsteps over the fresh snow. We none of us can tell what has happened, but the probabilities point to Dr. Ogilvie having been thrown from his horse. I must go back at once to your mistress, who is better, but not out of danger."

"Thank the Lord she is better!" ejaculated George, while a look of relief swept over the groom's face.

"She is better," I replied; "and now I trust to you, George, and to you, Williams, to start a search party with the least possible delay."

"Thank you, sir," the two men said. "There ain't no doubt that we'll do our very best."

They looked relieved, as people always do when they get definite and explicit directions. The men left the house immediately. I found it necessary, on re-entering the hall, to say a few words to the agitated women-servants.

"Get the house lighted up and well warmed," I said, "and do this with the least possible delay. Dr. Ogilvie is most probably hurt, and may be brought home before long. It will be well to get a bed made up in one of the downstairs rooms in case he is too much injured to be carried upstairs."

The maids were also pleased at being given work to do, and having restored a certain amount of order, I returned to my patient.

The moment I entered the room and looked at her, my heart gave a thankful bound. Whatever had happened, whatever dark cloud was hanging over the house, her young life was saved. The natural look of faintly returning health was reviving more and more each moment on her face. She turned her head when I entered the room and asked me a question.

"Is my husband in the house?" she asked.

"No," I replied, using that latitude with regard to truth which I considered in her case absolutely necessary. "He has been called out suddenly."

"I wonder he did not come to see me first," she answered, gently.

"He had not a moment—the case was urgent. It will be nice for him to find you so much better."

"Oh, yes, I am nearly well," she said, with a smile, and then she closed her eyes peacefully and sank into a natural sleep.

I motioned Dr. Roper out of the room, and told him as well as I could what had occurred.

The circumstances of the night, the appalling discovery we had made with regard to Mrs. Ogilvie's illness, had unmanned him a good deal, and now the grave fears which we were forced to share with regard to Dr. Ogilvie's fate completely prostrated the poor old man.

"I feel dazed, Halifax," he said. "I cannot realize what all this means. There isn't a better fellow living than Ogilvie; he is devoted to his wife; and she — well, pretty dear, I have known her from a baby. Who could have given her that opium?"

"The thing now is to find Dr. Ogilvie," I said. "We will assume that he has been thrown from his horse."

"Why do you say we will assume it? Of course the mare threw him—nasty thing she always was. I often warned him about her. Why do you say we will assume that Dr. Ogilvie has met with an accident, Halifax?"

I made no reply, but the old doctor read my thoughts in my face.

"No, no," he said, "it isn't that; it can't be that. Well, I'll go myself and help to look for him."

He went downstairs, trembling and tottering.

"I will take care of Mrs. Ogilvie," I said, calling after him as he reached the lower landing. "Make your mind easy on that score, and have some wine before you start."

I then went back to the sick room. The patient still slept, and the nurses were softly moving about, putting the chamber in order, and removing all traces of the disorder which had reigned there while Death and the doctors were having their fight.

I sat down in an easy chair and, being very weary, dropped into a doze. I am sure I did not sleep long. When I awoke I observed that Mrs. Ogilvie was looking at me with a puzzled but gentle expression.

"I wish I knew your name," she said. "I have seen you in my dreams all night, but I don't know who you are."

"My name is Halifax," I said.

"Halifax," she repeated; "we don't know anyone called Halifax."

"You are unlikely to know me: I am a doctor from London; I have come down to help your husband with his patients, and as you were very ill last night and Dr. Ogilvie was away, I helped to look after you."

"Was I very ill?" she repeated. "I don't seem to remember anything, only that I was drowsy and hated to be disturbed. I had bad neuralgia yesterday morning, and my husband gave me something to drink. Soon

"HER FACE WAS VERY BLACK AND OMINOUS."

afterwards the pain went, and I felt very sleepy, nothing more. How could I have been ill if I felt no pain?"

"People are often ill without suffering pain," I replied. "Be thankful that you are much better this morning. I am going to order some breakfast for you now." Here I raised my voice. "Nurse," I said, "will you, please, get some strong tea for Mrs. Ogilvie?"

The hospital nurse left the room, but the older woman still sat keeping guard by the fire; her face was very black and ominous.

"Are you there, Jenkins?" called Mrs. Ogilvie.

"Yes, my dear," she replied, then she came over to the bedside, bent suddenly over the young wife and kissed her.

I was amazed at the change in her face when she did this. The sullenness gave place to a hungry sort of tenderness, as if a partly starved heart had been suddenly fed.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she said, turning to me, and I noticed that her eyes were full of tears; "but I have nursed Mrs. Ogilvie since she was a baby, and she's not twenty-three yet, poor dear."

She suddenly left the room, and I noticed for the first time how child-like, how younger even than her years, were the outlines of my patient's pretty face.

She was getting better each moment, but I dreaded her making inquiries about her husband.

The nurse came back with the tea, and I was leaving the room to go to my own to have a wash and dress, when one of the maid-servants came up to me and spoke hastily.

"If you please, sir," she said, "there's a woman downstairs. She has asked for Dr. Ogilvie. She says she's one of his patients, and won't believe me when I say that he's not in and not likely to be. I showed her into the consulting-room, and I thought maybe you'd come down and see her, sir."

"Yes," I said, "I will be down immediately."

I rushed into my room, made a hasty toilet, and went downstairs. The daylight was now shedding a sickly gleam over everything, but the large consulting-room had a neglected appearance, for the shutters were only partly removed from the windows, and the ashes of last night's fire were still grey and cheerless on the hearth.

Standing in the middle of the room was a tall, middle-aged woman with a florid face. She had a defiant sort of manner, and a habit of tossing her head, which accompanied more or less all her actions. She did not look like an invalid, and my heart gave a fresh beat of alarm as though I knew, even before she spoke, that a fresh leaf in the Book of Tragedy was about to be turned.

"Sit down," I said; "I am sorry Dr. Ogilvie is out."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "as if I'm likely to believe that little game! He don't want to see me; but you tell him, young man, that Flora's mother is here, and that here Flora's mother will stay until he comes to her."

"I don't understand you," I said. "Dr. Ogilvie has been absent all night—we are

"AS IF I'M LIKELY TO BELIEVE THAT LITTLE GAME!"

all terribly anxious about him; we fear that his horse has thrown him, as it came back riderless this morning. If you will go away now and come later I may have tidings for you."

There was a vague hope in my mind that the woman might be a lunatic; the best thing was to get her quietly out of the house and warn the servants on no account to re-admit her.

"Dr. Ogilvie is out," I repeated; "I have no object in keeping the truth from you."

She looked startled for a moment when I spoke of a possible accident, but soon the old toss of the head re-asserted itself.

"Oh," she said, "you nearly took me in, but I'm too old to be gulled. I'll wait here for Dr. Ogilvie until he comes back. I gave him forty-eight hours, and the time's up: he was expecting me this morning. You send someone in to light the fire, young man, and I wouldn't object to a bit of breakfast."

There was nothing whatever for it but to humour the woman. Whether mad or sane she would not leave the house without making a disturbance. She was strong enough to fight, and she certainly seemed to have sufficient nerve to offer physical resistance if necessary.

"Very well," I said, after a pause, "if you won't go I will leave you here."

I went back into the hall, where one of the maid-servants was hovering restlessly about.

"Do you think you can get her to leave, sir?" she asked.

"No," I replied; "she insists upon waiting to see your master."

"She hints very queer things, sir," continued the servant.

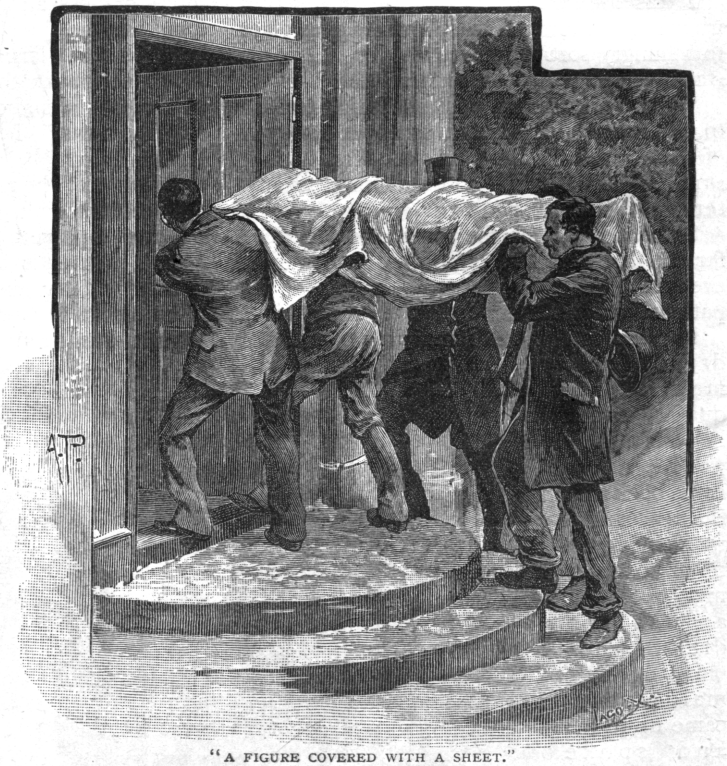
"I don't want to hear them," I answered, impatiently. "It is more than probable that the woman is deranged. Has she been here before?"

"Two days ago, sir, and just about this hour, too. She was shut up with my master in his consulting-room for a long time. We all noticed how changed Dr. Ogilvie looked after that. He seemed to turn old all of a sudden. We all saw it."

"Well," I said, "you had better take the woman some breakfast. And please don't listen to a word she says, for I do not think she is accountable."

These remarks had scarcely passed my lips, and the servant had not attempted to obey my directions, before a sound of heavy footsteps in the street caused us both to turn pale. I rushed to the hall door and opened it.

Several men bearing a burden on a shutter were ascending the steps. A motionless figure, covered with a sheet, lay on the shutter. The men, without uttering a word, brought it straight into the house.



"A FIGURE COVERED WITH A SHEET."

Dr. Roper accompanied them.

"Come in here," he said, and they carried their burden into the spacious dining-room and laid it on the centre table.

"Make no noise," whispered the doctor hoarsely to them; "go quietly away."

Then he turned to me.

"Come into this room with me, Halifax," he said.

He pointed to a little conservatory which opened out of the dining-room. His manner had altered; it was now composed and quiet. I perceived that the shock he had received had the strange effect of absolutely steadying his nerves for the time.

"We found him," he began at once—"we found him several miles from home. The mare's footsteps were distinctly visible in the snow, and we had no difficulty in tracing them to the spot on the borders of a wood where the act was committed."

"He killed himself, then," I whispered.

"Yes, yes; my friend! my poor, poor friend! I found him myself, Halifax——"

Dr. Roper took out a handkerchief and wiped the damp from his brow as he spoke.

"I found him quite stiff and cold. The bottle that had contained the poison which he had swallowed was tightly clutched in his right hand. Poor, poor Ogilvie — oh, my God, that I should live to see this day!"

"Can you account for it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Halifax—yes—I can account for it—yes—*that* accounts for it."

He took a letter out of his pocket and thrust it into my hand.

"Read it," he said. "It is right you should know the truth. I found it in his breast pocket—it was addressed to me."

Dr. Roper turned to leave the conservatory—I opened the letter.

The words it contained were concise and calm. No trace of emotion was allowed to appear.

"MY DEAR ROPER," began the unfortunate doctor, "When you receive this I shall have died by my own hand. Life has become intolerable to me—I will tell you why.

"Two days ago there were few happier men than I. I had all, and more than I ever dreamed I could possess of happiness and the good things of life. Above and over all else, I was the husband of the sweetest wife in the world. I don't believe any two people were more devoted to each other than Maggie and I. Two days ago the storm which wrecks us both broke. I often told you that I had spent the early years of my medical life in Australia. But I never mentioned either to you or to Maggie that I was married when there. I married a handsome girl who turned out to be a virago—one of the cruellest, the most heartless, the wickedest women who ever polluted God's earth.

"After two years of absolute misery, which no words of mine can possibly describe, my wretched wife died suddenly when I was engaged on business up the country. I was given the certificate of her death, and, relieved beyond measure, I returned to England, bought a practice here, and fell in love with my sweet Maggie and married her. We have been husband and wife for nearly six years; we have one beautiful child; no people could have been happier than we were.

"Two days ago a woman called to see me. To my horror I quickly recognised her as my first wife's mother. She told me at once that her daughter had never died. She gave reasons, which I need not enter into here, for the trick which had been played upon me. Since then tidings of my prosperity had reached the wretched pair, and they came to England determined to make me acknowledge my real wife and reinstate her in the place occupied by my beloved Maggie.

"Of course, I offered money, but all in vain—my real wife must have her rights or nothing. If I did not immediately reinstate her she would denounce me for bigamy. Finally, I asked for two days' grace to decide what steps to take. This was unwillingly conceded to. During twenty-four hours I thought the whole thing over. One does not take long to make up one's mind when one is in despair.

"I resolved not to bribe the women, not to argue with them, but by one fell stroke to cut the ground under their cruel feet. Roper, I resolved to kill both myself and Maggie. My Maggie, my darling, should never live to hear of the disgrace which would more than break her heart. Maggie should go first, by easy and painless steps, into the other world. There I would quickly meet her. I made my resolve, and this morning began to carry it into effect. I gave my dear and only true wife a portion of a certain drug which resembles morphia in its effects, but leaves no smell, and might easily make those not really acquainted with its peculiar power suppose the victim to be suffering from embolism. I heard of this drug in Australia, and had a small quantity with me. I do not know its name, but it is much used by the Australian aborigines. When taken in certain quantities it causes slow and painless death.

"I have watched Maggie during the whole of this awful day; there is now no chance of her recovering for a life of misery. I am going out on the mare; I shall ride a considerable distance, and then send the horse home. I have a large dose of the same poison in my pocket. It will kill me, Roper—I am a good riddance. Farewell."

I had scarcely finished reading this miserable letter before Dr. Roper, his eyes blazing with excitement, rushed into the conservatory.

"For God's sake, Halifax, come at once," he gasped. "That awful woman has found her way into the room where the body is. Her nerves have given way completely at sight of it. She has confessed that her whole abominable story is a lie—that her daughter, poor Ogilvie's first wife, has really been dead for years, and that she only invented her horrible fiction for purposes of blackmail."

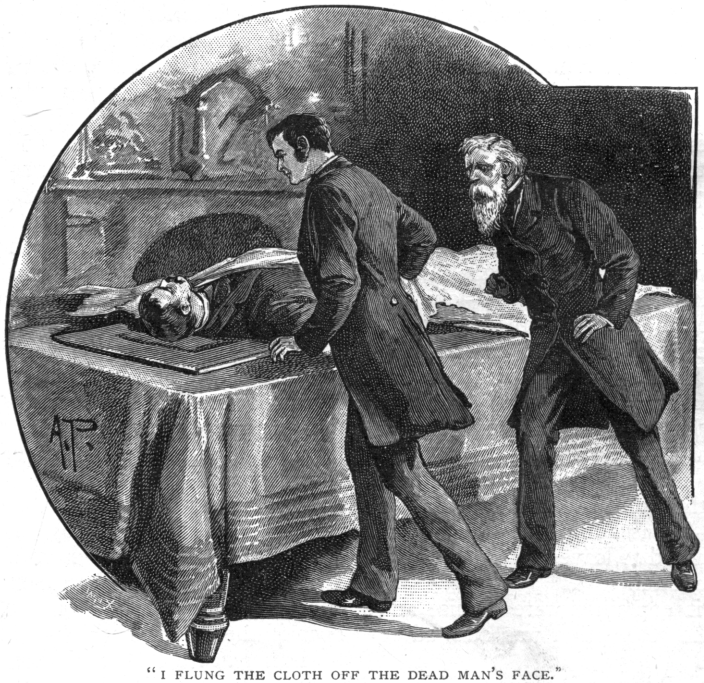
"Then—then," I said with a sudden shout, which I could not repress, "we'll have a try for it."

"A try for what? Are you mad?"

"Why, Roper, don't you see?" I exclaimed. "Don't you see that if that woman's story is false, Ogilvie has nothing to die for? The drug he has taken is slow in its effects. He may be only in a state of stupor. We saved his wife—we'll have a try for his recovery, too."

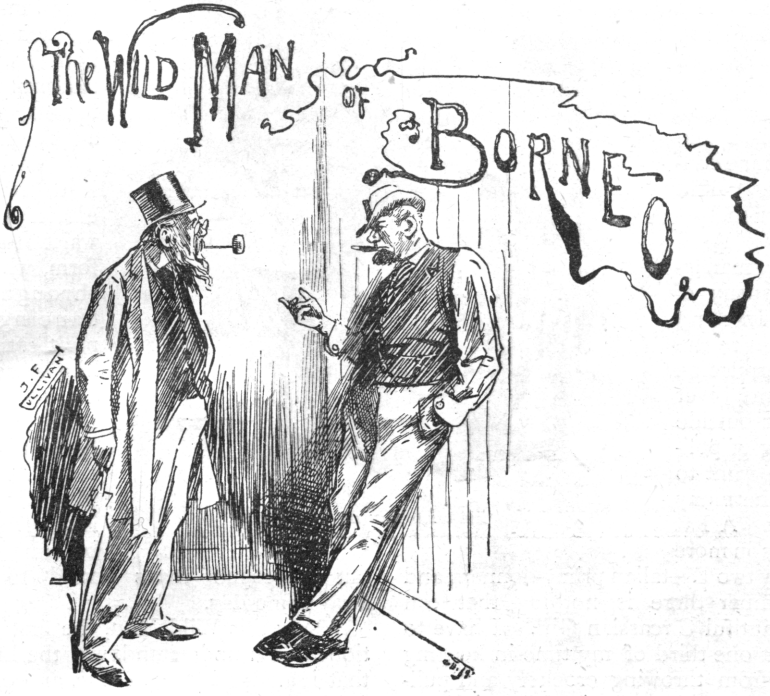
I ran from the room, and Roper, looking as if his senses had deserted him, followed me. We turned everyone out of the dining-room and locked the door. I flung the cloth off the dead man's face, and, seizing a looking-glass, held it to his lips.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, turning to the old doctor and pointing to a faint dimness on its polished surface.



"I FLUNG THE CLOTH OFF THE DEAD MAN'S FACE."

That is the story, for of course we did save Ogilvie. We had a harder fight than even that of the night before, but in the end the grim King of Terrors withdrew, and we, the humble instruments who had brought back life almost to the dead, fell on our knees in thankfulness. And Ogilvie's wife was never told the real story of that night.



By W. L. Alden.

How I became acquainted with the door-keeper is of no consequence. He assisted me to pass away several weary hours that I once spent in Chicago. I know very well that they ought not to have been weary hours. I should have visited the pork-packing establishments, and gazed at and duly admired the fifteen and twenty-story buildings that Chicago will continue to pride herself upon until an earthquake comes and convinces the occupants of the upper stories that it would have been better for them if they had never been born. It happened, however, that I was snowbound, and waiting until the snow-ploughs should succeed in opening the way for the trans-continental trains. Being thus compelled to wait against my will, I was discontented, and took no delight in pork or tall buildings. It was in these circumstances that I met the door-keeper, and found him to be, in the words of the landlord of my hotel, "One of the nicest gentlemen and spryest fighters in all Chicago."

The door-keeper was the chief owner and manager of a Dime Museum. The American Dime Museum does not bear the most distant resemblance to the British Museum. It is simply an exhibition of monstrosities, genuine and artificial, and the public is admitted to view them on payment of a dime. These monstrosities, known in the "profession" as "freaks," seem to be produced in quantities to supply the demand. Every Dime Museum professes to have the tallest giant, the smallest dwarf, the fattest fat woman, and the most beautiful Circassian girl in existence. There are three or four Dime Museums in every city in the United States, not to speak of those that are on the road. How they all manage to find the necessary stock of genuine "freaks" is a mystery which the outside public cannot solve.

My door-keeper was, as I have said, the proprietor of his museum, but he occupied the post of door-keeper for the reason that he could thus make sure of receiving the money paid for admission, and, being a powerfully-built man, could prevent the entrance of disorderly persons, and thus preserve the reputation of his museum as an "unequalled family resort," a claim made for it by the

handbills. He loved to talk of his professional experiences and in unfolding to me the private life of his "freaks" he opened up a new world. This is the story he told me concerning his "Wild Man of Borneo."

"Yes, sir! As I was saying, managing a company of 'freaks' ain't no picnic. They're the most quarrelsome lot that was ever got together outside of a meeting of politicians who want to bring about harmony in the party. A Fat Woman puts on more airs than any two Eyetalian primy-donners, and for bad temper there is nothing that can touch a Beautiful Circassian Girl. I have to spend about one-third of my time in keeping my people from throwing crockery and pulling hair. Except when they're falling in love, there ain't a day that some one of them don't come to me and swear that he or she'll leave if I don't discharge someone else.

THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO.

"Last year I had a Wild Man of Borneo who was dead in love with the Tattooed Lady. It was Barnum that invented the tattooed business, and for a while it was the best line of business in the profession. Every museum was bound to have a Tattooed Girl, with a yarn about her having been captured by the Indians and tattooed when she was a little girl. My Circassian Girl jumped at the chance of changing her line, for Circassian Girls don't begin to draw as they did twenty years ago, and when I proposed to her to do the Tattooed Girl act, she set to work at once to draw patterns for the tattooing, and being a mighty smart girl she got up some of the best designs that I ever saw.

"My Wild Man of Borneo was a thin, cadaverous little chap, chock-full of sentiment and poetry and all that sort of nonsense. When he got on his paint, and danced his war-dance, and howled—in what folks thought was the Borneo language—and swallowed raw meat, you'd have thought that he was about as murdering a style of savage as could be found, though he really wouldn't have hurt a fly. We kept him in a cage labelled 'Dangerous' until his part in the performance came round, and then a keeper would take him out and lead him with a chain around his waist to the platform, where he went through with his dancing and raw meat eating. I paid him a good salary, and he was worth it. I wish I had him back again in his cage. The Wild Man I've got now is an Irishman, and he can't howl without a brogue that's bound to give him away some day.

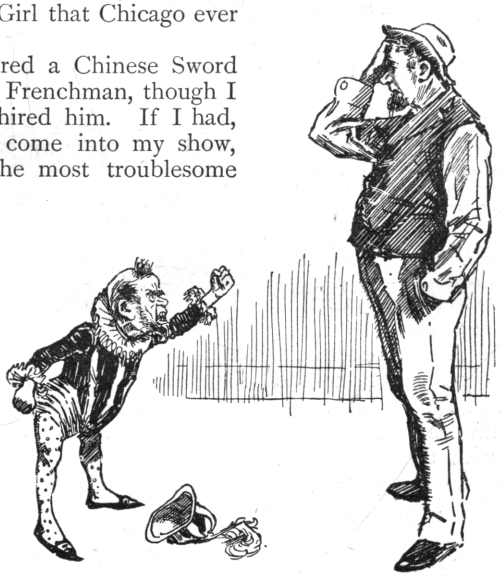
"Now this Wild Man, the first one I mentioned, you understand, was the kind of chap that is always falling in love, and of course he fell in love with the Beautiful Circassian. He wanted to marry her, and seeing as she didn't draw very well, and was getting tired of the business, and knowing that he was getting a good salary, and was a leading man in his line, she agreed to marry him. I never liked the girl, for she was bad-tempered and selfish, and I knew she didn't care a straw for the Wild Man, but I told her and him that if they'd wait six months I'd give them a bang-

"STENCILLING."

up wedding that shouldn't cost them a cent, and of course she insisted on waiting.

"When she went into the tattooed business, the Wild Man, being engaged to her, naturally insisted on doing the stencilling. I know you won't give it away, so I don't mind telling you that the tattooing is put on every Monday with a stencil plate and brush, and is generally washed off on Saturday night when it begins to get faded. It takes about two dozen different stencil plates to do a girl up in style, and give her a variety of patterns. These plates were always kept in the property-room, and when Monday morning came around the Wild Man would get them out and tattoo his lady-love as gently as if he was a great artist, painting a first-class, hand-made picture. He took about twice as long as was necessary for the job, and I will say that when he was done, he turned out the best Tattooed Girl that Chicago ever saw.

"Well, one day I hired a Chinese Sword Swallower. He was a Frenchman, though I didn't know it when I hired him. If I had, he would never have come into my show, for a Frenchman is the most troublesome 'freak' in the whole profession, not excepting even the Dwarf, and he's, generally speaking, a holy terror. Naturally, this Frenchman began to make love to the Tattooed Girl. I don't blame him for that, for, being a Frenchman, he had to act according to his nature; but he knew she was engaged to the Wild Man, and he had no business to meddle with an engaged girl, especially as there was the Fat Woman who hadn't anybody attached to her, and would have been thankful even for a Frenchman.



THE DWARF.

"Now this Sword Swallower was a rather handsome young fellow, with lots of swagger about him, and he gathered that Tattooed Girl in without the least trouble. She threw over the Wild Man and wouldn't have anything more to do with him. She wouldn't even let him tattoo her, and said that the Sword Swallower was twice the artist that he was in handling a stencil brush. The poor chap came to me and said that he had made up his mind to commit suicide or to leave the business. He said that Jemima, for that was the girl's name, seemed to hate him. 'Once she used to admire me in my great meat-eating act,' said the Wild Man. 'Now she says that it is perfectly disgusting to eat raw meat, and she can't endure my black paint. She tells me that it's a low line of business to be a Wild Man, and that she thinks that sword swallowing is perfectly lovely. I say it ain't nothing of the sort. A sword ain't half as digestible as raw beef, and I don't care who says it is.'

"'You give her up, my boy,' I said. 'Don't waste your time over her. You're in the very front rank in your line, and that is something to be proud of.'

"'I know it,' said he; 'but I can't stay in this show if that Sword Swallower stays. My contract will be up next month, and you might as well let me off now. If you don't, there is nothing for me except the cold and silent grave.'

"'You drop that nonsense!' said I. 'The grave's no sort of place for a man of talent like you. Leave this business to me, and I promise you that inside of a week Jemima will give that Frenchman his walking ticket, and you'll have the field to yourself again.'

"He was a trusting little beggar, and had no end of confidence in me. What I said brought up his spirits again, and that afternoon he howled better than he had ever howled before, and two women fainted away when he jumped at them with his spear, as if he was going to run them through then and there.

"Now I happened to have a lot of stencil plates that I used to mark boxes with, and knowing that the Frenchman couldn't read or write, I felt pretty sure that I could put up a job on him that would settle his business with the Tattooed Girl. In the course of the day I took six of her stencil plates out of the drawer where they were kept and put six of mine on the top of the pile in

"TWO WOMEN FAINTED AWAY."

their place, and waited for next Monday morning to come round.

"Naturally it came round, and naturally the Frenchman was on hand at eleven o'clock to stencil the girl, so as to be ready for the afternoon exhibition. He never noticed any difference between the plates he had been using and the ones I had furnished, for besides not being able to read, he was so taken up with making love to the girl, that he never had no time to notice anything else. It was the same way with her. She supposed that the stencilling was going on all right, and she never so much as looked at the plates, knowing that the Frenchman always used them in regular order, beginning with the top of the pile.

"He always began with her back, and when he had used up six of the stencil plates, he had her shoulders and forehead stencilled, and then went to work on her neck. The plates he used for this part of his work were the regular ones, and as the girl couldn't see her forehead or her back, she supposed they were all right. Which they wasn't, as you will presently understand.

"After the tattooing was over, and the Frenchman had gone to dinner, I took the girl into my office and kept her there till the performance began, so that nobody should be able to see her. While the show was going on she had to sit in a chair on a raised platform, where everybody could see her, and when her turn came the chair was slowly twisted round, while the lecturer told the yarn about her having been captured by Indians, and explained her diagrams. She couldn't help noticing that people stared at her more than usual when they came in, and she supposed that the stencilling must have been done extra particular well.

"What they were staring at, however, was her forehead, which was stencilled 'J. H. M.,' being my initials, and they naturally wondered how the Indians came to tattoo a girl with English letters. But it was when the lecturer began to explain her, and turned her chair round so as to show her back, that the fun began. Across the back of her neck was 'Keep Dry,' in big letters; a little farther down was 'Very Fragile' and 'Handle With Care.' One arm was marked 'Strictly Private,' and the other 'This Side Up,' and, as good luck would have it, the Frenchman had not got a single plate upside down.

"Well, when the people saw it they first laughed themselves sick, and then got mad. They said they had been swindled, and that the girl had never been near no Indians. One fellow said that seeing as she wasn't a leopard she couldn't change her own spots,

"HOW THEY CHAFFED THAT POOR GIRL!"

and that, consequently, I had changed them for her, and was a thief and an impostor. And how they chaffed that poor girl! I really felt sorry for her, though I knew she deserved it all. As for the lecturer, he left as soon as the first egg hit him on the head, and the girl would have left too, if she had been able to get out of the crowd.

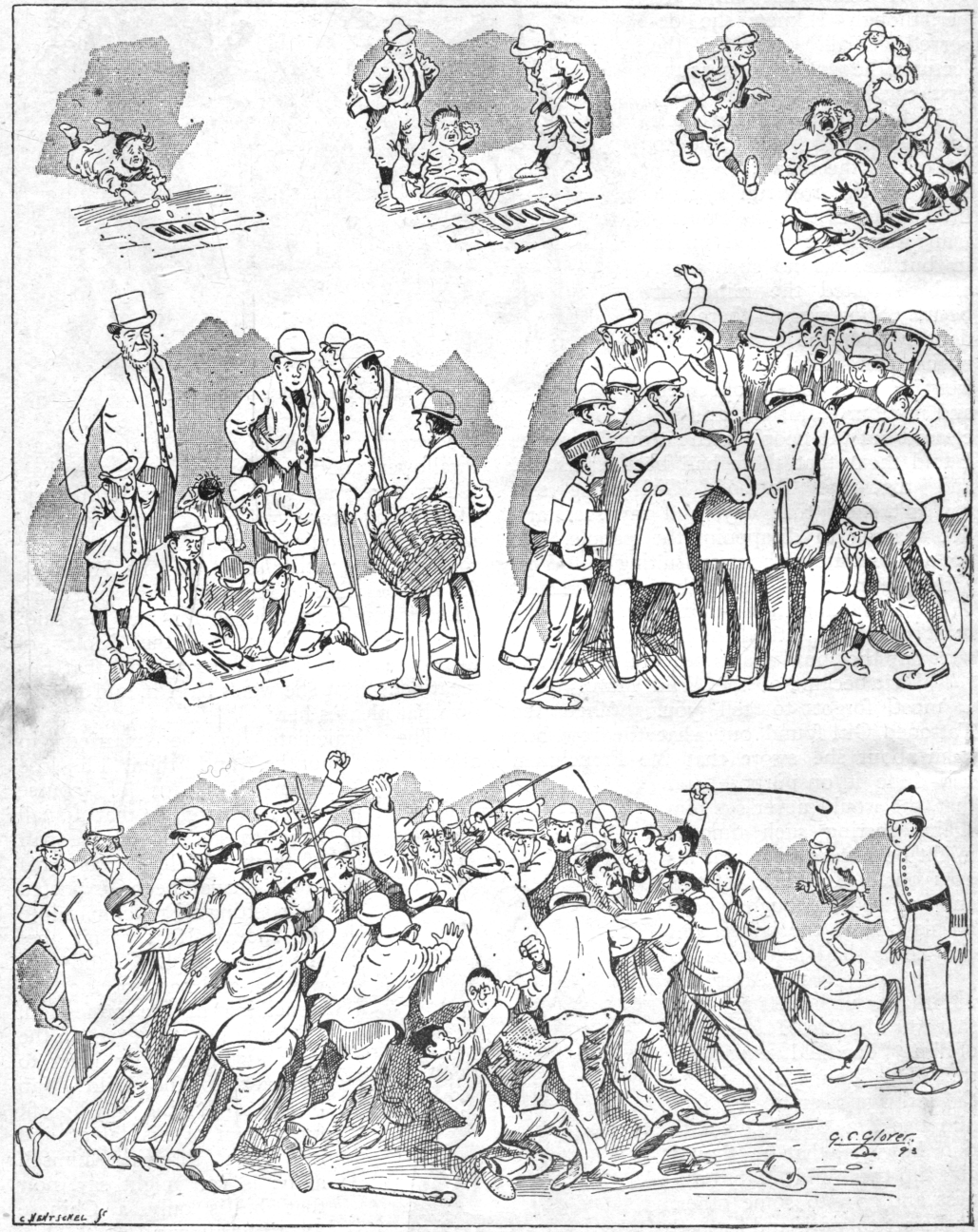
"I let the row run along a little in hopes that the Frenchman would get mixed up in it, but he was no such man, and he bolted the minute it began. So seeing as there was danger that the crowd would wreck the establishment, I went in with three policemen and my four teamsters, and we cleared out the people without much trouble. I told them that there had been a mistake, and that the Tattooed Girl being sick couldn't show that day, and my secretary, not wishing to disappoint the people, had got a substitute without consulting me. What with offering them free tickets for the next day, and licking half-a-dozen or so of the most cheeky, I settled the affair up, and the next day the show was as peaceful as ever.

"SHE WOULD TEAR HIS EYES OUT."

"What became of the Wild Man! Oh! I 'most forgot to tell you. When the Tattooed Girl found out what the row had been about she swore that the Frenchman had done it on purpose, and that she would never see him again, barring such time as might be necessary to tear his eyes out. He heard of this and had sense enough to keep on his side of the house, and she never had a chance to get at his eyes. After the month was up he left me, and that was the last I ever saw of him. The field being clear, the Wild Man makes up to the girl again, and she takes him back, making it a condition, however, that he should give up the Wild Man business and go into some other. So he set to work and learned the sword swallowing act, though a Sword Swallower doesn't command more than half the average wages of a first-class Wild Man. He's doing sword swallowing in my museum now, and don't like it very much. He told me the other day that he hankered for his old life. 'Thishyer swallowing business is too conventional for me,' he said. 'There ain't no room for the display of histrionic talent like there was in that raw meat act. But she won't have it, and I must do what pleases her.'

"They calculate to be married in about two months, and then I'll lose them both, for of course they'll quarrel, so that I shall have to get rid of the pair of them. Well, it was what might have been expected after letting a Frenchman into the show. If it wasn't that she is a mighty handsome woman, and has got the best stencilling in the profession, I'd bribe her to leave on the sly, and I'd get her lover to go back to the Wild Man business. It's the only line fit for a man of his talent, and he's just throwing himself away, as you might say, now that he is only a Chinese Sword Swallower."

THE CHINESE SWORD SWALLOWER.



ALL THROUGH A LOST PENNY.